

# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED

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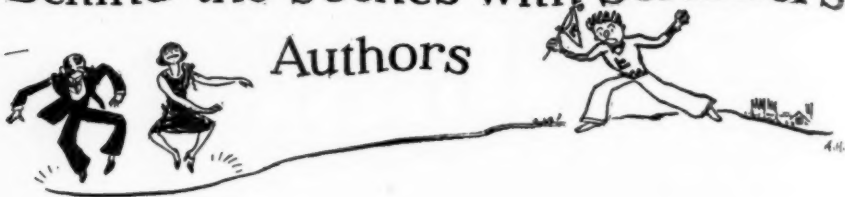
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MAGAZINE

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# Behind the Scenes with Scribner's Authors



NO, dear reader, the illustrations above do not indicate a collegian bound for a Webster Hall brawl. They are the geni of Jesse Lynch Williams's "I Went to College" and Mary Alice Barrows's "Heartbreak Dance," in this number.

The high gods must take delight in the publication of "I Went to College" just at this time. Shortly after Mr. Williams wrote it the University of Michigan announced that the holder of the Fellowship of Creative Arts for this year would be none other than he. And at about the time you are reading this scandalous article he is taking up his duties as a figure of academic importance at Ann Arbor.

Mr. Williams is the first dramatist to hold this post, formerly occupied by Robert Frost and Robert Bridges, English poet laureate. In 1917 his play "Why Marry?" won the Pulitzer Prize. As we write, one of the theatrical events looked forward to with most interest is the first night of Jesse Lynch Williams's new play, "The Lovely Lady."

"Heartbreak Dance" is all true and all sympathetically told by Mary Alice Barrows. Miss Barrows is chief supervisor of dance halls for the San Francisco Centre, a group of civic clubs. Her article is not a plea for uplifting; it is a glance of understanding at these puzzled dwellers on earth—drudges by day, unsatisfied seekers for pleasure at night.

Edwin Grant Conklin will stir the fundamentalists by his statement that "belief in a big man in the skies who made us little men in his own image is rapidly yielding place to more idealistic conceptions." (The italics are ours.)

"Our deepest instincts are for growth," he says; "the joy of life is progress. Only this would make immortality endurable." While we recognize the pre-eminence of Dr. Conklin among scientists, the fact that his course is one of the most difficult at Princeton, that it involves long, hard laboratory work, that it nevertheless attracts students not compelled to take it—average college men drawn by the personality of this great teacher—that it is the one course in Princeton about which is heard never one growl—that fact makes him especially valuable to readers of this magazine. He can talk about what he knows in a way

that arouses the enthusiasm of the most critical audience in the world.

One enjoys humor, gallantry, dash, pluck, such as Douglas Freeman (in the October number) revealed in the Robert E. Lee of pre-war days, but one loves the courage, the sympathy, the whimsicality, the thought for others, of the Robert E. Lee, commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, shown to us in his letters in this number. For us the crowning touch to this whole picture is that of Lee peering through the smoke of the fierce battle of Fredericksburg, straining for a glimpse of the big oak-tree under which he courted his wife, in the corner of the yard of the old Fitzhugh mansion.

A playgoer for sixty years, Brander Matthews has seen many actresses come and go. His article in this number is almost in the nature of a pious rite, a thank offering for past delights. It is actuated by a desire to perpetuate the memory of those whose fame is largely of the moment, soon fading away, "having nothing to validate it except the unsubstantial echo of departed popularity."

Charles H. Sherrill, former brigadier-general, former minister to the Argentine, diplomat, lawyer, is known to too many for us to dilate upon his accomplishments here. But we go behind that to find Charlie Sherrill, American one-hundred-yards champion of 1887, holder of seven intercollegiate championships, organizer of international intercollegiate track meets. And also to the Charles H. Sherrill who wrote "French Memories of Eighteenth-Century America" and "Stained Glass Tours in England," and followed the latter with similar books on France, Italy, Spain, and Flanders. "The Danube as Peacemaker" is a result of interviews with significant figures in eastern Europe during his recent trips abroad.

We have a passion for the well-rounded man. That's why we like Conklin, the scientist and teacher; Lee, the courageous, the calm, the sentimental; Sherrill, the athlete, the lover of stained glass, the student of politics. And now we come to Frederick Peterson, who can write two books with such titles as

"American Text-book of Legal Medicine and Toxicology" and "Chinese Lyrics." A deep student and authority of mental diseases, he has found time to delight in the arts; he has written poetry; he came across the trail of the mysterious Masson of Kentucky, pursued him, only to find his origins nearly lost in the pioneer past, and yet succeeded in presenting "the irreclaimable vagabond" in very interesting manner.

"If," telephoned Matthew Wilson Black to the lady who asked him to make a literary address, "you are interested in either of the things I care about most in all the world—boys or poetry—I shall be glad to talk." For a college don, Mr. Black has a very peculiar attitude toward boys.

"The hero of the most portentous cult in modern sculpture since that of Rodin" is the subject of Royal Cortissoz's interesting chat, and if you will look at the illustrations for the article, you will want to know more about this remarkable person.

At this writing Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., is still with the Special Service Squadron on board the U. S. S. *Rochester* in the Canal Zone. Alexander Woollcott, in his department, "The Stage," in the New York *World* for September 21, said:

Except, then, for this picture and the three plays hereinbefore cheered for, this department has no ardent recommendations to make, unless you wish to buy the September SCRIBNER'S and read the incomparable feat in word and line therein achieved by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., of the United States Marines.

"Monkey-Meat" is Captain Thomason's first short story. In an early number we shall publish "The Conquest of Mike," which is laid in days after the war and finds the Marines in other lands.

Valma Clark has been plugging away busily building up more and more of a reputation for herself as a short-story writer. Since her recent trip abroad, where she gathered material for "Enter Eve," she has been writing at her home in Rochester.

Edward Shenton is in the happy position of having the talent to illustrate his own stories. This is his first appearance in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. He is connected with the Penn Publishing Company, of Philadelphia.

The contributors of poetry this month are

Mrs. Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, civic leader, interested in politics and poetry, sister of Theodore Roosevelt the first; Nathalie Sedgwick Colby (Mrs. Bainbridge Colby), contributor of prose and verse to several magazines; and Charles F. Lummis, newspaperman, preserver of California's missions and landmarks, who walked from Cincinnati to Los Angeles by a roundabout route just because he liked to walk.

William Lyon Phelps has left Seven Gables at Grindstone City, Mich., and gone back to the intellectual grindstone at Yale University. The story of Mr. Phelps's argument with the editor of the Port Huron *Times Herald* is told in the adjoining department. It has to do with the professor's penchant for asking questions such as: "Where are a cow's horns?"

Alexander Dana

Noyes's recent comment on the state of the farmer's pocket-book and the underlying influences in this season's market received much attention from the newspapers of the country, which began to speculate as to whether the farmer attributes his solvency to the help of politicians or to his own self-help methods, plus gradual economic adjustment. To date no roaring answer from the farmer has been heard.

As we go to press, the following comment on Douglas Freeman (editor of "Lee and the Ladies"), by the writer of an article on the evolution controversy in Virginia in the New York *World* of September 26th, comes to hand:

Doctor Douglas Freeman, of the Richmond *News Leader*, who is already engaged in undermining the arguments of the Fundamentalists, is a brilliant man. Many regard his editorials as the strongest being written to-day in the South. And he is respected.



## NEXT MONTH Galsworthy's New Novel

### "The Silver Spoon"

The whirl of modern society—"a dance of gnats taking itself damned seriously," one of his characters calls it—interpreted by a master. Mr. Galsworthy's first full-length fiction since the great success, "The White Monkey."

# What you think about it



## *Business Men Fall Out—Is Eddie Guest a Golf Player?—Radio Waves from the Brain—The Barnum of Them All*

"What Price Organization?" hit the business world in two ways. It so stirred F. Roger Miller, chairman of the Board of Managers of the National School for Commercial and Trade Executives, that he indited a four-page letter to the editors, which says in part:

In the article by Jesse R. Sprague which appears in your September issue, you have published a misleading and wholly unwarranted attack upon the business organizations and executives of the United States.

As one of the "salaried executives" subjected to ridicule, criticism, and condemnation, without hearing or consideration by the author or the editor, I am presuming to ask some questions.

What is the purpose of your attack upon the co-operative organizations to which millions of good men and women are devoting not only their money but their time, talents, and energies?

Evidence of astonishing ignorance is displayed in the statement that "the United States is the only country in which organization has become deeply rooted." And this ignorance is further and more emphatically expressed in the statement that the organization movement in this country began during the World War period.

(Here follows a whole series of questions, of which samples are: "Where were the first Chambers of Commerce organized?" "Name the birthplace of the trade association idea." "What did George Washington say on the subject of organization, when and where?"—Observer.)

Mr. Sprague declares that we have too many organizations in America. I am inclined to agree with him, but for other reasons. The dangers I see in over-organization are wasted effort, duplication of activities, needless expenditure of money in overlapping philanthropies, and unnecessary strain upon the mental and physical energies of the men and women who are willing to give themselves in service to humanity.

But, if Mr. Sprague were able to abolish organizations which do not have his approval, where would he begin? This is a problem with which organization men everywhere have been greatly concerned, and even now there is an increasing trend toward centralization. In this readjustment period, the weak organizations will die and the really worthy agencies will emerge stronger than they have ever been in the past.

### THEY ARGUE IN AGREEMENT

To which cross-examination Mr. Sprague replies:

The editor of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE has forwarded me your letter in which you give me a rather thorough scolding in four large pages on account of my article "What Price Organization?"

I had no idea this modest piece would arouse such strong feelings, especially in one connected with organization work, for its intent was favorable to the legitimate organization; only those palpably otherwise were criticized. In that regard your letter is really stronger than my article. I wrote "against legitimate organization there is nothing to be said, for the United States is a large country and requires co-ordinated effort to transact its proper business."

In contrast to that I would beg you to look up the copy of your letter and see what you said on page three. (Third paragraph from the end of part quoted above.—Observer.)

And so, it appears, we are quite agreed; the only difference being that you, actually being in organization work and on the inside, so to speak, feel more keenly than I the dangers that may come to America through too many organizations. You put your finger right on the spot and tell what happens.

Yet there are statements in your letter to which I must take exception even though we are agreed on the main point. You say I display "astounding ignorance," and that, naturally, hurts my vanity and makes me want to justify myself.

I really was a chamber of commerce member for twenty years and during that time tried to make my membership count for something. The Rotary Club of San Antonio, Texas, still carries me on its rolls as an honorary member. During recent years I have visited many chambers of commerce in England and France, and have spoken before organizations in both those countries. I was at the International Chamber of Commerce convention in Rome in 1923. On my desk there are invitations to speak to organizations of business men in several American cities. An article of mine that appeared some months ago in *The Saturday Evening Post* has been issued in booklet form by the chamber of a Pennsylvania city as a part of its civic publicity.

One dislikes to mention these personal matters; and therefore I say with better grace that in the SCRIBNER article some of the incidents to which you took especial exception were furnished me by my very good friend, Mr. Colvin Brown, of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, one of the organizations, I take it, from which you draw your income.

### Replied Mr. Miller to Mr. Sprague:

I am somewhat familiar with your organization record in Newport News and in San Antonio. I still insist that you have displayed astonishing ignorance concerning civic and commercial organizations in America and elsewhere.

I have read and enjoyed many of your articles on business subjects, and I was utterly astonished to discover the attitude indicated in your contribution to SCRIBNER'S. You say that material for a portion of the article was furnished by Mr. Brown of the National Chamber. Will you please indicate the specific incidents related to you by Mr. Brown? Will you also please state whether your article was submitted to Mr. Brown for approval before publication?

You are in error again in assuming that any part of my income is drawn from the National Chamber. The managers and faculty members of the National School serve without compensation and most of them pay their own personal expenses.

It seems to us wise to point out a slight misquotation by Mr. Miller in one of his charges of ignorance. Mr. Sprague actually said (after describing an emotional spree at a luncheon club): "Curiously, the United States is the only country where organization has become so deeply rooted. It is also a fact that with us it came about largely through our participation in the World War." Omission of "so" by

Mr. Miller makes Mr. Sprague's statement appear absolute when in fact it is here only relative.

Mr. Sprague's error to which Mr. Miller refers in the last paragraph of his second letter seems quite natural since Mr. Miller referred to himself as a "salaried executive," and the letter-head of the school states that it is "conducted jointly" by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and several other organizations.

The other side of the picture comes from Ramsay Oppenheim, publisher of *Western Advertising*:

I am writing to commend the publication in your September issue of the article "What Price Organization?" This hits at one of the abuses in modern American business life and I am glad that SCRIBNER's had the courage to publish it.

#### THE EDITOR ASKS ONE

The editor of the Port Huron *Times Herald* has been hounding William Lyon Phelps. Mr. Phelps has a genius for asking questions. His one about the cow's horns in the September number aroused the editor's ire. He says in his columns:

He spends his summers right here in the Thumb district and we look upon him as our neighbor and friend.

He may be found almost any day in the company of Eddie Guest on the golf course at Pointe aux Barques.

He has played with Eddie day after day, season after season.

Here you are, professor:

Is Eddie Guest a golf player?

The professor answers with emphatic affirmative in a long letter printed in the paper two days later. To which the editor retorts:

Just the same, we're still from Missouri and this goes for the professor, as well as Eddie.

Last summer they accepted our challenge to a golf match, day and date fixed, and we haven't heard a word from them since that time.

Maybe Eddie's a golf player.

Maybe Billy Phelps is a golf player.

But we have to be shown.

A letter from the professor a few days later says:

Editor Weil has accepted my challenge to meet Eddie Guest and me in a golf match at Huron City on Tuesday, July 13, at 2.13 p.m. Eddie and I wear blazers in action, and are known as the Blazing Scribblers.

Consulting the calendar, we find that he means 1926.

#### RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS

Henry Noble Sherwood has received a great many letters of comment on "The State and Religious Teaching." We are reprinting selections from a few below.

Lillian Gay Berry, Latin department, Indiana University:

I found many things to admire in the article—the historical background so finely presented, the present aspect of the subject so philosophically and clearly set forth, the forceful and fitting English—I do not know of any better statement of this problem, and I have read many articles on it by the best thinkers and writers.

C. M. Wood, Superintendent, California Preparatory School for Boys, Pasadena:

Please permit me to thank you for your article in SCRIBNER's for August, 1925. I wish it might be reprinted in all the leading magazines and newspapers of the country, or at least some means found for getting it before the parents of all children in the schools, both public and private.

In my opinion you have fired an important shot and have hit the bull's-eye. If the educators of the country could only be brought to see the truth in that respect, and to have the courage of their convictions as you have had, something worthwhile would soon be accomplished toward bringing the Bible back into the schools. SCRIBNER's is to be congratulated not only on finding you but in opening its pages to what I suppose many persons would call a "conservative," if not something worse.

Hugh S. Kerr, Pittsburgh, Pa.:

I was deeply interested and instructed by your timely article in SCRIBNER's. I happen to be president of our Presbyterian Board of Education. This adds to my interest. Do you have available the data you summarize concerning the colleges that began under church auspices? The facts you give are of vital interest to me. Perhaps you could give me the sources and I can look up the figures and facts for myself.

And, again, here is the reverse of the shield:

DEAR OBSERVER: Mr. Sherwood's article in your August issue treats an important subject very inadequately.

Granted that the Bible is good literature, would it be taught only as such in the public schools? Hardly possible, I think. Some student would be sure to ask: "Is every word in the Bible true?" How would a conscientious teacher answer such a question? In most cases her answer would have to be in the affirmative. Then how about the thousands of parents who do not believe in the infallibility of the Bible? These parents would feel it their duty to tell their children differently, and in that way the child's faith in his instruction at school and the wisdom of his parents at home would be undermined. No, the present attitude of church people toward the Bible makes it impossible to use the Book solely as literature in the public schools.

When the Christians themselves can agree on an interpretation of the Bible that will satisfy all sects, then it will be time to consider the introduction of the Book into the public schools. How can a book that confuses even Christian scholars be of help to the average child? The place for religious instruction to the child is at home. If the parents

### The Christmas Scribner's Illustrated Magazine

Gay—Attractive—Stimulating

#### 5—Short Stories—5

West of Romance

by Margharite Fisher McLean

Autumn Roses

by Mary R. S. Andrews

An Ohio Fable

by Thomas Boyd

Twelve to Eight

A true detective story

by George S. Brooks

Mrs. Arnold's Smile

by McCready Huston

#### Novel

The Silver Spoon

by John Galsworthy

#### Features

An Interview With a New-comer in New York

by Stuart P. Sherman

Bread and Stones

A Satire

by Carol Park

The Newness of New Zealand

by Henry van Dyke

The Social Upset in France

after the War

by Raymond Recouly

Phelps—Cortissoz—Noyes

cannot, or will not, supply it, no one else can. And here we can console ourselves with the thought that Christians do not have the monopoly of good morals. W. C. HANSCH.  
522 St. Louis Avenue, Long Beach, Calif.

### FROM A FAR CORNER

Dear Observer: Cut in stone over the door of the Hong Kong post-office are the words: "As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." SCRIBNER's is the good news, and for us in the Orient, America is the far country.

In a long chair in our cool sala, with Sabino near by to bring me an occasional lemonade, I have just spent a delightful Sunday afternoon reading the July SCRIBNER's. The Perfect Servant, Cap'n Quiller, The Professor and the Pink Lady have entertained me. I have had fireside journeys over Katahdin and through Mongolia, have compared Caroline Camp's antiques with my own, and have enjoyed it all, from Heredity to the Field of Art.

SCRIBNER's is always the same—it satisfies; yet it is always different—it is better each year.

HADWEN HARRY WILLIAMS.  
Pasig, Rizal Province, Philippine Islands.

### BARNUM, PATRON SAINT

A flamboyant advertisement from the Birmingham (Mich.) *Eccentric* for July 31, 1925, announces the thirty-sixth annual tour of John F. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. Stowe is described as "The Barnum of Them All" and "The Only Living Nephew of the Authoress, Harriet Beecher Stowe." A smaller advertisement in the *Detroit News* for August 20 proclaims that "Stetson's Big Uncle Tom's Cabin Company—The Barnum of Them All" will play at a leading theatre for two weeks. We are indebted to Lee A. White, of the *Detroit News*, for these invaluable bits.

DEAR OBSERVER: In the midst of hilarious recounting of the appearance of Uncle Tom's Cabin in my home village of Birmingham, I was apprised of your comment on the Tom Shows in the "What You Think About It" page of SCRIBNER's for June. In the interests of "the greater truth" I enclose herewith the evidence. In view of the announcement that this is the largest and best in the world, I'd like very much to see a second company.

While this remarkable little tent show was playing to a crowded house in Birmingham, Stetson's was showing in Flint, Mich., a city of about 100,000, in a theatre. The smaller enclosure is a clipping from today's *Detroit News*, showing the Stetson troupe is to play in one of our leading Detroit theatres for two weeks beginning Sunday. I regret that the wild woods are to receive me for a fortnight, during the run, and will prevent my attending.

The tent show was unbelievably rich. The "special train of motor-cars, trucks, and trailers" was a hiccoughing lot of little Fords, one of which carried the lighting plant that smothered lines at critical moments during the show. The gas engine died during Eva's struggle against death, and nearly put the show on the blink. The band which played on the streets at noon, gaily caparisoned, was, as you might imagine, made up of the troupers. There were no bloodhounds, though there was a trick dog which performed as an entre act. Parts were not merely doubled but tripled, one gal playing Eliza, Eva's mother, and a nigger wench in the auction; playing all badly, and without time for change of makeup—so she was a white Eliza, to the confusion of my daughter, aged 8. Those unfortunate enough to die during the show picked themselves up from the boards as quickly as possible and joined the orchestra. One crack of the whip, butt end, sufficed to kill Uncle Tom. There was no ascension. Two years ago Eva fell when the rope broke in a Tom Show here, under canvas, and it seems to have dampened their aeronautic ardor.

You might imagine the patronage here evidence only of a sense of humor. But tears were shed and hearts thrilled, nevertheless, drying only when Eva left her heavenly home to pass through the audience selling pictures of herself "for her musical education."

It is 15 years or more since I have had a chance to see Ten Nights. I hope it is revived locally.

### EAVESDROPPING ON THE BRAIN

All of us were interested in reading in despatches from Paris about the experiment in receiving radio waves from the human brain. O. E. McMeans sends us a clipping with a very interesting letter linking up the idea with an article of his in SCRIBNER's MAGAZINE.

The newspaper clipping enclosed gives new impetus to a vague idea which I have had for many years while working with radio communication. This was the feeling that, some day and somehow, a definite connection would be found between electro-magnetic, or "radio," waves and the action of the brain and nervous system.

This idea was expressed in the last sentence of the article, "Eavesdropping on the World," which SCRIBNER's was kind enough to publish in August, 1922. The sentence ran:

"Will the radio give us a hint to lead us forward on the trail to the understanding of that greatest mystery confronting the human mind, the nature of the mind itself? Who knows?"

If the more complete publication of the results of these experiments which is promised substantiates the preliminary announcement, we may look for an epochal discovery touching the very springs of life itself.

Radio waves emanating from the human brain, either normal or under excitement from any cause, can of course never be interpreted in any sort of code or language, artificial and arbitrary as these all are. But the knowledge of the physical basis of mental action and nerve stimulation will open up avenues of research and the possible understanding of phenomena which have hitherto been matters for vague speculation and the wild imaginings of pseudo-scientists.

It is impossible to foresee the vast extent of the fields upon which such a new door may open. We may hope that there has not been an error somewhere in the experiments or the newspaper account.

### ANOTHER DOWNINGITE

DEAR OBSERVER: I subscribe to the magazine for the columns of Professor Phelps and Royal Cortissoz. Therefore you may be interested to know that although I had come to think of my truly interested short-story reading days as over, I was compelled from the opening lines of J. Hyatt Downing's "Closed Roads" to read and enjoy with surprising absorption. Because the story lives with me yet I decided to tell you my impression. Needless to add, I await eagerly further work of his.

J. GRAHAM.

Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

### OPEN-MINDED, MANY-SIDED

Edward H. Zabriskie, who has charge of the Contemporary Civilization Course at Rutgers College, writes:

I read with much interest your SCRIBNER's monthly. The pertinent questions and problems which are treated in your periodical, the open-mindedness you show, and the many sides you present, all in search for the truth, are indeed a high tribute to any public-speaking organ. And I am sure that many people come to a more accurate understanding of the truth of many perplexing issues through your monthly pages.

\*\*\*

We know of no better thought to leave with you.  
THE OBSERVER.



For the last year or so SCRIBNER'S has been printing some of the liveliest articles on college subjects that have appeared in America, and we would infer that the policy is to be continued—especially so after reading this issue, and then noting in the *New York Herald Tribune* the following announcement: "Stuart P. Sherman will have an article for SCRIBNER'S soon, for which he will be burned in effigy on every college campus in these United States. . . . Yes, and in the first person, too, if they catch him."

Dr. Sherman's article, so referred to by the *Dallas News*, appears in the Christmas number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. With Mr. Williams's "I Went to College" in this number, and others to come, you may well judge that the "policy is to be continued."

#### NEW FICTION

The Christmas number, too, is noteworthy as marking the beginning of John Galsworthy's new novel, "The Silver Spoon," his first full-length fiction since "The White Monkey," which scored a tremendous success. "The Silver Spoon" is a novel of modern life, a compelling story, spiced by Mr. Galsworthy's keen observations upon the young people of to-day.

Five other stories by such writers as Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, McCready Huston, Thomas Boyd, George S. Brooks, and Margharite McLean (who is a newcomer to the ranks) make the Christmas SCRIBNER'S a real source for those who enjoy the American short story.

Henry van Dyke's "The Newness of New Zealand" and Raymond Recouly's "The Social Uproar in France" will interest students of

international relations. Dr. van Dyke's many friends, who have followed his writing for years, will likewise welcome him back to the fold.

Carol Parks, whose satiric sketch of the go-getting "President Vergilius Alden Cook" attracted such attention in the September number, will have another in the Christmas number entitled "Bread and Stones." It has to do with a certain type of worldly minister of the gospel.

#### AMERICAN ART

The Art Division of the General Federation of Women's Clubs stresses in its national programme "Study American art" and "Hold fast to the beautiful in everything." Royal Cortissoz each month discusses American art and the most beautiful of the foreign works that are being exhibited in this country.

From the number of communications we receive asking for further information upon the articles mentioned on this page and expressing interest in The Corner, we are assured of a large amount of interest in our undertaking. Mrs. Curtis Brown, President of the American Women's Club of London, for example, writes us: "The Club Corner, I am sure, will be of very considerable value to the club." We do not attempt to prepare club programmes. We point out coming articles and stories in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE which seem likely to interest club members.

## Have You A School Problem?

If so, consult  
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Them—By Mail, Telegraph, or in Person.

(See Fifth Avenue Section)



# HOW TO USE

## *The Fifth Avenue Section of Scribner's Magazine*

Being a Few Admonitions to Present and Prospective Shoppers

### I

Let it be a Directory, a Temptation, and a Useful Friend.

### II

The Shopping Service operates with as little red tape as possible, both for your sake and mine. To use The Fifth Avenue Section is as easy as crossing the railroad; Stop, Look, and Take a Chance—the first two gestures make it safe.

### III

To order anything shown in the Section which follows, write a letter to Virginia Walton or if more convenient use the coupon at the bottom of the page. State what you want and how you want it and enclose a check or money-order or stamps (if less than a dollar) to cover the cost.

### IV

All checks or money-orders—they are received with equal enthusiasm—should be made payable to "Virginia Walton."

### V

To order anything not shown in the Section, let me know what you want and about how much you wish to pay for it. This kind of shopping is cheerfully done, but of course takes more time, and I crave the indulgence of your patience.

### VI

When in the course of postal events you re-

ceive the article, if for any reason it is not more beautiful than you anticipated or one ear is off, please write me about it. As my chief aim is to shop for you more satisfactorily than you—given a certain locality and uncertain circumstances—can shop for yourself, I should really appreciate your letting me know the details when anything goes wrong.

### VII

Unsatisfactory articles may be returned if done promptly, and money will be refunded or credited.

### VIII

The Fifth Avenue Section has no charge accounts, and therefore I cannot ask the shops to send things on approval. If you want something on short notice and do not know the cost, send a check to cover it and your change will be cared for and sent home.

### IX

November days are with us now, and much of the so-called sadness can be eliminated by letting some one else do your Christmas worrying. For Eve, who has everything, and Nora, who has nothing, and Paul, who is particular, and Uncle John, who hates junk, Virginia Walton will be generous with gift suggestions.

*Virginia Walton*

MISS VIRGINIA WALTON, Scribner's Magazine,  
597 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Dear Miss Walton: Enclosed find { money-order, } for \$..... for the following articles:  
check, stamps

On page..... the..... Price.....

On page..... the..... Price.....

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Special Instructions: .....

Name.....

Address.....

V.:

WV:



BEETHOVEN.

From the sculpture by Bourdelle.

—See "The Field of Art," page 553.

# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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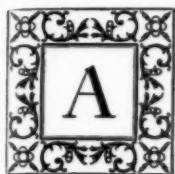
NOVEMBER, 1925

NO. 5

## Science and the Faith of the Modern

BY EDWIN GRANT CONKLIN

Professor of Biology, Princeton University; Author of "The Direction of Human Evolution," etc.



BOOK was published in this country two years ago bearing the striking title "Science Remaking the World." Fourteen well-known scholars contributed chapters on subjects

ranging all the way from electrons to evolution, from industries to food, medicine, and public health, all showing how man is gaining control over his environment. But science is remaking the world in much more fundamental ways than in these practical and material respects. It is remaking not only the outer world in which we live, but also the inner world of our thoughts and ideals. It has brought about the greatest intellectual revolution in human history, a revolution that concerns the origin, nature, and destiny of man himself—and thoughtful men everywhere are inquiring what the results are likely to be.

Many distinguished authors, scientists, philosophers, and theologians have attempted recently to analyze present tendencies and to forecast the future, with results that range all the way from ecstatic visions of optimists to the dismal lucubrations of pessimists. Apostles of sweetness and light and eternal progress have been more than matched by the "Gloomy Dean"; Haldane and Thomson have been answered by Russell and Schiller. Ancient mythologies have been revived in the titles of modern Sibylline Books that set forth the future of mankind as symbolized by Dædalus, Icarus, Tantalus, and Prometheus.

Many advocates of the old philosophy and theology of supernaturalism and tradition attribute the present disturbed state of the world to science, which they say has been undermining the old foundations of the social order, and they call upon all men everywhere to repent and to return to the old faith. On the other hand, many advocates of science and the new knowledge maintain that for persons of mature minds, the old, naïve faith of childhood and of the childhood age of the race is gone, and gone forever, and that the only hope for the progress of mankind lies in more knowledge, newer and better faith, and not in a return to old beliefs.

Let us briefly compare some aspects of the old faith and the new knowledge and then inquire what is the duty of forward-looking men in this age of intellectual, social, and religious unrest.

I. The old cosmogony, philosophy, and theology sought comfort, satisfaction, and inspiration rather than unwelcome truth. It magnified man by making him the climax and goal of all creation. It placed the earth, man's home, at the centre of the universe. The sun, moon, and stars were created to give light to the earth. All things were made to minister to man's welfare. Man himself was created in the image of God, perfect and immortal. By his first disobedience he fell from his high estate and

"Brought death into the world and all our woe."

But the promise was given that ultimately evil should perish and good should triumph. The great Drama of Humanity

ran from *Paradise Lost* to *Paradise Regained*, from initial perfection to final perfection.

In this old philosophy and theology supernaturalism was universal; there was no proper conception of nature and of natural law. The earth was peopled not only with godlike men but also with manlike gods, angels, spirits, witches, demons. Some supernatural being was responsible for every phenomenon. The movements of sun and stars, the return of the seasons, wind and rain, lightning and rainbow, volcanoes and earthquakes, plagues and pestilences, were willed by some supernatural being. All nature was the expression of wills, big or little, good or bad.

The old ethics was based primarily on the will of God, supernaturally revealed in code or book, and to this certain rules were added from time to time by Church or State under divine guidance. Right was what God approved, wrong was what He forbade, and if ever doubts arose with regard to these there were not lacking those who would interpret the will of God. Man himself was a free moral agent. No bonds of heredity or necessity rested on his mind or soul. He was the architect of his own character, the arbiter of his own destiny. All good was the result of good will, all evil of evil will, and good would be rewarded and evil punished either in this life or in an eternal life of bliss or torment.

There was enormous satisfaction in this view of the universe and of man. It not only glorified man, explained evil, and promised redemption, but it was a great stimulus to efforts for betterment and a source of high ideals and aspirations, and undoubtedly its commands and sanctions worked powerfully to preserve the ethical code. Furthermore, there was admirable directness and positiveness in the old ethics regarding right and wrong, truth and error, freedom and responsibility, rewards and punishments. There was no hazy middle ground between these, no relativity of truth or right or duty to confuse the mind. Things were absolutely true or false, completely right or wrong. This old faith with its specific commandments was especially well suited to immature minds. In the childhood of the individual and of the race there is need of authority and obedience before it is possible

to appeal to reason. Childhood is predominantly the age of obedience, adolescence of imitation and example, maturity of reason and judgment. The results of permitting children to grow up as their nature and judgments dictate are perilous for the children and annoying to the neighbors. One such harassed neighbor asked the mother of some children of nature how she expected them to become civilized, and she said, "Oh, we are relying on the germ-plasm"; upon which the unscientific neighbor eagerly asked: "Where do you get it?"

Heredity, or the germ-plasm, determines only the capacities and potentialities of any organism. In every individual there are many capacities that remain undeveloped because of the lack of stimuli suitable to call them forth. These inherited potentialities are both good and bad, social and antisocial, and it is the purpose of education to develop the former and to suppress the latter. In the heredity of every human being there are many alternative personalities. Education is chiefly habit formation, and good education consists in the formation of good habits of body, mind, and morals. It is the duty of parents and teachers to guide children, in this respect, to replace unreason by reason, selfishness by unselfishness, and antisocial habits by social ones. To trust to germ-plasm is to forget that heredity furnishes capacities for evil as well as for good, and to disregard the universal experience of mankind.

Society is compelled to repress many of the primordial reactions and instincts of the natural man. Our whole culture rests upon the suppression of antisocial impulses and the cultivation of social and moral reactions. If such reactions are to be built into character and become "second nature," they must be cultivated early, preferably in the home, and ethical teaching must be clear-cut and authoritative. The old ethics, when wisely inculcated, was admirably suited to this purpose. It did develop men and women of high moral character, and to a large extent it forms the foundation of our present social systems.

II. Contrast with this older philosophy, theology, and ethics the newer revelations of science. The man of scientific

mind seeks truth rather than comfort or satisfaction. He would follow evidence wherever it leads, confident that even unwelcome truth is better than cherished error, that the permanent welfare of the human race depends upon "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," and that truth alone can make us free. Science is not an esoteric cult and scientific methods are not mysterious or magical processes. Huxley once defined science as trained and organized common sense, and scientific methods of inquiry are only the careful and accurate methods that are used by intelligent people everywhere in the affairs of every-day life. These methods consist in observation, comparison, analysis, and generalization. Every sensible person uses these methods in his business or profession, and in his judgments of men, policies, and institutions. It is only in its greater accuracy that the scientific method differs from those in universal use. It is true that no scientific observation, comparison, analysis, or generalization is ever complete or perfect; it is true that in science, as well as in all affairs of life, we deal with probabilities of a higher or lower order rather than with certainties; it is true that all generalizations are theories rather than facts and that all scientific knowledge is relative and not absolute. But in spite of these limitations, no other method of inquiry has been found as reliable as the scientific method.

It would seem incredible, were it not an actual fact, that any one should object to the use of such methods of inquiry regarding the origin and nature of man, society, government, ethics, religion, the Bible, or anything else; but, alas! there are thousands, if not millions, of people in this country, some of them educated and intelligent with respect to things with which they have had experience, who refuse to apply common-sense methods of inquiry to such subjects, who characterize those who do this as atheists, blasphemers, dishonest scoundrels, and who denounce science and scientists for laying impious hands on sacred things which must never be studied by the methods of common sense.

To those who refuse to apply scientific methods of inquiry to the study of man

and society, cosmogony and theology, ethics and religion, but who base their whole conception of these upon ancient traditions or unreasoning emotions, science has no message; they neither understand the language nor appreciate the methods of science. But to the increasing number of those who recognize that man, society, and human institutions are proper subjects of scientific investigation, and who also realize that neither authority, tradition, nor prejudice is a safe guide in the search for truth, the question may well arise as to what effect the scientific study of these subjects will have on human ideals, aspirations, and conduct. Accordingly, these remarks are addressed to those only who accept the methods and results of science in their application to man but who are concerned that mankind shall grow not only wiser but also better as the ages pass.

The methods and results of science have shaken to their foundations the old cosmogony and philosophy. It is now universally recognized that the earth is not the centre of the universe, but a mere dot in a mediocre solar system whirling through immeasurable space. Man is only one of some millions of species of living things on the earth, and although in mind and soul he is the paragon of animals, it is becoming increasingly certain that the traditional views regarding his supernatural creation and divine perfection are no longer tenable. On the contrary, the sciences of geology, biology, psychology, sociology, and anthropology are furnishing an ever-increasing amount of evidence that the body, mind, and society of man are products of evolution. The old philosophy of universal supernaturalism is giving place to a philosophy of universal naturalism; everything that has been scientifically analyzed is found to be natural—that is, orderly, lawful, causal—and many men of science claim that "nature is everything that is." Belief in an anthropomorphic God, a big man in the skies who made us little men in His own image, established society, ethics, and religion by His commands, and governs the world as a human autocrat, is rapidly yielding place to more idealistic conceptions.

It appears probable that the universe

and man are subject to immutable natural laws; that causality is universal in the living as well as in the lifeless world; that the entire man, body, mind, and soul, develops from a germ and is the product of heredity and environment; that will itself is no exception to universal causality, since it is merely a link in the chain of cause and effect, being itself the effect of preceding causes and the cause of succeeding effects; that freedom is the result of intelligence acting as cause; that intelligence is the capacity of consciously profiting by experience; that instincts and emotions are causally related to body functions; that society, ethics, and even religion are based primarily on instincts, emotions, reaction patterns, and ductless glands.

Some of these conclusions are tentative and may be modified by further research, but there can be no doubt as to the general trend of the scientific study of man and his activities. These conclusions, or others of a similar nature, are now accepted by most of the recent investigators in human biology, psychology, and sociology. The application of science and the scientific method of observation and experiment to human behavior has revealed much concerning the physiology of mind as well as the hidden springs of action, the unconscious complexes that determine our constitutional hopes and fears, our prevailing loves and hates, our delusions and failures, and "the sin which doth so easily beset us." Recent studies indicate that there is also a physiology of ethics, and that our conceptions of right and wrong, of good and bad, are associated with particular body functions, reaction patterns, and instincts. In short, man himself, in all of his manifold complexities and activities, is a part of Nature.

These studies and conclusions have raised serious apprehensions on the part of many friends of science and violent opposition on the part of some adherents of the old order, who hold that the guesses of "science falsely so called" are destroying the foundations of religion, ethics, and all that is most valuable in human life. On the other hand, many Christian scientists who have been convinced by the evidence of the essential truth of these new discoveries, are equally certain that

truth and goodness and beauty, faith and hope and love, reverence and aspirations and ideals are just as real and as desirable as they ever were, and that religion and ethics remain secure whether the old traditions stand or not.

There can be no doubt that science has given us grander conceptions of the universe than were ever dreamed of in former times. Contrast the old cosmogony with the revelations of modern astronomy, physics, and geology; the old conception of the creation of the universe in six literal days with our present conceptions of the immensity and eternity of natural processes; the old views of the special creation by a supernatural Workman of every one of a million different species of animals and plants, beasts of prey and their victims, parasites and pests, with the scientific view that animals and plants and the universe itself are the results of an immensely long process of evolution!

Even in its revelations concerning man, science is giving us not only truer but also grander views than the old ones. There is sublimity in the conception of man as the climax of vast ages of evolution, as the highest and best product of this eternal process, as the promise of something better still to be. The evolution of man from lower forms of life is not degrading but inspiring. Nature and human history love to proclaim the fact that a humble origin does not preclude a glorious destiny. "The real dignity of man consists not in his origin, but in what he is and in what he may become."

So far as the substitution of natural law for chance or caprice is concerned it has been a great gain not only in our conceptions of the world but also with regard to our inmost selves, for it means order instead of chaos, understanding in place of confusion. If all our activities are the results of natural causation, it means that the will is not absolutely free, but practical people have always known that freedom is relative and not absolute; that we are partly free and partly bound. We know that we are able to inhibit many reactions, instincts, and forms of behavior and to choose between alternatives that are offered. But this does not mean that such freedom is uncaused activity; on the contrary, science shows that it is the re-

sult of internal causes, such as physiological states, conflicting stimuli, the remembered results of past experience or education, all of which are themselves the results of preceding causes. Conscious will is not "a little deity encapsuled in the brain" but intelligence acting as cause, while intelligence in turn is the capacity of consciously profiting by experience.

But however we may explain that which we call *freedom*, it is plain that for practical purposes it exists, though in varying degrees in different persons or in the same person at different times, and that it entails a corresponding degree of *responsibility*. The universality of natural law does not destroy ethics nor the basis of ethics; on the contrary, it places morality upon a natural, causal, understandable basis. Furthermore, it leads to a more rational view of human behavior and to a more sympathetic attitude toward the criminal or the offender. As long as men regarded non-ethical conduct as the result of absolutely free will, or of an evil spirit within man, it was logical enough to exorcise the demon by torture and in general to "make the punishment fit the crime" rather than make it fit the criminal. But an understanding of the fact that non-ethical conduct is causal rather than capricious and is the result of natural rather than supernatural causation leads society to look for and to correct these causes rather than to seek vengeance or retribution. Indeed, the only justification for punishment of any kind is the correction of the offender or the protection of society; there is no longer any place in civilized society or in a rational theology for retributive or expiatory punishment.

A study of human history and prehistory shows that there has been a wonderful development of ethics and of religion. There is no satisfactory evidence that these were handed down from heaven in perfect form, but there is abundant evidence that they, in common with all other things, have been evolving and that this process has not yet come to an end. Much of the ethics and religion of the Old Testament was condemned by Christ and would not be tolerated in civilized society to-day. Some of the ethical codes and religious practices cur-

rent to-day will probably be considered barbarous in times to come.

Variations and mutations are the materials of the evolutionary process and they occur in all possible directions; some of them are progressive, many are retrogressive, but only those that are fit survive. The present is apparently a period of great social, ethical, and religious mutation, and many of these are certainly retrogressive; but let us hope that the decent instincts and the common sense of mankind will see to it that these retrogressive mutations do not survive.

Whatever the ultimate basis of ethics may be, whether divine commands, intuitions and instincts, utility or pleasure, the content remains essentially the same: however much codes and practices may change, our ideals and instincts remain much the same from age to age. Whether written on tables of stone or on the tables of our hearts, the "cardinal virtues" are still virtues and the "deadly sins" are still sins. The deepest instincts of human nature cry out for justice, truth, beauty, sympathy. Ethics that is based on pleasures of the highest and most enduring sort, on pleasures of the rational mind, the better instincts, refined senses, is not different from the ethics of the divine command to "lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." These are "the enduring satisfactions of life." The new ethics of science does not essentially differ in content from the old ethics of revelation, and the commandments of a God within are no less binding than those of a God without.

Nevertheless, the decline of faith in the supernatural origin of man and of ethics, the decreasing fear of hell or hope of heaven, and the increased freedom of thought and action brought about by science and education have led, in some instances, to a general weakening of the ethical code. When increasing freedom carries with it an increasing sense of responsibility and duty it never endangers progress, but when liberty degenerates into license it marks the beginning of social and moral decay. Freedom is one of the principal goals of human endeavor, but the best use man can make of his freedom is to place limitations upon it. We can be safely freed from external re-

straints only in so far as we replace these by internal inhibitions.

Partly as a result of this increased freedom from the old restraints, but largely as one of the terrible aftermaths of the World War, lawlessness, immorality, and selfishness seem to be more than usually evident throughout the world to-day. The war gave social sanction to murder, arson, and theft; it unchained the wild beasts in men that long had been restrained; it glorified acts which in times of peace would have been abhorred; and it is no wonder that we are now reaping the whirlwind. Grafters in high office and bandits in high-powered cars are preying on society. Lawlessness and selfishness are wide-spread. Social solidarity has diminished; races and nations are suspicious or antagonistic; many political parties, churches, labor-unions, social classes are split up into warring factions. Jealousy, suspicion, intolerance, hate, and war are preached from some pulpits and from many platforms and presses. The war that we fondly hoped was to end wars, has apparently only ended peace.

The new freedom which recently has come to women, and which is in the main a progressive change, has led to some bizarre views in these later days. Some of its radical advocates are demanding that it shall mean freedom from all sex distinctions and restraints, except such as are purely personal and voluntary—freedom from marriage and reproduction and the care of children; abolition of the family with its cares and responsibilities; state subsidies for such women as are willing to be mothers and state infantoria for the rearing of all children. Less extreme and therefore more dangerous tendencies are seen in the acceptance of pleasure as the sole basis of ethics and the interpretation of the ethics of pleasure as the satisfaction of animal appetites for food, drink, and sex. The reaction from undue sex repression has led to the opposite extreme of sex exploitation. Obscene literature and plays are not only tolerated but justified and patronized by many leaders of public opinion. In several universities student publications have been suppressed recently by the authorities because of indecency or blasphemy. Free love, trial marriage, easy divorce

are widely preached and practised. We vigorously condemn and forbid polygamy in Utah but easily condone worse practices nearer home. The question of the old catechism, "What is the chief end of man?" is now answered by multitudes of people: "To glorify pleasure and enjoy it while it lasts." They say frankly: "I have but one life to live and I propose to get the most pleasure possible out of it. Why should I think of social progress or of posterity? What has posterity done for me? Let us eat, drink, and be merry—for to-morrow we die." Yes, persons who live as mere animals die as the beast dieth; they deserve no immortality on earth or anywhere else. Whether we believe in religion or not, our better instincts revolt against such ethics. We are more than brutes and cannot be satisfied with the pleasures of brutes. We may not accept the old ethics of supernaturalism and tradition, but we cannot adopt the ethics of pigs and hyenas.

III. What is the remedy for this condition? Fundamentalists think that science in general, biology in particular, and the theory of human evolution most of all are responsible. They would, therefore, prescribe by law that the latter may not be taught in tax-supported institutions. But if state legislatures are to decide that evolution shall not be taught, they should also eliminate the teaching of all subjects which furnish evidences of the truth of evolution; they should forbid the teaching of morphology, physiology, ecology, paleontology, genetics, comparative medicine, comparative psychology, and sociology. Indeed, there are few subjects that are now studied and taught by comparative and genetic methods that should not be banned. If the farmers of Tennessee and Kentucky can decide what may be taught in biology, they can also decide what may be taught in mathematics, as indeed one sufferer from interminable decimals proposed when he introduced a bill to fix by law the ratio of the circumference to the diameter of a circle at exactly 3.

I have been assured by persons who are very orthodox in faith but very heterodox in spelling and grammar, that "Evolution is all rot"; that it is "leprocy" (sic); that "the heads of evolutionists are full

of mud" (their own, of course, being full of "monkey"); and that "God hath chosen the fools of this world to confound the wise," leaving it in doubt as to who is which. Mr. Bryan's characterization of scientists as "dishonest scoundrels" shows the same unrestrained emotionalism as the antivivisectionists show when they call animal experimenters "inhuman fiends." Antievolution, antivivisection, antivaccination, and antiscience are all the outgrowths of extreme emotionalism, recklessness in handling facts, and an utter ignorance of the value of scientific evidence.

Fundamentalism, if logical, would demand the abolition of the teaching of all science and scientific methods, for science in general and not merely the theory of evolution is responsible for the loss of faith in the old traditions. It is folly to attempt to promote education and science and at the same time to forbid the teaching of the principal methods and results of science. The only sensible course would be to abolish altogether the teaching of science and scientific methods and to return to ecclesiasticism. The Church once told scientists what they could think and teach, and now state legislatures propose to do it. Such methods of resisting change have always failed in the past and are foredoomed to failure now.

The real problem that confronts us, and it is a great problem, is how to adjust religion to science, faith to knowledge, ideality to reality, for adjustment in the reverse direction will never happen. Facts cannot be eliminated by ideals and it is too late in the history of the world to attempt to refute the findings of science by sentimental objections or supposed theological difficulties. If science makes mistakes, science must furnish the cure; it can never be done by church councils, state legislatures, nor even by popular vote.

The only possible remedy for the present deplorable condition is not less but more and better science and education; science that recognizes that the search for truth is not the whole of life, that both scientific reality and religious ideality are necessary to normal, happy, useful living. We must keep our feet on the ground of fact and science, but lift our heads into the atmosphere of ideals.

"To the solid ground of Nature trusts the mind that builds for aye." Education from the earliest years must teach love rather than hate, human brotherhood rather than war, service rather than selfishness; it must develop good habits of body and mind; it must instil reverence, not only for truth but also for beauty and righteousness.

"Where there is no vision, the people perish." Man cannot live by bread alone; he must have ideals and aspirations, faith and hope and love. In short, he must have a religion. The world never needed a religion of high ideals and aspirations more than it needs it now. But the old religion of literalism and of slavish regard to the authority of church or book, while well suited to some minds, cannot serve the needs of those who have breathed the air of science. Must all such be deprived of the benefits of a religion which they need and be forced into a false position of antagonism to religion as a whole because they cannot accept all the literalism, infantilism, and incidentalism of so-called fundamentalism? The fundamentalists, rather than the scientists, are helping to make this an irreligious age.

IV. Science has destroyed many old traditions but it has not destroyed the foundations of ethics or religion. In some respects it has contributed greatly to these foundations:

1. The universality of natural law has not destroyed faith in God, though it has modified many primitive conceptions of deity. This is a universe of ends as well as of means, of teleology as well as of mechanism. Mechanism is universal but so also is finalism. It is incredible that the system and order of nature, the evolution of matter and worlds and life, of man and consciousness and spiritual ideals are all the results of chance. The greatest exponents of evolution, such as Darwin, Huxley, Asa Gray, and Weismann, have maintained that there is evidence of some governance and plan in Nature. This is the fundamental article of all religious faith. If there is no purpose in the universe, or in evolution, or in man, then indeed there is no God and no good. But if there is purpose in nature and in human life, it is only the imperfection of our mental vision that

leads us sometimes to cry in despair: "Vanitas vanitatum, all is vanity." No one can furnish scientific proof of the existence or nature of God, but atheism leads to pessimism and despair, while theism leads to faith and hope. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

2. Science leaves us faith in the worth and dignity of man. In spite of weakness and imperfection, man is the highest product of a billion years of evolution. We are still children in the morning of time, but we are attaining reason, freedom, spirituality. The ethics of mankind is not the ethics of the jungle or the barnyard. In the new dispensation men will no longer be restrained from evil by fear of hell or hope of heaven, but by their decent instincts and their high ideals. When love of truth, beauty, goodness, of wife, children, humanity, dies in us our doom will be sealed. But it will not die in all men; the long-past course of progressive evolution proves that it will live on, somewhere and somehow.

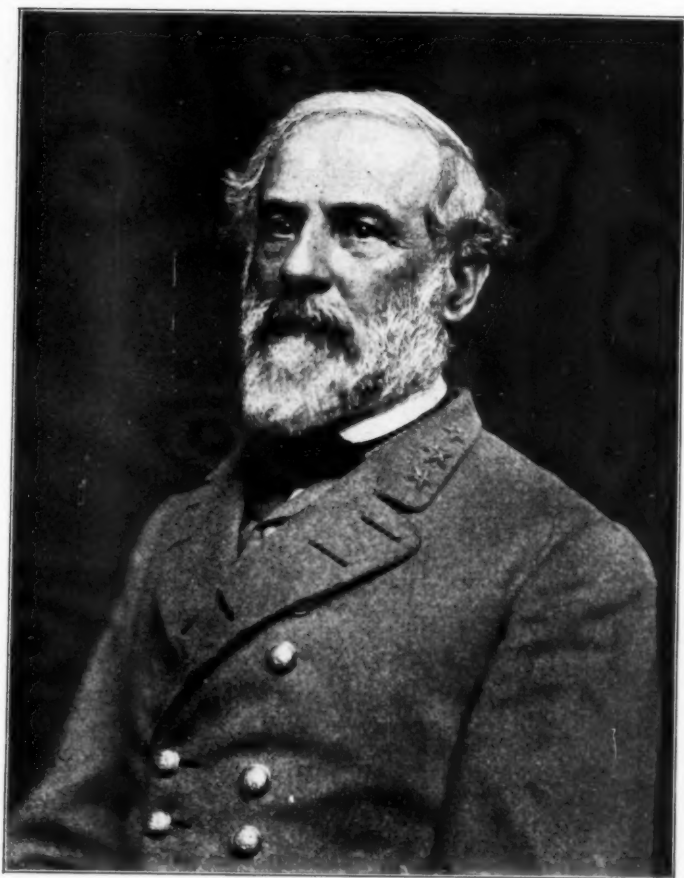
3. Science leaves us hope for the future. Present conditions often seem desperate; pessimists tell us that society is disintegrating, that there will never be a League of Nations, that wars will never cease, that the human race is degenerating, and that our civilization is going the way of ancient Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome. But though nations have risen and fallen, and cultures have waxed and waned, the major movements of human history have been forward. After civilization had once been attained, it never completely disappeared from the earth. The torch of culture was handed on from Egypt to Greece and from Greece to Rome, and from all of these to us. One often hears of lost arts and civilizations of the past, but the best elements of any culture are immortal.

The test of biological variations and mutations is whether they lead to increasing fitness, and the test of all social and moral mutations and revolutions, such as those of to-day, is whether they lead to increasing perfection and progress. The great principle of the survival of the fit has guided evolution from amoeba to man,

from tropisms and reflexes to intelligence and consciousness, from solitary individuals to social organizations, from instincts to ethics, and this great principle will not be abrogated to-day or to-morrow. It is the "power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness." Man can consciously hasten or hinder this process, but he cannot permanently destroy it. He can refuse to take part in it and can choose to be eliminated, but the past course of evolution for millions of years indicates that somewhere and somehow this process will go on.

The evolutionist is an incorrigible optimist; he reviews a billion years of evolution in the past and looks forward to perhaps another billion years of evolution in the future. He knows that evolution has not always been progressive; that there have been many eddies and back currents, and that the main current has sometimes meandered in many directions; and yet he knows that, on the whole, it has moved forward. Through all the ages evolution has been leading toward the wider intellectual horizons, the broader social outlooks, the more invigorating moral atmosphere of the great sea of truth.

What progress in body, mind, and society; what inventions, institutions, even relations with other worlds, the future may hold in store, it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive. What does it matter if some men refuse to join this great march onward, what does it matter if even our species should become extinct if only it give place to a better species! Our deepest instincts are for growth; the joy of life is progress. Only this would make immortality endurable. Human progress depends upon the increase and diffusion among men of both knowledge and ethics, reality and ideality, science and religion. Now for the first time in the history of life on this planet, a species can consciously and rationally take part in its own evolution. To us the inestimable privilege is given to co-operate in this greatest work of time, to have part in the triumphs of future ages. What other aim is so worthy of high endeavor and great endowment?



General Robert E. Lee.

## Lee and the Ladies

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF ROBERT E. LEE

BY DOUGLAS FREEMAN

Editor of the Richmond (Va.) *News Leader*

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

### II

**T**HE outbreak of hostilities cost Lee the buoyancy of spirit that previously had always been his, except for occasional days in the depths. War brought to the front the fundament-

ally religious temperament of the man. He was as little changed, perhaps, in his attitude toward the ladies as in any other respect. He loved their company still, and he sought it when his duties permitted. There is no prettier picture in the whole colorful album of the war than

that painted by the brilliant Constance Cary, later the wife of President Davis's secretary, Burton N. Harrison, and mother of the former governor of the Philip-

white and his strong chin, which had been clean shaven until 1861, was covered with a gray beard.

He frankly delighted in the prerogative



Miss Caroline C. Stuart, subsequently the wife of Governor F. W. M. Holliday.  
This is reproduced from a painting, and shows her at about the period of the war, when she was eighteen.

pires and of Fairfax Harrison, now head of the Southern Railway. Constance Cary was a young girl then, a refugee in Richmond with her mother. One night when General Lee had finished a call on them and had put on his military cape, mother and daughter went out on the porch to say good night to him. As he stood there a moment he turned and, putting an arm around Constance, kissed her smilingly. He had become paternal in appearance then, as in feeling, for his hair was almost

of kissing the girls, which prerogative he assumed with age. One day in 1863 a love-sick youngster, Beverly Danbridge Tucker, now bishop of Southern Virginia, was sitting on the steps of a Richmond house vainly wooing Mary Triplett, then about sixteen and already displaying much of the charm that made her, after the war, one of the most beautiful women of her generation. General Lee rode up, alighted, mounted the steps, and leaned over to kiss Mary. As

he lifted his tall figure again he turned to young Tucker and, with the glint of a twinkle in his eye, said solemnly: "Wouldn't you like to do that, sir?"

While he was in winter quarters during the war between the States and even during the open campaigning, when he found time for a social letter, he was pleading in



Miss Margaret Stuart, who became Mrs. Robert W. Hunter, probably was General Lee's best-loved young cousin.

This picture, which does her much less than justice, was painted about 1860, when she was twenty-three.

General Lee played the part of fatherly matchmaker to many a pretty girl of his circle. In fact, he had always liked that rôle.

"Tell Miss —," he had written from Mexico, during the occupation, "she had better dismiss that young divine and marry a soldier. There is some chance of the latter being shot, but it requires a particular dispensation of Providence to rid her of the former."

mock seriousness the cause of some soldier to the lady of his devotion, or else he was exhorting one of the young men of his circle to put faint heart aside for fair lady.

Probably the most charming of all his war letters—certainly the equal of any—are those to Margaret and Caroline Stuart, his cousins, daughters of Doctor and Mrs. Richard Stuart, of "Cedar Grove," in King George County, Va. The girls were tall and dark, young and pretty, Margaret

twenty-five in 1862 and Carrie eighteen, and they were proud of their kinship to him. They had domesticity and strong religious feeling, as well as character and breeding, and on these accounts doubled their appeal to him. In the winter of 1862-1863, Margaret, whose home was then within the Federal lines, contrived to put into the hands of one of Lee's spies her card and a pair of gauntlets addressed to "Cousin Robert"—one can imagine the thrills she had in planning and doing it. He, of course, did not let this attention pass without his thanks. In fact, he contrived throughout the war to answer in his own hand every letter sending him a present and most personal letters addressed to him on any subject. When a kinsman or, better still, a kinswoman wrote him, he seemed to recognize a special obligation and he would reply promptly, often at length, and invariably with details of family news. He applied most rigidly the strong Virginia law of the clan. He knew his cousins to the third and fourth generation, and when the train stopped or the march of his army brought him near any of the Lees or of the host of the Carters, his mother's people, he always called for a social visit. And if there were girls in the family, attractive of person and of age, he seldom failed to kiss them. At that, it would seem, he did not quite rival his cousin and subordinate, the gallant Colonel Thomas H. Carter, of the artillery. For the tradition is that after the war, when Colonel Carter was at the Springs, he went out one day when the bus arrived from another resort, and as each young woman stepped out he kissed her with much show of affection, and then inquired of her in his gentle voice: "What might your name be, my dear? I think you are a kinswoman of mine."

The correspondence between General Lee and the Stuart girls, as far as it has been preserved, begins in April, 1863, after Margaret had sent him the gloves and when the general was recovering from an illness of some severity. The first letter, which has never been printed, contains so much new biographical data and so perfectly illustrates Lee's epistolary manner with his cousins that it may be quoted in full, lengthy as it is:

NEAR FREDG. 5 Apl. '63.

Genl. Stuart brought me this morning your letter of yesterday dear Margt. I am much better I think, in fact when the weather becomes so that I can ride out, I shall get well again. I am threatened with a bad cold as I told you, & was threatened the Drs. thought with some malady which must be dreadful if it resembles its name, but which I have forgotten. So they bundled me up on Monday last & brought me over to Mr. Yerby's where I have a comfortable room with Perry to attend me. I have not been so very sick, though have suffered a good deal of pain in my chest back & arms. It came on in paroxysms, was quite sharp & seemed to me to be a mixture of yours and Agnes' diseases, from which I infer they are catching & that I fell a victim while in R. But they have passed off I hope, some fever remains, & I am enjoying the sensation of a complete saturation of my system with quinine. The Drs. are very attentive and kind & have examined my lungs, my heart, circulation, &c & I believe they pronounced me tolerable sound. They have been tapping me all over like an old steam boiler before condemning it. I am about a mile from my camp & my handsome aids ride over with the papers after breakfast which I labour through by 3 p.m. When Mrs. Neal sends me some good soup or something else which is more to my taste than the Drs. pills. I am in need of nothing. I have tea & sugar & all that I want. My brother officers too have been very kind. Some have sent me apples, some butter from the Valley, others turkey, tongue, hams, sweet potatoes &c. so it seems to me I had better remain sick. But I should enjoy your company very much and should much prefer my little Agnes to Perry. I am not however, altogether destitute, Mr. Yerby is very kind & is a perfect Sir Charles Grandison in manner. He has a married son living with him, and the young wife of course has a baby. Then there is Mrs. Neal & a Capt. & Mrs. McIntyre & their two daughters, relatives, refugees from Fredg. The whole family came in one day to see me. The baby & black George besides. They expressed great sympathy for my condition & Mrs. N. thought she could make me a cotton shirt that would ex-



Miss Norvell Caskie, later Mrs. A. Seddon Jones, a Richmond favorite of General Lee, whose wit, fighting spirit, and brave acceptance of adversity won his admiration.

This picture was taken in 1863, when she was eighteen. Her Scotch father, fearful of losing his only child to some Confederate soldier, refused to permit her to wear evening dress.

tract all the pain out of me. But the Drs. lacked confidence & I was wanting in faith so the scheme fell through. Thank Mr. & Mrs. Caskie for their kind invitation. My thoughts have reverted very often to their pleasant house, & I have imagined how comfortable I should be in

the *sick room* with Miss Nannie & Norvell running in to inquire my wants. But then I thought they might not run in as often as they did when it was previously occupied & that would be dreadfully mortifying. I shall therefore have to remain where I am as long as I can attend

to my duty. When I cannot I must then give it up to others. But I think I shall be well soon & in the meantime must suffer, & I do not see how you can relieve me. Soldiers you know are born to suffer & they cannot escape it. I am still confined to my room. I am very glad to hear you are better & trust you will go on to improve. We had a terrible storm last night which continued this morn'g. It caught Fitzhugh's brigade in the march I fear, & I apprehend both men & horses suffered last night, as they were probably without tents &c. I thought the last fine weather might bring Mr. Hooker over, as he has been so anxious, but he stands fast yet awhile. I am glad Mary is well, but grieve for our poor people who have been so plundered. There is a just God in Heaven who will make all things right in time. To Him we must trust & for that we must wait.

Remember me very kindly to all with you. Give much love to Agnes—believe me

Always yours,

R. E. LEE.

In July, after Gettysburg, he wrote in acknowledgment of further letters from Margaret, and quite candidly described the defeat of his hopes at Gettysburg. One would hardly look for such a confession in a letter from a commanding general to a youthful cousin, yet here it is:

"I knew that crossing the Potomac would draw them [the enemy] off & if we could only have been strong enough, we should have detained them. But God willed otherwise & I fear we shall soon have them all back. The army did all it could. I fear I required of it impossibilities. But it responded to the call nobly and cheerfully & though it did not win a victory it conquered a success. We must now prepare for harder blows and harder work. But my trust is in Him who favours the weak & relieves the oppressed & my hourly prayer is that He will fight for us once again."

From these he passed to lighter thoughts:

"Tell Ada [a twenty-one-year-old sister of Margaret] if she will join the army I will give my consent, but Carrie need not think of that other one. I shall let no one have you Maggie till the war is over.

I have one in reserve for you." Meaning one of his sons—Custis, doubtless. He concluded simply: "I must now bid you goodbye. May God guide and protect you all is the earnest prayer of your affectionate cousin."

The following September Margaret and Caroline paid him a visit near his headquarters. He was much pleased.

"My dear daughters," he wrote on September 8, in an unpublished letter, "I could not leave camp last ev'g. in time to see you before you went to the surprise. I knew it would be too much of a surprise to you to meet me there, so I had to forego the pleasure of seeing you altogether. How are you this morn'g? I hope well & bright. Tell me what you wish to do. If you want to go anywhere I will send up the wagon. I have two horses & bridles but no saddles as yet. Will not blankets do? If you are not comfortable I can get you a room at Mrs. Fry's I am told, which is a nice house, or at some other place I am sure. But I have always a tent for you, you would make an ungainly camp very bright & cheerful & we would hail your presence as the advent of angels. I send you a letter from Charlotte, which I have answered this morn'g. Write to her when you have time & cheer up the poor child.

"YOUR FOND FATHER."

"I have not seen you all day," he wrote them on the 10th, "I hope this has not made you as sad as it has me. I would have gone to you this afternoon, but heard you went to ride with some of the young men." He would be busy the next morning, he went on, but later in the day he would review Hill's corps. If they wished to be present, he would send a wagon for them. "Let me know your wishes, I have kept a basket of grapes for you all day. I send a letter for Carrie which came tonight. It looks as if it came from the signal officer. Rob did not like it's appearance and is taking refuge in sleep, in hope to smother his sorrow. Good night, May good angels guard you and bright visions cheer you." This was addressed to "My beautiful daughters," and was signed "very truly and affectionately your father."

The "Rob" of the letter obviously was Robert E. Lee, Jr., the general's youngest son, whom it pleased Lee to represent as the rival of the unnamed signal officer. The Misses Stuart accepted the invitation—what girls could decline to be of the reviewing party of the commanding officer? But unfortunately their note came so late that General Lee was doubtful whether the team would reach them in time.

"Your numerous beaux, the 'Stonewall band,' I fear kept you up too late last night," he banteringly told them. "Ask Mr. Hiden to close his doors at ten o'clock. That is the proper time for you to retire your bright eyes from the soldiers' gaze. I hope you will have a pleasant visit this morning, and an agreeable ride this evening with the Major and the Major Gen'l. Poor Custis and Rob."

For the older son was now declared a suitor for Margaret's hand as Robert was for Carrie's, and all without the consent of any parties to the quadruple contract. No casualties to Cupid resulted from the review or the ride. The next day came word that they were leaving on the morrow. Had not Robert informed him? He answered regretfully in this new letter:

CAMP 11th Sept. '63.

No you precious children Rob did not tell me you were to go tomorrow. What is the necessity now that Ada is married? I think you had better stay with me altogether. Poor little Ada. I fear some one will serve both of you so some of these days if you leave me. Could not be allowed even to wait for her sisters. I cannot eat the wedding cake in any pleasure.

If you must go tomorrow I shall be very sorry, but you must let me know & I will make all the arrangements & send some one with you. I hope you are not tired of your old papa already. He is never tired of thinking of you & is always hoping to see you. I fear you have had a sad time with him.

I have directed the wagon to report to you. Keep it as long as you wish & always tell the driver the hour you wish it.

Truly & Affy.

R. E. LEE.

Sweet Meta & Carrie.

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When he bade them farewell, it was not with thought of them alone. He sat down and wrote their mother this letter:

CAMP, ORANGE C. H.

12 Sept. '63.

MY DEAR COUSIN JULIA—

I cannot express the pleasure I have experienced in the society of your sweet daughters. They have furnished the only sunshine, save the occasional glimpse I have had of my own family, that has shone on my path during the war.

But my dear Cousin I commiserate you deeply. I see that you will lose them all. Ada has already gone & the rest will soon follow. They will not last till the end of the war. What will you & their poor father do? I suppose the Randolphins will take them all. I do not wish to alarm but merely prepare you for the fate that inevitably awaits you. They have been so surrounded here with Genls. Cols. and Majors that I have scarcely seen them. But then I have had the hope of going so constantly before me & that has been a great comfort to me.

Wishing you all great happiness, with much love to Mrs. Ada

I am truly and affy. yours

R. E. LEE.

Mrs. R. H. Stuart.

Could the girls' visit have been more gallantly ended? He reverted to it two months later in a frankly intimate letter to Caroline:

CAMP RAPIDAN

21 Nov. '63.

I am very much obliged to you dear Carrie for the manufacture of the drawers. Your handiwork will impart to them I am sure additional warmth. I examined them anxiously to see if I could discover any impression of your sweet self, but could not. I fear you did not look at them during your work. They fit very well. You know anything you can get in suits for camp. I wish you had come up with Custis. I want to see you very much and so does Genl. E. Johnson. I hope all were well at Cedar Grove when you heard. Remember me to them all when you write. Also to Miss Rosalie & Ada.

With much affection

I am very truly yours

R. E. LEE.

Miss Carrie Stuart.

Christmas Day, fresh from a visit to Richmond, Lee described to Margaret the doings of Carrie and of Ada, who had married Colonel William W. Randolph. Lee wrote that Caroline was "so surrounded by her little beaux that little could be got from her. But there was one tall one with her, a signal man of that voracious family of Randolphs, whom I threatened with 'Castle Thunder' [Richmond prison for army misdemeanors]. I did not see her look at Rob once. But you know he is to take her home on certain conditions. I hope your mother has given her consent and that the cakes are baking. I also saw happy Mrs. Ada. Her face was luminous with content and she looked as if she thought there was but one person in the world. . . . Custis says he cannot be married now till six months after the ratification of peace—the day on which all the public dues are payable. So you will have to visit, Maggie."

Robert apparently accompanied Carrie home. She took with her a coat of General Lee's that needed repairs, and when she sent it to him, restored to use as a backslider to the fold, she got a letter that combined thanks for her kindness with a friendly scolding for her treatment of Robert. "He is now . . . nearly hopeless. He says although your kind mother made him 500 cakes, it produced not the least effect upon you. What more he can offer you he is at a loss to conceive."

Margaret by this time had taken Caroline's place in Richmond, had the nameless signal officer in succession to her younger sister, and was attracting men with three stars and a wreath on their uniform collars—among them a renowned general of division. Lee duly reported all this to Carrie:

"I was very glad to see your sweet sister Margaret in Richmond. She was of course attended by the signal corps. As soon as Genl. Edward Johnson drives back Meade's army I am going to let him go to Cleydall—not before."

The next day he wrote Margaret, apropos a letter she had mailed and he had never received. "Are you sure you wrote it?" he quizzed. "Perhaps it was to some other old general in this army. . . . I can tell you for your satisfaction

that General Johnson is well [and] that General Early has just returned from a visit home, and is handsomer than ever. He looks high in his new garments, and the black plume in his beaver gives him the air of a gay cavalier."

The point of this was that General Early, slyly put forward by his chief as a gay cavalier seeking the aristocratic hand of the prayerful Margaret, was one of the homeliest, hardest-swearing tobacco-chewers of the whole Army of Northern Virginia.

Margaret's letter duly arrived. "The superscription of this missent epistle," wrote General Lee in immediate acknowledgment, "reminds me strongly of the chirography of General Edward Johnson. The suspicions of the postmasters at least have been excited from its being turned out of its way to me. Its arrival with your note is somewhat of a suggestive coincidence. I think I ought to send it to your mother."

All this was written a little more than a month before General Grant opened the offensive of May, 1864, that was to continue, an unbroken battle, until the end of April, 1865. Although Lee wrote with as much gentle humor as he ever displayed, he foresaw what was coming and seemed to realize that he was about to be cut off from her. "I shall have no hope of seeing you," he said, "after you cross the Rappahannock," from Richmond.

"When you reach home," he wrote Margaret wistfully on April 28, "I shall be unable to communicate with you, for I dislike to send letters within reach of the enemy, as they might serve if captured to bring distress on others. But I shall think of you always & you must sometimes cast your thoughts upon the army of N. Va., and never forget it in your pious prayers. It is preparing for a great struggle but I pray & trust that the Great God, Mighty to deliver, will spread over it His almighty arm and drive its enemies before it!

"You must give much love to your father mother & sweet Carrie. May you & they be blessed in your home, your labours, & your prayers."

The correspondence ends in the drum-fire of the Wilderness campaign.

Ada's young husband was killed.

Carrie married a good soldier, who subsequently became governor of Virginia, F. W. M. Holliday. The gentle Margaret, when the war was over, became the bride of Major R. W. Hunter, a staff officer of distinction. She died young; the major lived to old age, a *raconteur* much loved and everywhere welcomed in Virginia.

As the charming Stuart sisters were left beyond the battle-lines, General Lee drew nearer to Richmond and to other friends, among them Norvell Caskie, who had become one of the closest friends his daughters had made after they had removed to Richmond. She was the only one of the four children of James Kerr Caskie to survive childhood. Her father, a wealthy tobacconist, had married Ellen Gwathmey, a granddaughter of Howell Lewis, General Washington's nephew. Mrs. Caskie was connected with Mrs. Lee through Lorenzo Lewis, Mrs. Caskie's cousin, who was a son of Nellie Custis, Mrs. Lee's great-aunt. The families had been acquainted before the war and were brought intimately together when General Lee sent his wife to the Hot Springs in the late summer of 1861. Knowing that Mr. Caskie was at the Springs, General Lee wrote him asking that he would give Mrs. Lee his "protection"—a request that humorously illustrated how feeble was the "protection" Southern women then had, apart from that on the battle-line, for Mr. Caskie himself was a crippled invalid. But he welcomed Mrs. Lee, of course, showed her such courtesies as he could, and, when she left the Springs and went on a brief visit to Shirley, he and Mrs. Caskie invited Mrs. Lee and her daughters to make their home with them in the ample Caskie residence at Eleventh and Clay streets in Richmond. The Lees accepted and stayed there for some months—for Richmond was dismally crowded—until Custis Lee's messmates gallantly surrendered to them quarters in the house No. 707 East Franklin. General Lee's daughters, Mildred in particular, during this visit grew to be Norvell Caskie's warm friends. Norvell had been sixteen when hostilities began, and though she had considered herself old enough to become engaged to a young soldier in 1861, after the infectious fashion of the day, her father kept her as much of a child as he could.

He would not permit her to wear evening dress until the last year of the war, and he insisted that she appear in such high neck and long sleeves as are shown in the war-time photograph of her reproduced on page 463. Her mother was an invalid and she consequently had to do the honors of the Caskie home. They were not simple honors, either, despite the fact that Mr. Caskie's Scotch blood and culture made him despise ostentation. The most interesting people in Richmond frequented the parlors. While the Lee girls were there, soldiers were added by the company. One Sunday more than twenty cavaliers came to call. The next Sunday all except two of the twenty were dead or wounded. Most of the Seven Days' Battles had been fought meantime. To entertain so large a circle, Norvell was busy, but her father's wish was that she remain as much in the background as she could and that General Lee's daughters be considered the hostesses. In this setting General Lee met her whenever his duties permitted him to be in Richmond. He became interested in her, and naturally enough, because she was a beautiful and most unusual girl. She was saved from the typical state of mind of an only child by the sickness that hung over the Caskie family. She was a nurse from childhood, familiar with suffering. The times and her stout-hearted ancestry gave her a fighting spirit which General Lee did not fail to see and admire. With it was a cheer that adversity could not destroy and a wit that circumstance never dulled. These qualities, too, appealed to General Lee. In his letters to her father, who generously transacted all his business for him, he always had a message for Norvell, and sometimes from camp he would write her direct. The family still cherishes, among other treasures, an envelope addressed in General Lee's handwriting and franked by him:

Miss M. Norvell Caskie  
Honble Jas. K Caskie,  
Clay & 11th Sts.  
Richmond,  
Virginia

This letter itself has gone, but the temper of the times in which it was written

may be judged readily enough. The envelope General Lee used was one he had "turned," for in the shortage of stationery in the South most envelopes had to serve twice. On that face of the envelope that had been used before he had addressed it to Norvell, the paper bears the superscription:

Very important

Gen R. E. Lee

Comd G

at a gallop

From some field of frenzy, perhaps, he had turned aside and with his amazing composure had been able to write a kindly letter to his youthful friend.

The days grew too dark for him to write to Margaret, to Norvell, or to any one other than his wife or "Mr. President" or "Mr. Secretary of War." The commander of a thinning army, weaker every day, had neither the time nor the heart for bantering correspondence. After Appomattox, as he rode wearily homeward, he planned to stop overnight at the home of his brother, Charles Carter Lee, in Powhatan. The house already was so crowded with guests that Mrs. Gilliam, a neighbor across the way, was asked if she could receive General Lee. She made ready the best room, happy in the prospect of having him under her roof, but when he arrived she was told in his manner of courteous finality that he could not think of troubling her and that he would camp out, but that he would be grateful if she would entertain an officer who happened to be travelling with his wife. Then he added, as he saw the lady's disappointment, that if it were agreeable to her he would be happy to take breakfast with her the next morning. He bivouacked that night with the officers who still kept his company—it was probably the last time he ever did so—and he appeared at the appointed hour at his hostess's. The anguish of defeat had almost numbed him, and the burden of the maimed, the dead, and the widowed lay on his heart, but even then, while the corpse of his country still twitched, he did not forget his love of youth. After the meal he took the little girl of the family on his knees—she was about ten—and when he had caressed her, asked her if she

did not want to go with him to Richmond, where, he told her, he would find a "lot of little sweethearts for her." She still lives, with more than seventy years behind her, and she cherishes that moment in the lap of General Lee as the most precious in her life.

He rode on to Richmond, where the reverent welcome of the people must have eased the anguish of his soul, and then, after a few weeks, he went back to a quiet farm up the James. Two of the few letters he wrote while there were to Mr. Caskie, whom he asked to transfer to his nephew, Louis Marshall, a former soldier in the Federal army, certain stock he held as trustee for his sister, Marshall's mother. In this earlier of the two letters is a message to Norvell, the first, it seems, in which there is any suggestion of a recovery of the old playful spirit he had displayed in teasing his young friends about their sweethearts. The message is brief and the gentleness of its touch somehow discloses a heartache, but it was written nevertheless with a brave spirit and a firm grip on himself. It has never been printed before:

"Mrs. Lee has, no doubt, in her letters informed you of all family affairs. I wrote to you some days since, thanking you for your letter to me, requesting you to present my kindest regards to Mrs. Caskie and Miss Norvell. Tell the latter that Miss Anna Logan was driven over here yesterday in a buggy by Capt. Owens of Louis'— I fear these Louisianians think our Virginia girls belong to them. I met a Capt. Bridges at Belmead the other day, where he has been refreshing himself since the war. None of them shall bear her off, I assure you. I think Agnes is slightly better but her disease is not yet conquered."

He held to this deliberate effort to be cheerful. "Tell Miss Norvell," he wrote Mr. Caskie in a further unpublished letter, dated August 30, regarding the same bank stock:

"Tell Miss Norvell I rode over yesterday"—he was still near Cartersville—"to see Miss Anna Logan—she looked killing, and acted as bad. I took with me four beaux. They pretended to be overcome by the heat of the ride, but I knew from what they were suffering. 'Her

eyes were dusk as India's sun, & just as warm.' Miss Bettie Brander has fled, so they were spared the darts with which she would have covered them."

This, perhaps, can only be appreciated by those who knew the two young ladies. General Lee whimsically represents as potentially the destroyers of the four beaux's happiness.

General Lee by this time had accepted the presidency of Washington College, Lexington, Va., and soon he went there to prepare a home for his wife and daughters to take the place of Arlington, which had been seized and sequestered by the Federal authorities. In September he went to the Rockbridge Baths, where two cousins, Miss Belle Harrison, of "Brandon," and Mrs. Chapman Leigh, greatly cheered him. Miss Belle Harrison, it would seem, was always one of his favorites. A month later and in his chatty letters to the family he was talking of marriages in the neighborhood. "I did not attend the weddings," he wrote, "but have seen the pairs of doves. Both of the brides are remarkable in this county of equestrianism for their good riding and beauty." When word came that one of his daughters wished to go to Richmond to attend the wedding of Miss Sally Warwick, another of his young friends, he gave his consent in a characteristic letter:

"... if it will promote your pleasure and Sally's happiness, I will say go. You may inform Sally from me, however, that no preparations [for a wedding] are necessary, and if they were no one could help her. She has just got to wade through it as if it was an attack of measles or anything else—naturally. As she would not marry Custis [his oldest son], she may marry whom she chooses. I shall wish her every happiness, just the same, for she knows nobody loves her as much as I do... she need not tell me whom she is going to marry. I suppose it is some cross old widower, with a dozen children. She will not be satisfied with her sacrifice with less, and I should think that would be cross sufficient."

All this might have been written ten years before.

In the new house the college provided him, Lee welcomed much company and sought to return some of the hospitality

his family had received during five years when they had been homeless. Among his guests were not a few of the girls he admired—his "sweethearts" as he began now to call them. He autographed innumerable small photographs for them and uncomplainingly supplied his daughters with prints for distribution to those friends who importuned them. To his "worrying little Agnes," as he styled her, he wrote in December, 1865, while she was in Richmond:

"I have autographed the photographs and send a gross of the latter and a lock of hair. Present my love to the recipients and thank them for their favours."

He continued to report marriages, and occasionally, as in other days, he attempted to make them.

A marked improvement in his general spirits occurred during 1867, following the release of President Davis from prison and the second marriage of his son, Major-General W. H. F. Lee, whose first wife had died during the war, while "Rooney" was a prisoner in the hands of the Federals. On the young man's insistence, the old general agreed to attend the wedding, which was to be held in Petersburg. He made the journey by way of Richmond and completed the last stage of it in a special car with the wedding party, which included a number of Richmond girls. The trip lay southward over bloody ground from the Confederate capital, past Drewry's Bluff, the Howlett line, and close to the fortifications he had held for nine desperate months against Grant's assaults. Cruel memories crowded on him, of anguish and of death during the siege, and of the women and children who had suffered want and woe in the little city to which he was going with the happy guests. The thoughts weighted him down. He sat silent in the car, obviously depressed, anxious to finish the travel, yet dreading the arrival and reception. He was met as a hero—with a carriage and four white horses—and he was welcomed as a friend by a throng of citizens and former soldiers, who wanted to unhitch the team and pull the carriage to General Mahone's residence, his stopping place. This incident and others in kind had a profound effect on him. After he returned to Lexington he confessed to

his son what his feeling had been as he "passed well remembered spots and recalled the ravages of the hostile shells."

"But," he went on, "when I saw the cheerfulness with which the people were working to restore their condition, and witnessed the comforts with which they were surrounded, a load of sorrow which had been pressing upon me for years was lifted from my heart."

In this spirit he came on toward the end. The courage of the people was his comfort. He never recovered, of course, from the strain of the war, but from 1867 to his death he found more of happiness than of sorrow in his life, and he was cheerful. In scores of letters that have already appeared in print, chiefly in Captain Lee's "Recollections and Letters of General Lee," he writes to old friends and to new, with humor and unflinching kindness, of visits and courtships, of betrothals and weddings, of home-building and of births. But when tragedy did befall any of those he loved, he seemed the better able to sympathize because he himself had covered, amid mud and misery, the road from the Wilderness to Appomattox. Norvell Caskie was one of those to whom his heart was opened. Her ailing parents had survived the war. Her father's business had escaped destruction. Her future seemed bright. In the summer of 1868 she went to the Springs as usual, and there she met A. Seddon Jones, of Orange County. He was the son of a planter of prominence, over whose splendid farm on the Rapidan both armies had tramped. He had been a soldier in Lee's army and, like Norvell, had the spirit that met adversity with courage. Socially irresistible and quick of perception, he could honorably aspire to the hand of so splendid a girl. But, like most Virginians of his day, he had only a name and a memory, a farm and a roof—no money. He could not have gone to the spa that summer and probably would not have met Norvell had he not had a very dragging case of typhoid, which had left him in such plight that the family had made sacrifices to give him the treatment the doctor had prescribed. Norvell's interest in the sick, her instinctive impulse to help them, drew her to the young convalescent. His character and personality

did the rest. They fell in love. The heart that had sustained the long campaigns of the war capitulated to his sudden assault. They became engaged.

When she returned home it was to find her father manifestly in deep distress and looking very bad. "I hope," he told her, "that you have gotten into no entanglements at the Springs." She laughed off the query, anxious to defer the news of her engagement until he was better: "Don't you think it's time I were entangled, I'm twenty-three." The next day his condition was worse, and soon he was dead. Then it was discovered that he had sustained ruinous losses just before he was taken sick and that what had been a very sizable fortune for the time had been swept away. With this tragedy in the background, the approach of the girl's marriage was not without gloom. General Lee knew all the facts and grieved over the losses of herself and her invalid mother. He rejoiced that love had come to her, but he must have wondered how she would fare on a lonely farm, she who had always lived in a city and always had had about her the most brilliant of the Confederates in a home of rich culture. The letter he wrote her just before her wedding has never been printed previously, but, as faultlessly as anything that ever came from his pen, it shows the inborn tact of Lee, his breeding, and his attitude toward the girls for whom he had affection. Here it is:

#### MY DEAR MISS NORVELL:

As the day of your nuptials approaches my thoughts revert to you more often and intensely and I recall the manifold kindnesses of your dear father and mother and the affectionate consideration of yourself with increased gratitude and pleasure.

Your future happiness, is therefore I assure you a matter of deep concern to me, and this most important event in your life one of great interest. May it prove as happy as I sincerely wish it; may the blessing of kind heaven accompany you throughout your course on earth, and may a merciful Providence shield you from all evil, and lead you in the end to everlasting joy and peace.

Hoping that you will not forget us, but

will sometimes give us the pleasure of your company,

I am with true affection,

Your constant friend

R. E. LEE

Miss Norvell Caskie.

As he was in this, so he was to the last. Not long before he died he attended a convention of his church, held in Fredericksburg, the old city on the Rappahannock that had been the scene of his most splendid triumphs as a soldier. While he was in the city, the people insisted on tendering him a reception, at which, as usual, he was soon surrounded by young girls.

"Where do you live?" he asked one of the most charming.

"At old Chatham," she answered, knowing he did not need to be told she meant the quaint Fitzhugh mansion that overlooks Fredericksburg from a lofty hill on the north side of the river.

"Is the oak-tree still standing in the corner of the yard?" he inquired instantly.

"Yes," she replied. "I have played under it from childhood."

"Well," he said softly, "it was under that oak that I courted my wife; and standing yonder on Marye's Height, at the fiercest moment of the battle of Fredericksburg, I yearned to get a sight of that tree. When the smoke cleared a bit, I caught a glimpse of its upper branches." He had to pause and turn away, for his voice was choking as he finished. "And it strengthened me for the day's work."

That was Lee. Not an immodest word did he have, and doubtless not a prideful thought, of a concentration so complete and of a position chosen with so much care that the Federal formed and failed and charged and broke again and still again, and all so futilely that he had turned to Longstreet that December day and had said: "It's a blessing war is so terrible, else we'd come to love it too much." Not a touch of a smile of recollection of the winter of 1862-63, when the victories he had planned and directed seemed to have brought the South so near to independence that every soldier's hope was high and sober generals had laughed and had cheered as "Jeb" Stuart rode over with Sweeney, the banjo-player, and serenaded them merrily. Not a satisfied reference to that noon in May, 1863, when he had risen from the vicinity of Fredericksburg into the inferno of the Wilderness, with its stunted forest and stifling fumes, and had been acclaimed by men who poured out from among the burning trees, black as charcoal-burners and mad with rejoicing that Hooker was routed. Not a mention of that other May of 1864 when, near-by, he had stood off Grant with half the numbers his great adversary commanded, and then had successfully anticipated him when Grant had thought to slip away secretly to the left. Fredericksburg might have meant glory and huzzas and captured flags and presented arms with bloody bayonets. To him Fredericksburg suggested Chatham, and Chatham brought youth and an oak-tree, and Mary Custis under it, and a love that had strengthened him.



# "I Went to College"

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

Author of "Why Marry?" etc.



F a young man really wants an education, he can get one anywhere, even at college.

To be sure, few of them nowadays seem very keen to be educated at all. Perhaps

that is why so many of them are crowding into our universities. The motive is not educational but social. At college the little sons of new wealth will meet the right sort. For in this land of the free and home of the brave it is undemocratic to acknowledge that we have class distinctions, but a university degree makes a very convenient badge of social status without jeopardizing our theoretical democracy. It stamps the wearer as a college man. He belongs to the American gentry, and is listed in the Social Register.

Whatever may be the motive, they are now storming our academic strongholds in such unprecedented hordes, like the Goths and Vandals of long ago, that some of our older universities have raised their standards, like walls, for their self-protection. It is not only much harder to get in, but far harder to stay in, than it was in the good old days. Our American colleges used to welcome almost anybody. Now they have begun to pick and choose. They are actually changing these comfortable country clubs into institutions of learning, thus spoiling the chief charm of college life and destroying the only real leisure class we ever had.

This is creating considerable dissatisfaction among certain of the loyal alumni who always give three cheers for dear old Alma Mater but seldom anything else. For not only is this new and fatal policy keeping out valuable athletes, but even sons of prominent graduates. One of the questions asked last fall in the "psychological test," which is really an innocent-looking camouflage for rejecting undesirables, was: "Why do you want to go to col-

lege?" The answer supplied by one young hopeful whose father had been a "big man" in college was: "To become eligible for the University Club." He was not admitted.

At this same ancient seat of learning, which has no ambitions to be big, there were two thousand applications for the freshman class last year, but only six hundred passed through the eye of the needle. Those who do get in find to their dismay, and sometimes to the indignation of their parents, that they are obliged to work almost as hard as if they had to earn their own livings. The worst of it is that the alumni can't do anything about it. The university has got them where it wants them now. If a boy cannot keep up, he can keep out.

Now, in the old days everything was different. Fewer men went to college, and most of those who did had an amiable intention of acquiring an education. Perhaps that is putting it too strongly, but at least they were not averse to the idea. They came with the expectation of being made to work whether they liked it or not. But the joke of it was that in those days it was not necessary to study in order to be a student, and as there were so many more interesting things to do, only a few of them worked hard and every one had a good time.

Thus we see two jokes on two generations. The older generation went to college for an education, but remained to have the time of their lives. The members of the new generation go to college for a good time but get an education—if they remain. It may not be the best kind of an education. It is acquisitive rather than creative, a consumer's culture, not a producer's. Our universities are still in the thrall of "the educational ideals of the idling class and their dependent priests and clerks." But even culture-climbing is better than social climbing, and hard work is better than either.

It may be bad taste in me to criticise college education, because I was not educated at college. I merely went there. I loved it. With remarkable acumen for one so young, I perceived that the best education was life, and decided that the best life was college life.

A student goes to his professors to be taught, but he learns from his fellow students, as has been well said by Emerson—better said, in fact, but I never learned to quote correctly in college or out.

For example, I was taught to drink and I learned to smoke a pipe; I had already taken a course in cigarettes at an excellent prep school, and had occasionally, even at that early age, elected cigars. You see I was a precocious child and learned quickly.

I am broad-minded enough to admit that such accomplishments can be and often are self-taught elsewhere, at less expense to one's parents, but at home there is not nearly so much encouragement for these forms of self-expression. There is an indefinable something about the Gothic architecture of academic halls which seems more stimulating than the atmosphere behind the barn.

At college I also acquired some lasting knowledge of tennis and other athletics, and became an expert shooter of clay pigeons, having made the gun team in my freshman year. Think of the aid this has been to me all through my life in killing ducks and quail. Invaluable. I also became an amateur editor in my junior year, and began writing as a professional when a senior. Best of all, it was at college that I learned the rare art of loafing, though I have since ceased to practise it consistently.

I learned how to work, too, for I became involved in all kinds of "extracurriculum activities"; and so, as I had very little time left for my classes, which were always rudely interrupting my important interests, I learned to work like the devil at examination time in order to remain in college and enjoy what I was informed were the happiest years of a man's life.

They are not, but I believed it then. Indeed, I liked those four years so well that after getting my bachelor degree I returned for a couple of years of graduate "work," and received an M.A. for it;

thus proving that I was a master of arts, though just what arts they were and how I mastered them I have never discovered.

My professed purpose in coming back was to get something out of books. I knew this could be done, for others had managed to do so at college. I would thus make up for wasted opportunities which come but once and float by on the sea of life. But instead of reading a thousand books, I wrote one. It was a collection of stories about college life which has seduced many younger men to come to the same college and enjoy the same life. It is an old book now, but if by chance it is responsible for the presence of any of our modern hard-toiling, worried-faced undergraduates, they doubtless curse me for misrepresenting the facts.

There were only two professors who interested me enough to make me work on their courses. One was Woodrow Wilson and the other, as it happened, was Dean West, the very man with whom, some years later, Wilson had a famous fight. West won out and got his graduate school. Wilson got out and won the presidency of the United States. So each got what he wanted and everything was lovely.

Under Professor Wilson I studied jurisprudence and under Professor West pedagogics. They were both interesting men, inspiring teachers. That must have been why such otherwise unaccountable subjects were elected by a boy who had decided to become a writer, and who already felt that he and Thackeray were the only authors who had ever really understood human nature.

Both these teachers told me that all students, embryonic writers especially, should secure a firm foundation of "broad general culture" by taking the old-fashioned classical course, with plenty of Greek and Latin. But the reason I secured no firm foundation of broad general culture is that I not only took the old-fashioned classical course, but also, even after I had a chance to escape, about midway through college, I elected still more Greek to the bitter end.

It bored me to death and made me hate the Greeks and Romans and all their literary works. Perhaps I got excellent discipline from the drudgery of grammar and

construing sentences, but the discipline wasn't worth the sacrifice of what might have proved an inspiring, peradventure useful, acquaintance with what I am reliably informed is immortal literature—"the best that has been said and thought." It might come in handy, when writing a play or something, to know the Greek drama. I hear they're good.

I had sense enough to see through the English courses and to snub them as much as the law allowed, but unfortunately I did not snub the classics. Well, I was weak, I was ignorant, and I was led astray in my youth by the evil influences of my professors and parents. So I fell for the classics. Perhaps it was because my father had taken a classical course in college; so had five of my uncles, and on my mother's side there were eight generations of Scotch Covenanters ministers. They all devoutly believed in the study of the classics. Therefore I did too. It ran in the family. But it didn't seem to work out right in my case. If I only hadn't "studied" Greek literature, I might have learned something about it. If I only hadn't gone to college, I might have become educated.

The other day I glanced over a book lying open on a friend's library-table while waiting for her to come in and pour me a cup of tea. It was great stuff. It gave me a thrill I hadn't had in years. I turned back to the title-page, eager to see who in the world the author could be. It was Euripides, translated by Gilbert Murray. At that point my hostess entered and I closed the book. Of course I could have continued when I reached home. I have Murray's translations in my own library, for I do not intend to let my sons miss the pleasure and benefit of great literature by being taught how to disembowel it. But it has remained a closed book to me.

Perhaps mine is an extreme case—a college complex, as it were. All my classmates, well-known bankers, lawyers, and big business men, probably read Greek and Latin every morning in the original on their way down to Wall Street.

But I should hate to convey the idea that I acquired nothing of value out of my college experience. That would not be fair to my college or to myself. I ac-

quired the rudiments of a most excellent business training—while taking my classical course in broad general culture. It came about as a result of athletic training. I was "trying" for the track team. I had a beautiful stride. I ran in almost perfect form and had only one slight defect as a runner. I did not go fast enough.

So after taking a place in the national cross-country championships—I think it was the eighty-fifth place—I felt that I was entitled to retire from active participation in athletics. I deemed it my duty to give the younger fellows a chance, and believed that I could be of greater service by managing athletics.

If I am not mistaken, the title of my high calling was "University Athletic Treasurer." At any rate, it had to do with the finances of all branches of major sport, and required so much time, such expert attention, that subsequently this job became a salaried position.

The thing I liked about it was that I travelled around the country with the teams, and on the campus I carried a japanned tin box and wore what was called the varsity monogram. Only the athletic oligarchy were allowed such ornaments.

I was quite important now, one of the really "big men." To be an editor of the *Lit.* was not exactly a disgrace in the college world, any more than being an author is in the outside world—merely a queer sort of thing to be. But running athletics was something that was really respected and honored, quite as is controlling financial credit of the real world.

But the educational feature of my exalted position lay in the fact that I had to keep books, audit accounts, write and render financial reports, and get all kinds of things done on time by all kinds of people. I had to "handle men," I had to meet unexpected emergencies. And, as I believed that whatsoever your hand finds to do you should do it with all your might, I was complimented by a big business man who was on our graduate advisory committee. He told me that I would make a good business man some day.

It was the greatest compliment he could give any one. No doubt I appreciated it. Only it seems too bad that the only rigorous training received in a whole

college course should have been utterly wasted upon me. I had no taste, even if I had the talent, to follow up my golden opportunities for getting in with big business men. I wanted to write.

Since that day I have written no more financial reports, and the only books I keep now are those loaned me by loving friends who believe that because I write by day I must want to read by night. Something like inviting the postman to take a walk.

There is no doubt about it, a college course is valuable to a business career. Many of the modern rulers of great business say, invaluable. But for a career in any of the arts, I have my doubts. Those are precious and impressionable years. Perhaps they should be devoted to more penetrating and important experiences, in some environment where a real reverence for fine things is not killed by stupid standardization, and where a natural love of beauty is not so likely to be perverted.

Among writers it is difficult to trace the benefits or injuries of formal education. In fact, I can detect very little difference between those who have had a university training and those who have not, ex-

cept that the latter are likely to be better informed, better read, and less afraid of new ideas than college graduates.

I doubt if Mr. Howells would have had such keen literary passions if at the age when he was setting type out in Ohio he had been made to detest "required reading" by dodos who can render even loveliness loathsome. If Mark Twain had gone to college he would have missed the Mississippi. The youthful Kipling would have been killed by the "awful orderliness" of Oxford. Wells might have gone in for true scholarship, which means finding out all there is to know about something no one else cares about and telling it in such a way that no one else can understand it. Shaw would have been fired in his freshman year. Still, it might have been hard to ruin those fellows even by college.

After all is said and done, there is only one sure way to discover whether or not a man, even though you may have known him for years, is college bred. It is a perfectly simple test. All you have to do is to ask him. If he says yes, then you know that he is educated. If he says no, then you know that he is not.

## Words

BY NATHALIE SEDGWICK COLBY

DRAW over eyes dry-socketed  
Phrase of crape, instead of tears.  
Fling the strumpet cloaks of red  
Verse to hide her spoiling wares!

Without one beam of truth, lift high  
Towered forensic palaces,  
Where mummers hail the passers-by  
With calls that lure like painted faces.

There was a time when words were things  
Coined from the mint of the first man's heart,  
When a sound shaped by his sufferings  
Jagged his savage lips apart.

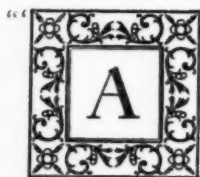
He was the word that lay ice-curved  
In primal silence; waiting cry—  
Wombed in bleak caverns of the world  
To be unnumbed relentlessly.

# Enter Eve

BY VALMA CLARK

Author of "A Woman of No Imagination," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT



"AN Epicure's Jaunt Through France," I soared. "We tour the country, and we eat chicken sauté at Dieppe, and bouillabaisse—a kind of fish-stew—at Nice. We

collaborate, Henry—"

"But how," objected Henry, "am I to paint a fish stew?"

Right there a light streamed out of our own room to welcome us, and a little, dark, bitter-looking girl rose up and greeted us: "I thought you were never coming."

"Pardon?"

She was a total stranger to us, yet her manner was that of a cross elder sister waiting up for two prowling young Toms. "You are Gus Silvernail, aren't you?"

"No. I'm only Henry—Henry Gallup. This is Sliver."

"Oh? Well, I'm Eve Carter."

"Eve . . ." I mumbled, pulling up the name out of some half-forgotten limbo.

"Then you're Aunt Zoe's daughter."

"Hm. I had a room over on the Rue Dutot, and I was going to take biology—"

"Biology?" A scientist in the ranks of our improvident Bohemian family was something different.

"Yes. I've taken my degree at Wisconsin, and I wanted to study at the Pasteur Institute. Mother is on tour in 'Down She Comes,' and she promised to send me money every month. I've waited six weeks, and I've cabled her twice, and I haven't had one word from her."

"Your mother must be like my father," I observed politely.

But she had gone back to Henry. "I've waited and w-waited, and I didn't dare register at the Institute; I spent my last

c-centime, and to-day the concierge—turned me out. She kept my suitcase and clothes. . . . She wouldn't even let me have a c-clean handkerchief or a f-fresh piqué collar," sobbed Eve. "I came here, and I told the woman—"

"Madame Cochois?"

"—That I was—part of your fam-fam-ily—"

Henry was absolutely choked up with feeling. "Handkerchief, Sliver—a clean one. We haven't any—piqué collars, but we'll get some. Blow in that."

"If you could just lend me, until my money-order comes through—unless"—she glanced from Henry's old easel and my battered typewriter, past a cracked wash-basin, to a piece of Flemish tapestry and a really good old Persian bowl, bronze with black patina—"unless you're down, too."

"Lord, no, we're up!" Henry reassured her. "Never higher."

"Then you can lend me the money—to-night, now?"

"Money?" gulped Henry.

"You are broke!"

"Merely temporarily out of—"

"We're all broke, and what am I going to do?"

"You'll stay here for the present; Sliver and I'll vacate—won't we, Sliver?"

"Camp out on the street? There's the alcove—perhaps she'll let us hang out in the alcove," I suggested sarcastically.

"Well, the alcove. And to-morrow we'll get your duds, and we'll fix you up—"

"But how can you get my suitcase, and how can you fix me up," she scowled pessimistically, "without any money?"

"Our prospects—you haven't heard our delirious prospects!"

". . . You see, it was one of those little, musty, dusty art shops, and we bam-

boozled the old gentleman—De Smet, his name was—into giving my painting the spotlight place in his window. The idea was Sliver's. We bet him twenty francs it would sell for a good price inside of two weeks. Either way—the twenty francs, or the commission—De Smet stood to win, and he couldn't resist it. It was cool of us, for we were flatter than flat, but—

"The picture sold?"

"No. But a corpulent American, the manufacturer of buttons, on a holiday saw the painting, and, not knowing French, he thought that 'Mlle. Éventail Rose' was the name of a woman, and that my girl—she was just any girl with a fan—was a real person. He obtained my name and address, and he sent for me and asked if I was a portrait-painter. I admitted it; I am—or was to be. He offered me two hundred good round American dollars to paint a portrait—a pretty portrait—of his daughter."

"You agreed."

"Before I saw the daughter. It was a commission which could never have been executed; the daughter resembled her father. But, wait, that's only half of it! Sliver and I were glooming, when we were visited by a plump Jew, who introduced himself as Max Beer, the Paris art editor of *Dress*. You know it?"

Eve nodded.

"Well, he'd seen my painting, too, and he was struck by the detail work of the fan. Sauval had been supplying their covers, wild things in color, but he had graduated to the distinction of an exhibit at the Georges Petit Galleries, and had failed them for the moment. They needed something at once—not later than a week from Thursday."

"So soon?"

"Yes. 'Mlle. Pink Fan' wouldn't do, because fans were at present 'out,' mimicked Henry. "But tulle scarfs were in, and he advised a 'Mlle. Tulle Scarf.' My fan was—*precise*—and seldom had he seen chiffon painted as I painted it. He promised nothing. But if I retained that excellent manner, reproducing the crisp, light *sheerness* of the tulle—well, it might run me to fifteen hundred francs, and it might even run me to a series of covers, featuring white swan's-down, and—uh—

scalloped skirts, and I don't know what all. There's no limit to the future."

"But two hundred dollars is more than fifteen hundred francs."

"Eh? If I wrote home to Athens, New York, that I am earning money painting tulle scarfs—"

"You've turned down the button man?" pressed Eve.

"Haven't broken it to him yet. But did you ever hear of such drunken luck? First the button man mistaking it for a portrait; next the fashion expert being hooked by a fan!"

Eve was unconvinced. "It's a week before you can collect if— You've started 'The Tulle Scarf?'"

"To-day we had to celebrate," Henry explained, "but to-morrow— Look here," and he produced a bundle, and divested it tenderly of its tissue-paper wrappings.

"What—?" Eve's black eyes opened on the little white porcelain figure of Kuan-yin, Goddess of Mercy, whose own eyes were closed in a suave Chinese smile and whose arms were folded, in enigmatic placidity, under the porcelain flow of her robe.

"We celebrated with her. We'd coveted her, and to-day we swaggered out and bought her. She's an antique—probably good—and we got the fellow down to three hundred and fifty francs."

"You paid three hundred and fifty francs for that?"

"Our last," I contributed.

"But—"

"But—Kuan-yin is our luck!" Henry *would* convince her; if she couldn't grasp luck as an abstract principle, she would grasp it as a concrete object.

"If you hitch your luck to a symbol, you smash it sure!" I warned him, horrified. "My father pinned his faith to a Chinese penny, and he lost the Chinese penny, and—"

"But we'll put Kuan-yin out of smashing reach," said Henry, and installed the porcelain goddess on our highest bookshelf. "There! She's our luck—your luck and—my luck," he smiled softly at Eve, "and don't you worry."

But my disagreeable small cousin merely scowled at the figure. She transferred her scowl to Henry; and suddenly I saw that poor, foolish Henry, in that boy-

ish gesture of hanging his fortune onto so frail a thing, had stirred in her the fierce maternal.

Eve had adopted Henry, and Henry had adopted Eve, and their mutual adoption excluded me.

"I'm—starved," she smiled faintly; "you haven't anything—?"

"My God, she's hungry, and here we stand— The herring-hook, Sliver! Can you bear herring?"

Already Henry was leaning precariously over the window-ledge into the night. He came up triumphantly with a paper bag at the end of a long string.

"What—?" demanded Eve.

"It's the herring. We hang them on a hook under the ledge that dangles them down in the corner of the building, where nobody can see 'em. We used to dangle them directly under the window, but there's a man below—a well-to-do collector of old china—who doesn't buy what he can take, apparently. One day we missed the herring—"

"But why—?"

"The herring-hook," grinned Henry, busy with a skillet, "is our own invention for giving a herring the air."

"But haven't you an ice-box?"

"No, no ice-box."

"But you *ought* to have an ice-box."

"Yes'm."

"How," demanded Eve, "do you keep milk sweet?"

"Canned milk."

"But I can't endure milk out of a can. You really ought to have a little refriger— That hook," said Eve decisively, "won't do."

"I cannot sleep with a herring," I remarked coldly.

"Shut up, Sliver, we'll eat the herring."

"The hook," persisted Eve, "is ridiculous. Who ever heard—?"

"The hook is taboo; from this day forth it doesn't exist."

"We could make a little temporary refrigerator out of a wooden box and packing and old carpets," she suggested eagerly; "they really do work quite well."

"We'll make the refrigerator," promised Henry.

"If you're going to cook it on both

sides, you'll have to turn it," was Eve's final shot on the subject of the herring.

Henry turned it.

We set ourselves about Eve's business—fresh milk, ice-box, and baggage—and if you imagine she was grateful to us, you are wrong. We arrived with two heavy suitcases; pressed by Eve, we explained that Henry had simply asked for a room and had been shown Eve's room, and while I had then summoned the concierge to conversation below stairs, he had gathered up the baggage and walked out by the rear entrance. . . . An entirely simple ruse.

But Eve at that point, with one eye on Henry's suavely smiling little Chinese lady, developed an unexpected and mean little conscience, which must be appeased. She couldn't feel right about *doing* the concierge in that way.

But the concierge should be paid from our first funds; besides, she deserved to be done.

Wouldn't it be wise, moreover, to appease the concierge, and so to keep in touch with her mail?

I suggested that she had only to notify the *bureau de poste* of her change of address to receive her mail.

But Henry stepped on me; if Eve felt that way about it, then the concierge must be mollified at once.

He invited M. Lepetit, the connoisseur of china on the floor below us, to come up and have a look at Kuan-yin.

M. Lepetit held Kuan-yin to the light. He perused her soft ivory glaze, and murmured that the rose tinge was lacking. He pronounced her an imitation Tè-hua, but interesting; he might part with one hundred and fifty francs to possess her.

But Eve's smile was too much for me. I told M. Lepetit we would let him know later.

He raised to two hundred francs.

I assured him that he should have first chance at Kuan-yin, in the event that we were driven to part with her.

Then I sat down to it.

I outlined a plan to Henry, and we divided a cane and a monocle between us, and put on the manner of important art connoisseurs, and went down to the Luxembourg Galleries. There we sta-

tioned ourselves before a Laurent's lady-in-a-pink-dress, which invariably attracts attention, and kept our eyes open for a quarry of means. We found him in the person of a lean, dyspeptic-looking American with his stout wife. The man wore a diamond on his middle finger, and his profile was greedy; the lady pointed a lorgnette, and was in heavy and unskilled pursuit of culture.

We merely compared Laurent's painting unfavorably with the painting of Henry Gallup, a young artist. I had discovered—sh!—in a little second-rate store a really remarkable canvas, "Mlle. Éventail Rose," by this young Gallup; I had learned that the painting might be had for a paltry five hundred francs, and if I was any judge of art at all, it would be worth ten thousand dollars in ten years. As an investment alone—not to mention the fame which attaches itself to a patron of the arts who first recognizes a masterpiece . . .

"Where?" begged Henry.

"Sh-sh!" I would give him the address, but it was *my* find, and he must give me his solemn oath not to purchase. . . .

The lean American unscrewed a fountain pen. Five minutes later he and his wife summoned an auto-taxi.

Henry and I called round at M. de Smet's. Sure enough, "Mlle. Pink Fan" was gone, and De Smet, all respect, poured into Henry's palm four hundred and fifty francs, having subtracted his own commission, and begged Henry for more canvases.

Eve broiled us small, tender steaks—she could cook, that girl!—and went herself to pay the concierge in full. Even she could not object to an honest-to-goodness sale. I began to believe that Kuan-yin, safe on her shelf, had, indeed, brought us luck.

I pass lightly over the sad event which followed. My cousin had anchored herself to us, and there seemed to be no immediate prospect of her removal. On her second day she cut the superfluous tails from all Henry's shirts and neatly turned them into new cuffs, wholly ignoring my frayed state. On the third day she moved Henry's easel into the right light and my typewriter into the wrong light.

On the fourth day she eliminated me altogether.

Yes, Henry and Eve were married. I came in late in the afternoon, and found the two tranced before a view of chimneys against the hazed, dusky orange sky which makes a Paris sunset in early November. Their faces, in the glow, when they finally did become aware of me and turn, left me in no doubt of the issue.

They were married, without much ado, on the following morning, and I moved across the hall into a room conveniently vacant. Madame Cochois, to whom we were several weeks in debt, proved unexpectedly accommodating; there was a glint in Eve's eye which madame, shrewd woman that she was, recognized for competence.

I moped alone, while Henry and Eve went out and did the things over Paris which Henry and I had done together. An afternoon at the races, with a bet won and a rainbow holding the Eiffel Tower in a hoop; an evening on the Boulevard St. Michel, with roasted chestnuts out of a newspaper bag and bocks at assorted cafés; adventure and the merry joke everywhere—in the tipsy Frenchman who addressed a moral lecture to the tomes on a book-stall, in the sober Englishman who mistook the café's silver globe, container of slop cloths, for a magic ball which would reveal to him his future. My idea for a story: "A wealthy old wreck of a woman who has nothing left in her life but to dress for the approval of a superior and snobbish young waiter." Henry's idea for a painting: "Its prim, never abandoned ballet dancing is, Sliver—even that dance of the Seduction in Hell. If you could convey that—pretty, conventional dancers in—Hell; crisp, stiff skirts—*prim*, you know. . . ."

It had been Henry and I knocking about together, rowing, pursuing the gleam, striving to capture the light, bright zest of it. Now it was Henry and Eve—confound her!—with me let out.

As for "Mlle. Tulle Scarf," Henry got no further than a feather-light sketch of the painting, with Eve as his model and with a sky-blue tulle scarf, which had practically emptied his pockets, as the chief property.

"You're not working!" Eve would accuse him.

"I—can't work."

"If you want me to come and sit in that tulle thing some more——"

But no, truth hampered him, Henry explained; he preferred to keep his figures vague and fanciful; the tulle scarf draped about the chair-back was all the model he needed from this stage. "But the tulle scarf will keep," he wound up; "let's go for a walk."

"No," said Eve.

"Hang it all, I won't keep school on my—honeymoon!"

"But this is Sunday; you've got only till Thursday to finish it."

"I'll finish it."

"You're not so good at last-minute spurts," I reminded him gloomily.

"But I'll be good at this last-minute spurt!" boasted Henry brazenly. "It'll be all right, you'll see—with Kuan-yin overlooking the job."

"Kuan-yin!" scoffed Eve. "If you'd hang your faith to yourself, Henry Galup, instead of to a silly, smug little china doll, we'd both be better off."

"I forgot to tell you," said I, "that Lepetit stopped me on the landing to-day and offered me five hundred francs for her."

"Five hundred francs! I could buy chintz for window-curtains."

"I'll buy you chintz after Thursday," promised Henry, "but we won't part with Kuan-yin, dear."

"No. I've a hunch myself we'd better hold onto her," I admitted.

"Come on out, Eve!"

"No."

But she flipped her dust-cloth over Henry's head, and Henry caught her down into his arms, and I left them. Later I heard them going down the stairs beyond my door.

Still in her hat and coat, with Henry departed on a Métro jaunt to the hotel of the American button-maker to turn down, finally, that gentleman's impossible commission, Eve came restlessly into my room and demanded of me what I was doing.

"Story about a sculptress whose miniature figures are all done as playthings for her dead child," I elucidated.

"Oh."

"It won't sell," I added morosely.

"Why?"

"Because the child is dead."

"Make her alive, then."

"But that ruins it. What have you been doing?"

"I?" She untied the package which she had been dangling by its string, and showed me. "A jam jar; I haven't any jam yet, and it is an awkward shape, but it was a bargain—only one franc, Sliver!"

"So."

"Imagine it filled with strawberry jam."

"Henry is partial to fig jam."

"Is he? Well, I don't know about fig jam. Sliver," concentrated Eve, "I wanted to ask you—is Henry good at portraits?"

"Good enough to take the Proctor prize on his 'Portrait of a Child'—Professor Conliff's daughter."

"And he might make a success of portrait-painting?"

"He might."

"It seems more—solid."

"Yes."

"Wouldn't one commission lead to another commission?"

"The button-manufacturer might tell his—shoe-manufacturing friend——"

"And before you know it, you'd have a real business going, with a regular income to count on."

"Business?" I chuckled.

"Painting business. Wouldn't you?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, then, I don't think Henry has any right to turn down——"

"Henry doesn't want to do portraits; he wants to play with his imagination."

"Huh. If chasing lucky flukes is keeping him from luckier work——"

"It's an idea; let me jot it down: man of ability sidetracked by the glitter of a little luck. . . . But take your jam jar, for instance. Wouldn't you prefer a jar of standard shape; wouldn't such a jar, even at a—standard price, be more sensible and more economical in the long run?"

"But this was a bargain—and who ever heard of a jam jar of 'standard shape'?" she giggled.

"You see! A bargain! It's the ap-

peal of the gratuitous, the something for nothing. It's the same thing with Henry. . . ."

But Eve didn't see it—and at that moment Henry appeared. "Hello! Let's go down to the Two Crowns for supper, Eve."

"If Thursday doesn't hatch 'Miss Tulle Scarf' and a check for fifteen hundred francs—well, there's still the button-man's daughter!"

"Yes. . . . All right. You'll join us?" Eve asked me.



"No. I'm only Henry—Henry Gallup. *This is Sliver.*"—Page 476.

"Did you see your man?"

"I didn't; he'd gone over to London, with the daughter, and he left word that I might call round again in two weeks, with a fresh canvas tucked under my elbow. But let's go!"

"Have you money?"

"Enough."

"For to-morrow?"

"We'll squeeze through to-morrow."

"And if Thursday doesn't bring anything—?"

From that hour Eve changed her tactics.

"It's pretty damned hard," said Henry, "to see Eve wanting things——"

"What does she want?"

"Well, it was a batik-blouse affair in black and rose, the stunningest colors."

"Sounds more like the kind of frippery that would catch *your* eye."

"I noticed it, and Eve agreed that it was lovely, and there was I with barely a fare home for us in my pocket. It was on

one of those expensive side streets, the Rue Daunou, and I simply hadn't the crust, Sliver—Eve, of course, wasn't onto the prices."

"She—developed an affection for the garment?"

"She . . . lingered. . . ."

"There's nobody," I muttered, "who knows prices better than Eve."

"What," blazed Henry, "do you mean? Do you mean that Eve would make me feel like—like a tightwad on purpose?"

It was just what I did mean, but I faltered and denied it.

Now Madame Cochois put in a firm plea for her money. Thursday? But she could not wait till Thursday. To-morrow? Well, to-morrow, then. I had previously seen Eve herself in private conference with madame, and I had my suspicions.

But Henry, having risen from his lament over the batik blouse, was un-squelched and confident. And now his luck struck a series of notes, played a little scale, running up in a crescendo to the climax. In the morning came a note from M. de Smet. Henry, at the dealer's urgent insistence, had dug out a couple of old things for De Smet's window, and one of them, a girl in a sun-hat, had actually sold, of itself, for a small sum.

"Luck!" laughed Henry, tossing up the breakfast loaf and catching it. "Luck, unmanœuvred—*now* can you deny it, Eve?"

"Luck's nothing, you can't count on it. You're staying for toast, Sliver?"

"Regular American toast?"

"As near as I can make it from this crust. The butter," she stated, "is rancid; if we had any ice—"

"We'll have ice. By golly, honey, I do believe that Kuan-yin *is* a lucky—"

"Oh, Kuan-yin and—luck! There, you—you've made me burn my finger." Eve, in her practical little blue rubberized apron, was too efficient a housewife to make burned fingers plausible; but with the burned finger, she had Henry; Kuan-yin was forgotten.

But at supper that evening, a special celebration, the suavely smiling little Chinese lady was placed by Henry in the centre of the table and was toasted in our

favorite sauterne. It was a merry party which was interrupted by a knock upon the door. "There," said Eve, "that's probably Madame Cochois for her money."

"We can give her something."

"But she'll not be satisfied with less than the whole sum—you'll see," she predicted smugly.

It was Madame Cochois, but her errand was more cheerful. She came, in fact, with Eve's long-due money-order from her mother.

"More luck?" grinned Henry confidently.

Eve scowled, and would have concealed the evidence from us, but there was not a chance for her. Madame Cochois was poured out a glass of our good wine, and she accepted, avoiding Eve's eye, a small palmful of loose change on account.

"You can have your batik blouse now!" Henry rejoiced.

"I—don't want my batik blouse."

"It's good, Sliver?"

"Too good to last," I prophesied darkly.

"Bosh! But I'm getting downright superstitious about that little lady; if anything happened to her, Sliver—"

"I told you not to give your luck a mortal heel."

"What could happen to her?"

"You'd better keep her locked up—I caught old Lepetit hanging about our landing to-day. But, anyhow, your luck breaks to-morrow; it's Thursday, and you can't produce that cover overnight."

"My luck does not break, Sliver, and I can finish the thing—I'll show you. How about a cinema?"

Henry's room, when I rapped on the following morning, was a jumble of tulle scarf and paint-tubes. Henry was trying to work, and Eve was moving him here and there to sweep.

"But, dearest—"

"He can't do it anyhow," Eve told me.

"Take her out, Sliver—take her out for the day."

"I don't want to—"

"Don't you *want* Henry to pull it?"

"But I'm not bothering—"

"Darling, I can't look at you without being bothered," grinned Henry.

Henry fairly put her out, and I dragged her out. I had her on my hands, and she was not in a pleasant mood. "Well, he can't possibly do it," she consoled herself. "It's doubtful enough, but with—inspiration and luck."  
 "I don't believe in——"  
 "Luck? It's the very flavor of this

Henry himself was a study in blue and white!—and somehow it caught the fragility of tulle scarfs and Paris.  
 "Do I pass, Sliver?"  
 "You—you may pass."  
 "May? Good Lord, I've done it! Can you look at that and not admit I've done it? It's popular."



Madame Cochois was poured out a glass of our good wine.—Page 482.

place. Much luck at home in—Athens, New York, shall we say?—would be far-fetched, but here in Paris, I could believe in any luck! That luck theme," I pondered; "an essay . . ."

By three o'clock I could no longer detain Eve. Henry was putting the finishing touches to his canvas, and he begged us to wait, not to breathe. . . .

The air was a blend of cigarette-smoke and strong coffee, and Henry looked like a fever. He made a javelin thrust with his brush at a clear space on the wall. "Well, do I pass?"

It was a study in blue and white—

"Yes."

"It's deft."

"Well . . ."

"And, moreover, it's rather good."

"Her skin's blue," I argued critically.

"That's the cream of it. I've got that bluish reflection from the scarf absolutely right; she *is* Mlle. Tulle Scarf. Do you like it, Eve?"

"No, I don't."

"But if Max Beer likes it——"

"He won't," said Eve.

"I think he will," I stated deliberately.

"He'll take it, you'll see."

Eve herself was almost convinced of

Henry's incredible luck, but she fought it. "She's not a real woman."

"Certainly she's not; she's the spirit of a tulle scarf. But, Lord, I'm tired! Two minutes till I wash up. We'll go out for drinks, and then I'll get hold of Beer, and we'll see— Careful, Eve! For God's sake don't topple it onto that messy palette."

"Lock the door," I reminded Henry. But Eve had forgotten something, and she took the key and went back; she was gone just a minute, and returned with her pointed white face flushed from hurry.

That was how the door came to be wide open when we climbed back an hour later, with Max Beer himself; Eve had carelessly failed to lock it.

I looked quickly for Kuan-yin, found her reassuringly present. No harm done.

But at that instant Henry uttered an exclamation. Beer remained, for a moment longer, by the door, chatting with Eve on the absurd vogue for cheap rococo jewelry.

But I stood with Henry, and saw him lift up the painting from the smeared palette, upon which it had fallen face down, and view with him the wreck. The canvas was a fairly small one, and the palette was a huge one—Henry's sole affectation—so that Mlle. Tulle Scarf was almost completely covered with the daubs of blue and white paint with which Henry had been so lavishly working. The blue complexion was done for; a particularly large blob of white paint had obliterated the face.

"Well . . ." said Henry.

"How—?"

"It must," breathed Eve, who had moved up, "have been the—draft from the door. It was there all right when I—"

"A strong draft," I flung in; "a regular north wind."

"Ah," said Max Beer. "Ah?"

We simply gazed at our man, too done for to speak.

"It looks," Beer groped, "like a snow-storm. It is," he concentrated "a veritable snow flurry. Ah . . . ? But I had no idea, Mr. Gallup, that you were a Modern. It is not what I had thought of, but still—it has merit—"

I took one look at Eve's dropped face,

and plunged to it. "Merit, Monsieur Beer? That impression of a snow flurry has distinction. It reproduces the blue chill, the mad whirl, the very mood of the flying snow. It—it—"

"I am not saying there is not . . . distinction. . . . I seem to see an arm—a vague woman," he puzzled.

Now Henry came into it. "It is a woman, the—uh—the spirit of the snow-storm."

"Ah! I follow—I seem to catch. . . . It is—good. Port?—the merest taste, Mr. Silvermail. Good port—old port, yes? It is, in fact, excellent—excellent," said our art editor, his enthusiasm mounting. "Seldom have I seen such a vivid expression of a mood—so striking, so—er—suggestive. It is in the manner of Sauval himself. It is not what I had in mind for a cover to *Dress*, and yet— In addition to styles, we strive to give our reader the newest in new art, you must understand, Mr. Gallup. Thank you, the least drop, Mr.—Silvermail; good port. Yes, I am not saying that it might not be a plume in the cap of *Dress* to introduce to the public a new, young Modern—a new and undiscovered exponent of the unspeakable, the—er—incomprehensible.

"Yes," glowed Beer, tossing off his third glass of port, "I think we can make use of your painting, Mr. Gallup."

"Touching—uh—monetary considerations?"

"Ah? I think I may venture to promise that it will run you to the fifteen hundred francs of which we originally spoke. We see. You come to my office to-morrow with this masterpiece; I make practically certain that I can promise you— We see about a series, eh? I think," ended M. Beer, "that I can assure you a series."

"I think," parroted Henry weakly as the door closed upon the gentleman, "that I can assure you a . . . series!"

"Thank God for the port," said I; "it was the merest luck."

But Henry was beyond boasting of his luck; he had reached the stage of reverence.

"The picture fell, it was spoiled," Eve gasped.

I translated for her. "It—may have



*From a drawing by George Wright.*

Henry was putting the finishing touches to his canvas, and he begged us to wait, not to breathe.—Page 483.

fallen, but it was not spoiled. That was a lucky tumble for Henry. It runs him to francs, and it runs him, I prophesy, to a place with the wild ones in the spring Salon in the near future. Your husband, Eve, has joined the ranks of the Moderns."

"If this is what it takes to be a Modern," Eve said, "then you can't tell me there's anything safe about being one."

"We might finish the port," I moved. "You know there is something in that 'Snow Flurry,' Henry; the longer I look at it . . . If you can produce more of them—"

"Can I produce more?" he grinned. "Say—!"

"You mean," stabbed Eve, "that you'd rather go on faking than to build a real success out of real work?"

"Work—do you mean portraits? I wish, honey, you'd stop harping on portraits. So long as I'm bringing home the bacon—"

"It won't last—it's bound to break."

"It won't break . . . unless I lose Kuan-yin. By George, she is lucky; call it superstition, but there's something in the way she smiles down. . . ."

Eve herself failed to scoff at Kuan-yin's powers; she looked up at the porcelain goddess with a glint of fear and with that measuring consideration with which one challenges an equal.

The catastrophe follows quickly. The next day was a day of triumph, marked by the cashing of the check for fifteen hundred francs and a debouch into chintz curtains, batik blouses, and practical hardware. It was the tip-over of the wave, the last high fling of the spray from the crest.

On Saturday afternoon Henry, much shaken, flung into my room and blurted: "She's gone!"

"Who? Eve?" I asked hopefully.

"No, Kuan-yin."

"How—?"

Eve, questioned, knew absolutely nothing beyond the fact that she had left the door open for five minutes while she ran across to the corner *pâtisserie*. I called upon M. Lepetit and felt him out; I even forced my way into his room in his absence and searched, but with no result.

I felt certain that M. Lepetit was the thief, but I had no evidence on him.

Henry protested that it was nothing, that he would shortly be in a position to buy a dozen Kuan-yins. But he was not steady in his faith; and when he accidentally smashed Eve's jam jar and twice cut himself with his safety-razor, he was sure that his luck had turned.

There is no use to prolong it. I watched him smearing canvases, but he worked too hard over those smears, he had no conviction for them.

"I told him it was 'A Cloud,' shrugged Henry after Beer's visit, "and he said it looked, veritably, like 'A Disease' to him. It's no go, Sliver."

"But why didn't you name it 'Disease'?" Why didn't you give him the suggestion, and why didn't you give him port? You're breaking, old kid; you've got to keep your nerve."

But Henry broke. In the end, he painted the button-maker's solid daughter; he put in solid hours on the portrait, and received a solid sum for it.

Some years later I had a small piece of luck, and I moved back into the old room which Henry and I had shared before Eve came between us, on the very day on which Henry arrived in Paris from his New York studio. Henry has progressed. He is one of the greater portrait-painters who dare to paint the truth. His imagination helps him to catch the spirit of that truth. He did the little Grosvenor boy on his mother's lap just at the age when he had almost outgrown a mother's lap, and the awkwardness was wistful and lovely. He has been exhibited and has taken prizes everywhere, and he covers a page in "Who's Who," and it is not an exaggeration to say that America is proud of him. He was at present on his way to Amsterdam, with a commission to paint the Queen of the Netherlands.

I had been out collecting a supper, and I met Henry at my own doorstep, just as he dropped from the auto-taxi. We went up together, and I told Henry about my idea for a Sunday column in the New York —, and it seemed that we had never been apart.

"But luck," he sighed, looking out over the chimneys at the new moon in a night-



*From a drawing by George Wright.*

"It is, in fact, excellent—excellent."—Page 484.

blue Paris sky, "is youth—a state of mind."

"Yes. With age, you have to choose between being a free failure or a tied success."

"You're free, Sliver, damn you!"

"And a failure!"

"I'm tied."

"And a success."

"But aren't you glad?" asked old Henry wistfully.

"Yes, I wouldn't change; it's—prospecting, in a way."

"Luck!" grinned Henry. "Do you remember the painting that fell? Did any one else in the world ever have such a stroke of rank, lush luck?" And we laughed together over that old episode.

"Eve? Oh, Eve's well. Eve has—made me, Sliver."

"Yes, I'm inclined to think she has."

"Everything I am, I owe to Eve. But if Kuan-yin hadn't gone back on me . . ." he smiled whimsically.

"Or if Eve hadn't—taken you in hand," I muttered, all my old suspicions of her rising again.

"That smell?" sniffed Henry.

"The supper herring," I apologized.

"Wait—the herring-hook!" And, laughing with Henry, I leaned out into the night.

"Hello!" I hauled up something hard wrapped in an old weather-stained cloth. We untied it, and were confronted by—Kuan-yin!

"But how—how in Hades——?"

We gaped at the bland porcelain smile.

"How, Sliver?"

I blushed. "I'll be damned if I know," I said unconvincingly.

Henry was concentrating upon me; he arrived at last. "Eve.

. . . You mean Eve . . . ?"

"There weren't many hiding-places, and you'd been forbidden the—herring-hook. She believed just enough in Kuan-yin's power to be afraid to—get rid of her entirely. And then, when you left so hurriedly——"

"And in all these years no one has discovered the herring-hook."

"Not likely."

"Why," said Henry slowly, "you mean that Eve did—make me."



We gaped at the bland porcelain smile.

# Monkey-Meat

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

Captain, U. S. Marine Corps, U. S. S. Rochester; Author of "Fix Bayonets!" and "Marines at Blanc Mont"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

[At various times and places in 1918 the Second American Division was subsisted on the French ration, a component part of which was preserved Argentine beef with carrots in it. This was called monkey-meat by the marines of the Fourth Brigade. Men ate it when they were very hungry.]



IN a mangled place called the Wood Northwest of Lucy-le-Bocage two lieutenants of the marine brigade squatted by a hole the size of a coffin and regarded with attention certain cooking operations. The older, and perhaps the dirtier of the two, was intent upon a fire-blackened mess-kit, which was balanced on two stones and two German bayonets over a can of solidified alcohol. In the mess-kit was simmering a grayish and unattractive matter with doubtful yellowish lumps, into which the lieutenant fed, indiscriminatingly, bits of hard bread and frayed tomatoes from a can.

"Do what you will with it," he observed, "monkey-meat is monkey-meat. It's a great pity that damn Tompkins had to get himself bumped off last night when we came out. He had a way with monkey-meat, the kid did—hell! I never have any luck with orderlies!" He prodded the mess of Argentine beef—the French army's canned meat ration—and stared sombrely. His eyes, a little blood-shot in his sunburned, unshaven face, were sleepy.

The other waited on two canteen cups stilted precariously over a pale lavender flame. The water in them began to boil, and he supplied coffee—the coarse-ground pale coffee of the Frogs—with a spoon that shook a little. He considered: "S'pose I'd better boil the sugar in with it," he decided. "There isn't so much of it, you know. We'll taste it more." And he added the contents of a little muslin sack—heavy beet sugar that looked like

sand. His face was pale and somewhat troubled, and his week's beard was straggling and unwholesome. He was not an out-of-doors man—and he was battalion scout officer. A gentleman over-sensitive for the rude business of war, he would continue to function until he broke—and one sensed that he would suffer while about it. . . .

"I don't like monkey-meat. Before this smell"—he waved his spoon petulantly—"got into my nose I never could eat it. But now you can't smell but one thing, and, after all, you've got to eat."

The smell he referred to lay through the wood like a tangible fog that one could feel against the cheek and see. It was the nub-end of June, and many battalions of fighting men had lain in the Wood Northwest of Lucy, going up to the front a little way forward or coming out to stand by in support. It was a lovely place for supports; you could gather here and debouch toward any part of the sector, from Hill 142, on the left, through the Bois de Belleau and Bouresches, to Vaux, where the infantry brigade took on. Many men had lain in the wood, and many men lay in it still. Some of these were buried very casually. Others, in hidden tangles of it, along its approaches, and in the trampled areas beyond it where attack and counter-attack had broken for nearly a month of days and nights, hadn't been buried at all. And always there were more, and the June sun grew hotter as it made toward July.

Troops lay in the wood now; a battalion of the Sixth and two companies of a Fifth Regiment outfit, half of which was still in line on the flank of the Bois de

Belleau. These companies had come out at dawn, attended by shell-fire; they had plunged into the wood and slept where they halted, unawakened—except the wounded—by the methodical shelling to which the Boche treated the place every day. Now, in the evening, they were awake and hungry. They squatted, each man in his hole, and did what they could about it. A savage-looking lot, in battered helmets and dirty uniforms. But you saw them cleaning their rifles. . . .

The scout officer, with his hand out to lift away the coffee, which was, in his judgment, boiled, heard: "Mr. Braxton? Yeh, he's up thataway, with the lootenant." "Hey, yuh dog-robbin' battalion-runner, you—what's up? Hey?" "Scout officer? Over yonder, him wit' the green blouse—" and a soiled battalion-runner, identified by his red brassard and his air of one laden with vital information, clumped up and saluted sketchily.

"Sir, the major wants to see the battalion scout officer at battalion headquarters. The major said: Right away, sir."

The scout officer swore, inexpertly, for he was not a profane fellow, but with infinite feeling. "Good God, I hope it ain't— If you can keep my coffee hot, Tommie— Be right back as soon as I can. Save my slum. Don't let anything happen to my slum—" The words trailed in the air as he went swiftly off, buckling his pistol-belt. The battalion commander was that kind of an officer.

The lieutenant growled in sympathy: "Somebody's always takin' the joy out of life. Jim, he's hungry as I am, an' that's as hungry as a bitch wolf. That's the trouble with this war stuff; man misses too many meals." He took the cooking from the fire and replaced the lids on the little alcohol cans with care. Canned heat was quite hard to come by; the Boche was much better provided with it; he was indebted for this to a deceased German gentleman, and it was the last he had.

"No tellin' what the old man wants. Glad I ain't a scout officer. This war's hard on Jim—he takes it too serious. I'll wait, though." Absently he drank the tomato juice left in the can. He tried his coffee, and burned his mouth. "Wish I had the man here that invented this aluminum canteen cup! Time the damn

cup's cool enough so you won't burn the hide off yo' lip, the coffee's stone cold." Then, later: "Not boiled enough. Jim, he's used to bein' waited on—never make a rustler, he won't. . . .

"Well, he's long in comin'. Old man sent him forward to make a map or something, most prob'ly." He tasted the slum. "That Tompkins! Why the hell he had to stop one—only man I ever knew that could make this monkey-meat taste like anything! And he goes and gets bumped off. Hell. That's the way with these kids. This needs an onion."

He ate half the mess, with scrupulous exactness, and drank his coffee. He put the lid on the mess-kit, and covered Jim's coffee, now getting cold. He smoked a cigarette and talked shop with his platoon sergeant. He gave some very hard words and his last candle-end to a pale private who admitted blistered heels, and then stood over the man while he tallowed his noisome socks. He interviewed his chaut-chaut gunners, and sent them off to beg new clips from the battalion quartermaster sergeant. It grew into the long French twilight; Boche planes were about, and all the anti-aircraft stuff in the neighborhood was furiously in action. Strolling back to his hole, the lieutenant observed that the pale private had resumed his shoes and was rolling his puttees with a relieved look. At this moment the nose-cap of a 75 came whimpering and hissing down out of the heavens and gutted the fellow. . . . When that was cleaned up, the lieutenant lay in his hole, weighing the half-empty mess-kit in his hands, and trusted that nothing unseemly had happened to Jim. He thought of going up to battalion to see what was doing—but the major liked for you to stay with your men, unless he sent for you. . . . "Well! Might as well get some sleep. . . ."

Toward dark the Boche began to slam 77s and 150s into the Wood Northwest of Lucy. It became a place of horror, with stark cries in the night, between the rending crashes of the shells. About an hour before midnight the word was passed and the two companies got out and went up across the pestilential wheat-fields and into the Bois de Belleau.

That same afternoon an unassigned colonel had come up to brigade head-



"Hey, yuh dog-robbin' battalion runner, you—what's up?"—Page 490.

quarters. Wanted to go to Paris, he did, and the brigade commander said that the only way to get there was to bring in a prisoner. One prisoner; seven days' leave. Be glad to get a prisoner. Intelligence had word of a new division or so moved in over there last night; identification not yet positive.

This colonel took steps. He was a man of parts and very desirous of the flesh-

pots of the Place de l'Opéra. There was an elegant French captain attached to brigade for no very evident reason—just attached—spoke English and knew vintages. Said to be an expert on raids. The colonel put it up to him in such and such a way: would he go? Yes, but certainly. Just a small raid, my colonel? Oh, a very small raid. Now, as to artillery support—a map was broken out.

Brigade artillery officer—chap the colonel knew out on the Asiatic station—happened in. How about it—just about half as much stuff as you fellows wasted on the Tartar Wall that time—eh? Sure: it could be arranged. Ten minutes' intensive; say, one battery; where you want it? Brigade intelligence took thought: They've got some kind of a strong point out from the ruined air-drome in front of Torcy. Their line is through Torcy; battalion in there. Left of the Bois—see here? Our photos show two big craters—some of the heavy stuff they shot at the railroad the 29th of May, or the 30th, most likely—eh, m'sieur le capitaine? Might look at that, colonel. Best jump-off is from Terry's battalion—about here—he has two companies here. Six hundred yards to go; keep the Bois well away—well starboard, as you leather-necks say; come back the same route. Wheat. Little gully here. Craters just beyond. Main line at least a hundred metres back. Good? Let's call up Terry and see if he'll give you the men. . . . Terry would give him twenty-five men and two chaut-chauts and not a marine more. Who wanted a raid, anyway? Sending two support companies up to the Bois as soon as it's dark. Looks interestin' on the right. . . . Good! All set. Start your covering fire at 23 hours 15. You jump off at 23 hours 19. Take you six minutes to get over, huh? "All right, colonel, bonne chance!"

Just before dark the colonel and Captain de Stegur were at battalion headquarters. "Whitehead will give you your men, and I'm sending my scout officer along. Needs that sort of thing. Be sure you come back where you went out. Crabbe's to the right of there. You know Crabbe. Shoots quick."

"But, my colonel," represented Captain de Stegur, "one should arrange, one should explain, one should instruct—in effect, one should rehearse—"

"Rehearse hell, sir! I'm due in Paris to-morrow night. Where those marines, major? I'll tell 'em what I want—"

So it was that a wedge of men debouched into the wheat at 23 hours 19 minutes,\* it being sufficiently dark.

\* 11:19 P.M.

The battalion scout officer and a disillusioned sergeant, with hash-marks on his sleeve, were the point. The men were echeloned back, right, and left with an automatic rifle on each flank. In the centre marched the colonel, smoking, to the horror of all, a cigar. Smoking was not done up there, after dark. With him was the elegant French captain, who appeared to be very gallantly resigned to it. The story would, he reflected, amaze and delight his mess—if he ever got back with it! These droll Americans! He must remember just what this colonel said: a type, *Nom de Dieu!* If only he had not worn his new uniform—the cloth chosen by his wife, you conceive—

The 75s flew with angry whines that arched across the sky and smote with red and green flames along a line. . . . There was a spatter of rifle-fire toward the right; flares went up over the dark loom of the Bois; a certain violence of machine-gun fire grew up and waxed to great volume, but always to the right. Forward, where the shells were breaking, there was nothing. . . .

The scout officer, leading, had out his canteen and wet his dry mouth. He was acutely conscious of his empty stomach. His mind dwelt yearningly on the mess-kit, freighted nobly with monkey-meat and tomatoes, awaiting him in the dependable Tommy's musette. "Hope to God nothing happens to old Tommy!" The wheat caught at his ankles and he hated war. Lord, how these night operations make a man sweat! He went down a little gully and out of it, the sergeant at his shoulder, breathing on his neck. That crater—he visualized his map—it should be right yonder—two of them. A hundred metres forward the last shells burst, and he saw new dirt. Ahead, a spot darker than the dark; he went up to it. Away on the right a flare soared, and something gleamed dull in the black hole at his feet—a round deep helmet with the pale blur of a face under it; a click, and the shadow of a movement there, and a little flicker; a matter of split seconds; the scout officer had a bayonet in his stomach, almost—Feldritter Kurt Iden, Company 6 of the Margrave of Brandenburg Regiment (this established later by brigade intelligence, on examination of the pay-book of the deceased), being on front-

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The scout officer and the sergeant got him back some way, both filled with admiration at his language.  
—Page 494.

post with his squad, heard a noise hard on the cessation of the shelling, and put out his neck. Dear God, shoot! Shoot quickly!

The scout officer was conscious of a monstrous surge of temper. He gathered his feet under him, and his hands crooked like claws, and he hurled himself. In the same breath there was a long bright flash right under his arm, and the mad

crack of a Springfield. The disillusioned sergeant had estimated the situation, loosed off from the hip at perhaps seven feet, and shot the German through the throat. Too late to stop himself, the scout officer went head first into the crater, his hands locking on something wet and hairy, just the size to fill them; and presently he was at the bottom of the crater, dirt in his mouth and a buzzing in

his head, strangling something that flopped and gurgled and made remarkable noises under his hands. There were explosions and people stepped hard on his back and legs. He became sane again and realized that whatever it was it was dead. He groped in his puttees for his knife, and cut off its shoulder-straps and a button or two, and looted its bosom of such papers as there were—these being details the complete scout officer must attend to. More explosions, and voices bleating “Kamaraden!”—terribly anxious voices—in his ear.

The disillusioned sergeant, a practical man, had ducked into the crater right behind the scout officer. The raiding-party in his rear had immediately fired their weapons in all directions. A great many rifles on forward stabbed the dark with sharp flame, and some of these were very near. The sergeant tossed a grenade at the nearest; he had toted that Frog citron grenade around for quite a while, somewhat against his judgment; he now reflected that it was good business—“grenades—I hope to spit in yo’ mess-kit they are—ask the man that used one—” It was good business, for it fell fair in the other crater, thirty feet away, where the rest of that front-post squad were beginning to react like the brave German men they were. Two of these survived, much shaken, and scuttled into the clever little tunnel that connected them with the Feldritter’s crater, emerging with pacific cries at the sergeant’s very feet. Being a man not given to excitement, he accepted them alive, the while he dragged the scout officer standing. “We got our prisoners, sir. Le’s beat it,” he suggested. “Their lines is wakin’ up, sir. It’s gonna be bad here—”

The colonel, as gallant a man as ever lived, but not fast, barged into them. “Prisoners? Hey? How many? Two? Excellent, by God! Give ’em here, young man!” and he seized the unhappy Boches by their collars and shook them violently. “Thought you’d start something, hey? Thought you’d start something, hey?”

The scout officer now blew his whistle, the sergeant shouted in a voice of brass, and the colonel made the kind of remarks a colonel makes. The French captain, close alongside, delightedly registered fur-

ther events for narrative. The raiding-party gathered itself—chaut-chaut gunners slamming out a final clip—and they all went back across the wheat. It is related by truthful marines there present that every German in Von Boehn’s army fired on them as they went, but no two agree as to the manner of their return. It is, however, established that the colonel, bringing up the rear, halted about half-way over, drew his hitherto virgin pistol, and wheeled around for a parting shot—something in the nature of *un beau geste*. Seeing this, the tall French captain, to his rear and left, drew his pistol and wheeled also, imagining pursuit. The colonel—and to this attest the scout officer and the sergeant—then shot the Frenchman through the—as sea-going marines say—stern sheets.

The scout officer and the sergeant got him back some way, both filled with admiration at his language.

“If I had my time to do over, I’d learn this here Frog *habla*,” remarked the sergeant afterward. “I don’t know what the bird said, but it sure sounded noble. Ample, I called it. Powerful ample.”

By the time they stumbled through the nervous outposts to their own place, the French captain had lapsed into English. “As a wound, you perceive, it is good for a permission. But it is not a wound. It is an indignity! And, besides, my new breeches! Ah, *Dieu de Dieu! Cè sale colonel-ci!* What will my wife say! That one, she chose the cloth herself! *Tonniere de canon!*”—and he sank into stricken silence.

The raiding-party shook down in their several holes, praising God, and went to sleep. The colonel, with his prisoners, received the compliments of battalion headquarters and departed for brigade. The scout officer observed, to his amazement, that they had been out of their lines less than twenty minutes. “Where’s the 49th?” he wanted to know first. “Hell, Jim, they went up to the Bois right after the major sent for you. An’ the 17th. We’re moving battalion headquarters up there now. Get your people and come along. Attack or something.”

After a very full night, the scout officer crawled and scuttled along the last

tip of the Bois de Belleau, looking for a hole that a battalion-runner told him about. "Seen the lootenant diggin' in just past that last Maxim gun, sir. Right at the nose of the woods where the big rocks is. There's about a dozen dead Heinies layin' by a big tree, all together. Can't miss it, sir." The scout officer had no desire to be moving in the cool of the morning, when all well-regulated people are asleep if possible, and if you moved here the old Boche had a way of sniping at you with 88s—that wicked, flat-trajectory Austrian gun—but he followed an urge that only Tommie could supply. "The damn slum will be cold, but two sardines and a piece of chocolate ain't filling!" He ducked low behind a rock as an 88 ripped by and burst on the shredded stump of a great tree; he tumbled into a shell-crater, atop an infantryman and three bloated Germans long dead; he scrambled out and fell over two lank cadavers in a shallow hole, who raised their heads and cursed him drowsily; and he came at last to a miserable shelter scooped in the lee of a rock. Here two long legs protruded from under a brown German blanket, and here he prodded and shook until the deplorable countenance of his brother officer emerged yawning.

"Say," demanded the scout officer, "you save my slum? Gimme my slum."

"Why, hello, Jim! Why didn't you come back, like you said you was? Where you been? You said you was comin' right back."

"Didn't you save me my monkey-meat? We went on a raid, damn it. I——"

"Raid? Raid? What raid?"

"Oh, we went over to Torcy. Gimme my monkey-meat."

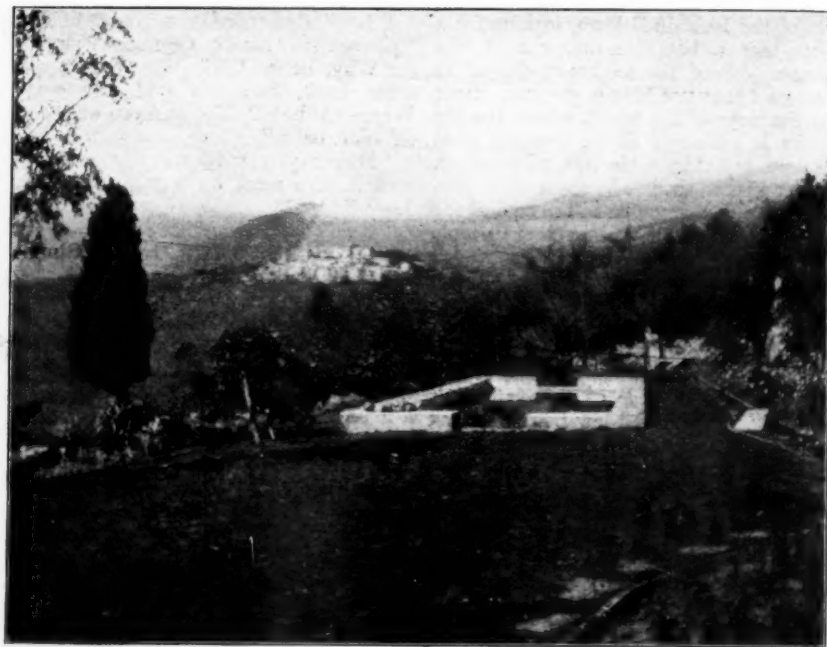
"Well, you see, Jim—the fact is—well, we got moved up here right after you left, and they attacked from in here, an' we came on in after them. Just got to sleep——"

"I haven't had any sleep or any chow or anything—two sardines, by the bright face of God!—" The scout officer pounced upon a frowsy musette bag which the other had used for a pillow and jerked out a fire-blackened mess-kit. He wrenched the lid off and snarled horribly. "Empty, by God!"

His hands fell lax across his knees. He looked sadly over the blasted fields to Torcy, and he said, with the cold bitterness of a man who has tried it all and come to a final conclusion: "War—sure—is—hell."



War—sure—is—hell.



## From the Castello

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

ILLUSTRATION FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

My window is a frame for one dark tree;  
 A sentinel cypress focussing the eye  
 To fall beyond it, 'gainst a morning sky,  
 On one small town that nestles quietly  
 Against the gray-green hillside lovingly;  
 I hear the church bells; like a gentle sigh  
 The breeze moves slowly, lingeringly by,  
 Bringing their fuller meaning back to me.

O little town of dreams, and deep sweet bells,  
 That clings against a line of lilac light!  
 What mystery, within, of beauty swells,  
 Enriching all my being as I gaze,  
 Knowing, no matter what may come of night—  
 I shall possess thee now for all my days!

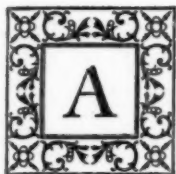


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# Memories of Actresses

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

## I



ACTORS have always held it as their peculiar misfortune that their work perishes with them and that they can leave behind them only the reputation they achieved in the

practice of their profession—a reputation unsupported by tangible evidence. For them there is no possibility of an appeal to posterity in the frail hope of reversing an adverse verdict. Moreover, even when the judgment of their own generation has been favorable, it is likely soon to fade away, having nothing to validate it except the unsubstantial echo of departed popularity. Joseph Jefferson used to say sadly that the comedian—and no doubt the tragedian also—could survive solely in the written report of the impression he made upon his contemporaries. That is to say, he can continue to exist only by virtue of their record of his achievement—his work having ceased to be at the very moment it came into being. If this commemoration shall fail him, then the abundant and superabundant applause he may have fed upon while he was on the stage will avail nothing to preserve him from swift oblivion. The fiery ardor of Edmund Kean still burns brightly in the luminous pages of Hazlitt and of Lewes; and the incomparable versatility of Coquelin is still made manifest for us in the essays of Francisque Sarcey and of Henry James.

Although I yield myself willingly to the contagious enthusiasm of Hazlitt and Lewes, Sarcey and James, I lack their power of recapturing their emotions and I have not their art of delicate discrimination. None the less do I feel that I should be ungrateful for past delights if I shrank from setting down a few of the most outstanding of my countless histrionic reminiscences. For sixty years now I have

been an incessant and indefatigable playgoer. In my earlier attempt at an autobiography, "These Many Years," and in one or another of my volumes of essays on the theatre, I have tried to assemble and to classify my recollections of the more important of the actors I have known, on the stage and off, Booth and Irving, Coquelin and Salvini, John T. Raymond and Nat Goodwin; and now I am moved to recall and set in order my reminiscences of certain actresses, who smile back at me as I hold up before them the mirror of memory.

When I had the youthful privilege of beholding Charlotte Cushman, Adelaide Ristori, and Adelaide Neilson I was too immature in judgment and too ignorant of the art of acting to form opinions worthy of record; but none the less do I cherish the immediate impression, even if I can do no more now than testify to the austere power of Miss Cushman as Queen Katherine, to the dignity and pathos of Signora Ristori as Marie Antoinette, and to the fragile charm of Miss Neilson as Juliet. I thrill again as I recall dimly the startling appearance of Charlotte Cushman as Meg Merrilies and the sinister suggestion which Ristori as Lucrezia Borgia insinuated into her "Don Alphonso d'Este, my *third* husband!" Unfortunately, my recollections of these actresses, seen only twice or thrice in my boyhood, are too few and too faint for me to revive them now after half a century; and I must perforce draw upon later recollections, abiding with me more solidly because I was older and better prepared to appreciate and because I had more frequent occasion to accumulate impressions.

## II

RISTORI was an Italian who acted in French in Paris and in English in New York, and who conquered her audiences in France and in America in spite of her alien accents. Fechter was a Frenchman

who had spoken English from his youth up but who was never able to acquire the rhythm of our sharply accented tongue. Modjeska was a Pole who learned English only when she was a mature woman; and her speech always revealed itself as foreign, although some of her ardent admirers accepted this exotic flavor as adding piquancy to her delivery. That an Italian, a Frenchman, and a Pole established themselves on the American stage despite their incomplete mastery of English, may testify to our cosmopolitan hospitality; but it is evidence also of the artistic accomplishment of these polyglot immigrants.

I saw Modjeska during her first engagement in New York, when she was appearing in well worn plays of an approved popularity, the "Lady of the Camellias" and "Adrienne Lecouvreur." She had no difficulty in transmitting the customary emotion of the death scenes of these old-fashioned heroines. She had the gift of compelling tears; she had power and reserve; she could be brilliant without being metallic. What I recall in her performance of that lachrimatory consumptive Camille was her standing by the fireplace in the first act, toasting a dainty slipper, and telling her lover: "You see, I am very expensive"—a firm and delicate stroke. And I saw her later when she took possession of a series of Shakespeare's heroines, always dangerous for one not native to our speech. Of all her Shakespearian impersonations I found Rosalind the most satisfactory in its archness, its womanliness, its coquetry.

She was a consummate artist, with absolute command of all her resources; yet she did not achieve the essential Englishry of Rosalind. She remained continental and not insular. As my friend H. C. Bunner put it aptly, "Modjeska's Rosalind would be perfect—if only we could admit that Rosalind was a pretty French widow." It was exquisite; it had high breeding and playful wit; it had every excellence—but it was exotic; and perhaps it was a little too complicated, a little too lacking in the simplicity which is an undeniable quality of Shakespeare's English girl. At times Modjeska's art was perilously close to artificiality. I do not mean to imply that she was ever

stagy or theatrical; she was too completely a mistress of her craft for any overstress of this sort; but she could not quite attain to that concealment of her art which is the ultimate perfection of craftsmanship. It was shrewdly said of Duse that "she sometimes overacts her underacting"; and it can be said of Modjeska that she never felt any temptation to underact. She gave good measure, pressed down yet not running over.

It was this slight suggestion of artifice which sharpens an anecdote (perhaps apocryphal). Maurice Barrymore was her leading man for several seasons and he was the author of a boldly effective piece, "Nadjesda," which she had included in her repertory but which she did not put in the bill as often as he desired and expected. When he urged her to appear in his piece more frequently, she explained that she found the part of Nadjesda very fatiguing, in fact, almost exhausting. Whereupon Barry blurted out: "You would have more strength to act at night, Madame, if you didn't act so much in the daytime!"

Shocked by this unexpected attack, she accused him of ingratitude.

"And why should I be grateful to you?" asked Barry.

"I have done so much for you," Modjeska explained. "I have taken you with me all over the United States. I have made you known."

"Made me known?" he returned indignantly, for he also had his full portion of the artistic temperament. "Let me tell you, Madame, that Maurice Barrymore was known from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore., when nobody knew whether Modjeska was a toothwash or what!"

Even if she carried into private life more or less of the artifice which had become second nature, she had a sense of humor, exemplified in another story, which I can vouch for and which I cannot omit here, although I seem to recall that I have already told it in print. One Sunday evening at a reception she was asked to recite something in Polish. She excused herself on the ground that she did not remember anything in her native tongue. But after repeated urgings she smiled and stood up and began to recite.

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At first she was apparently telling a simple story, possibly a folk-tale with the repetitions of primitive song; then her tones became sad and charged with feeling; the tears were about to roll down her cheeks; but at last, with the persistent recurrence of the same syllables, her voice became stronger and firmer until it rang out in triumphant accents. Just then the host happened to look out into the hall and he saw Modjeska's husband, Count Bozenta, laughing to himself because the Polish recitation which had so profoundly moved the company was nothing more and nothing less than the multiplication table.

### III

I DOUBT if I ever saw two actresses more divergent in their personalities and in their methods than Modjeska and Clara Morris—one was the fine flower of European culture and the other a wilding bloom of our own virgin soil, vigorous and uncultivated. Modjeska spoke English with an alien intonation; and Clara Morris had an accent of her own, which Londoners would have considered "American" and which New Yorkers called "Western." Modjeska had studied her art in a community with rich æsthetic traditions, under competent guidance, whereby she developed taste and discretion; and Clara Morris had spent the years of her youth in the stock company of an inland city where the bill was changed weekly and sometimes nightly. She began as an extra in the ballet; she was later entrusted with "utility parts"; and as she gained experience she rose to characters as important as Emilia in "Othello." Her schooling was arduous, varied, and invaluable; but it was deficient in imparting the delicate refinements of the art of acting. If only she could have had the severe training of a conservatory she would have been one of the foremost actresses of America. Even as it was she made an outstanding place for herself on the stage of her time.

It was to the Othello of E. L. Davenport, one of the most vigorous and versatile actors of half a century ago, that she played Emilia; and when Davenport joined the stock company with which Augustin Daly opened the Fifth Avenue

Theatre, he recommended her. Daly engaged her, to play any part he might assign; and her chance came when Agnes Ethel, the favorite pupil of Matilda Heron, found herself too fatigued (after the long run of "Froufrou") to undertake the heroine of Daly's dramatization of Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife." In her autobiography, which is not deficient in self-appreciation, she does not overstate the extent of her unexpected success as Anne Sylvester. With that part she established herself in the favor of New York playgoers, who recognized the power and the sincerity of the performance, even if they were also acutely conscious of her occasional crudity. Despite this exhibition of her skill, Daly (who was the most autocratic of managers) cast her the next season as one of the half dozen girls who existed merely to be recipients of the intermittent attentions of the imperfectly monogamous hero of Bronson Howard's "Saratoga."

Her chance came again when Daly adapted a turgid and tawdry melodrama, "Article 47," by Adolphe Bélot and cast Clara Morris as Cora. I recall the absorbed stillness during the final act at the first performance of this play, when Cora was seated on one side, taking no part in the dialogue, and when we suddenly became aware, I know not by what means, that the silent woman rocking her body to and fro was going mad before our eyes. That was Clara Morris's hour of triumph; and there was no doubt that she deserved it. Her acting might be unequal and uncertain; but now and again it was illumined by flashes of insight and inspiration; and in "Article 47" she displayed histrionic imagination. So she did a little later in "Alixé," a lachrymose heroine, whom she impersonated with touching pathos. I recall this performance in "Alixé" as the perfection of simplicity in accord with the poignancy of the situation.

After she left Daly's, she went to the Union Square, where she had a part entirely within her compass, the weepful heroine of a weepful play, "Miss Multon," an adroit rehandling of the story of "East Lynne," by two skilful Parisian playwrights, Nus and Bélot. Clara Morris had not only the power of compelling tears from the spectators, she

could herself shed them at will. That admirable comedian, James Lewis, who was with her in the company at Daly's as he had been with her in her 'prentice days at Cleveland, used to say to her, "Cry for us, Clara, won't you?" and the obedient tears would course down her cheek. The gift of tears is not uncommon, but it is rarely possessed by the most accomplished actresses; and, therefore, it is sometimes despised by those who hold that the art of acting must be independent of the emotion of the moment. Coquelin, the best equipped of comedians, once said to me that a certain actress of great popularity "actually weeps on the stage—therefore, she is a mediocre artist." Highly as I rated Coquelin's opinions about the art in which he excelled, I confess that this seemed to me a harsh judgment. No doubt, Coquelin agreed with the remark that Émile Augier is reported to have uttered to a temperamental actor rehearsing a leading part: "A little less genius, if you please, and a little more talent!"

The last time I saw Clara Morris was when she headed the English-speaking company engaged to support Salvini, and when she played the wife of Conrad in "Morte Civile." I can pay her performance of this pathetic part no higher compliment than to express my opinion that she was not unworthy to stand by the side of the Italian tragedian. She had dignity and reserve; she curbed her old-time exuberance; and she displayed all her old-time power. She controlled her genius and exhibited her talent. In her account of her career she took pleasure in telling us that she was able to suggest to Salvini a modification of a customary piece of "business," a suggestion which he considered an improvement. She had a gift of invention; and she earlier recorded a novel effect devised by her when she was acting Emilia to the Othello of E. L. Davenport.

There was a delicate discrimination in the complimentary lines which Edmund Clarence Stedman sent to Clara Morris, when once she reappeared on the New York stage after a prolonged absence:

Touched by the fervor of her art,  
No flaws to-night discover!  
Her judge shall be the people's heart,

This Western World her lover.  
The secret given to her alone  
No frigid schoolman taught her:—  
Once more returning, dearer grown,  
We greet thee, Passion's daughter.

#### IV

At one time or another Augustin Daly managed four theatres in New York. Clara Morris appeared in "Man and Wife" at the original Fifth Avenue Theatre in 24th Street. When this was destroyed by fire Daly opened a house in Broadway opposite Waverley Place, which had been a church and which was later the Old London Street; and it was there that Clara Morris played in "Alixé." Then the second Fifth Avenue Theatre (still standing on the corner of Broadway and 28th Street) was built for Daly; and there Clara Morris acted in "Article 47." After several unprofitable seasons Daly was forced to relinquish management, but after an interval he was able to secure control of Wood's Museum, on the corner of Broadway and 30th Street, remodelling it and calling it Daly's Theatre. This house was under his direction until his death; and it was there that Ada Rehan slowly won her way into the affections of our playgoers.

I recall distinctly the impression she made upon me on the opening night. She played an inconspicuous part in "Newport," Olive Logan's clumsy adaptation of "Niniche." She was then a lank and gawky girl—and in one scene she had to wear an unbecoming bathing-suit. The play did not please; and the newcomer did not attract any attention. No one could then foresee that, under the judicious guidance of Daly, she would develop into a performer capable of carrying off the leading parts in Shakespeare's comedies. Only by degrees did she advance in her art and capture the admiration of the public. With John Drew as her partner, with James Lewis and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert to complete the quartet, she frolicked and rollicked through a swift succession of Daly's arbitrary localizations of pieces by the German playwrights. In these she disclosed an American sense of fun and a Celtic exuberance of humor; and her singing of "Miss Jennie O'Jones" was an exhilarating exhibition

of comic farce; of sheer *vis comica*, of spontaneous and effervescent gaiety.

In time, these contemporary farces alternated with older and old-fashioned comedies which forced her to broaden her methods and to refine her style. Perhaps she was most abundantly successful as Peggy Thrift in Garrick's "Country Girl" (a most skilful deodorization of Wycherley's unspeakable "Country Wife"). But only second to this were her successive impersonations of the heroines of "She Would and She Would Not," the "Recruiting Officer," and the "Inconstant." As she gained in experience, her figure filled and her beauty made itself manifest. She had a wholesome femininity; and her winning personality never appeared to better advantage than when the heroines she impersonated had to disguise themselves in manly attire—a useful preparation for her later appearances as Rosalind, Viola, and Portia.

Year by year she improved by practice in parts of varying character; her art ripened; her individuality asserted itself; and she acquired authority, the precious quality which adds command to charm.

It was in the "Taming of the Shrew" that she first asserted this authority with compelling amplitude and assurance. When she rushed on the stage in her wrath, with her flaming gown and her hair flaming above it, she was a superb embodiment of youthful energy, a magnificent animal in a magnificent rage. And it was as Kate the cursed that she took London by storm and was rewarded by a fervor of appreciation more exalted than any she had received in New York. Here we had seen her climbing the ladder; and there they beheld her at the summit of her artistry. We had the full value of her later mastery shadowed by our recollection of her earlier novitiate. The British might be less than half-hearted in its liking for Daly's idiosyncratic rearrangement of Shakspeare's text, but it was wholehearted in its acknowledgment of Ada Rehan's genius—a large word which I prefer to use with caution but which the enthusiastic Healey applied to Ada Rehan without hesitation. The British were captivated, both by her personality and by her power of impersonating.

I do not mean to suggest that Kather-

ine was the best of her Shakspearian performances, but it was the first in which she triumphed. Her Rosalind was delightful in its playfulness and its tenderness; it was blithe and buoyant and, above all, womanly, without taint of self-consciousness and with unfailing enjoyment of the situation. Her Rosalind was fitly companioned by John Drew's Orlando, which was one of the most satisfactory it has ever been my privilege to admire. Indeed, the full effect of Ada Rehan's Rosalind was due, in a measure, to the fact that John Drew's Orlando frankly accepted Ganymede as a lad and never allowed us to suppose that he suspected all the time that this lad was his very Rosalind. I have elsewhere recorded that Ada Rehan's Portia gave us a new and truer and more effective rendering of the Quality of Mercy speech than it had ever had before; she did not make it an elocutionary stunt, as is the wont of most actresses; she spoke it as a direct appeal to Shylock, pausing between sentences in the vain hope that her words might soften his hard heart. And I may add now that her voice was vibrant and melodious; and that she had mastered the difficulties of blank verse, never chopping it into halting prose and never weakly falling into singsong.

In the fall of 1887 Daly asked me to aid him in editing "A Portfolio of Players," a privately printed volume containing a score of photogravure portraits of the leading members of his company with brief commentaries by H. C. Bunner, E. A. Dithmar, Laurence Hutton, William Winter, and myself. My own tribute to the irrepressible and irresistible fun of Miss Rehan in her repetition of an empty song called "Jenny O' Jones" was a little too brief to fill out the space allotted to it; and when Daly wrote asking me to lengthen it a little, he called my attention to "the marvellous versatility and range of Miss Rehan—a range not reached by any living actress"—and he pointed out also "her womanliness in all." And this was before she had revealed the deeper and broader gifts in impersonations of Rosalind and Viola, Portia and Lady Teazle. She grew in stature with the years and she ripened as the seasons rolled around, until at the end there was no

rival who had essayed so many and so diverse parts and who had done them all so well.

Charles Lamb thought it a consolation for growing old that he had seen the "School for Scandal" in all the glory of its original cast; and we who were witnesses of the splendid days of Daly's Theatre may have a similar solace. To the "Portfolio of Players," Bunner contributed an epilogue addressed "To a Reader of the XXIst Century":

"A Daly private print"—a chaste  
Example of our fathers' taste.  
They made books *then*—who can, in our  
Degenerate days of magnet-power?  
See—Ada Rehan, Fisher, Drew,  
Dame Gilbert, Lewis—through and through  
The sharp cut plates are clear as new.  
Then comes the old, the tardy praise—  
"Those were the drama's palmy days."

But We?—You'll see the shadow—now  
To us these living creatures bow,  
For us they smile—for us they feign  
Or love or hatred, scorn or pain;  
For us this white breast heaves—this voice  
Makes hearts too young too much rejoice;  
For us those splendid eyes are lit;  
For us awakes embodied wit;  
For us the music and the light—  
The listening faces, flushed and bright—  
The glow, the passion and the dream—  
To you—how far it all must seem!

### V

THE company which Daly managed in each of his theatres was a stock company, remaining substantially the same year after year. It stood ready to play comedy or tragedy, melodrama or farce, social drama or comic opera. Sometimes it lent its support to stars, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Charles J. Mathews, Edwin Booth; but for the most part it was able to do without these expensive interlopers. It was so numerous in its early seasons that it could give the "School for Scandal" in New York while its unemployed members went to Newark to present "London Assurance." This was sheer extravagance, as Daly found to his cost; and when he opened Daly's Theatre at Broadway and 30th Street, he was more cautious, and he relied mainly on the famous "Daly quartet"—Ada Rehan and John Drew, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert and James Lewis, who played into each other's hands with unflinching loyalty and who profited

by Daly's extraordinary skill in stage management.

He loved the theatre; he lived in it; he was never so happy as when he was directing a rehearsal; he was intensely interested in his work and untiring in his devotion to it. He delighted in his control of what was really a training school for actors; and he was a strict disciplinarian, exacting complete compliance with his will. He had a marvellous understanding of the stage; and he knew how to perceive the special gifts of his actors and how to develop these gifts. It is noteworthy that those who submitted to his guidance improved while they were subject to his control and that they often ceased to advance in their art when they left him. His judgment was sometimes at fault and his taste was not always impeccable. But he abides as one of the significant figures in the history of the American theatre.

No member of his company had been with him longer than Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, who had appeared in the opening performance of Daly's first season, in 1869, and who remained with him till his death in 1899. She was ready to play any kind of part in any kind of play, from Mrs. Candour, in the "School for Scandal," to the Infant Phenomenon, in a little sketch taken from an episode in "Nicholas Nickleby." She did not like to be out of the bill; and, therefore, she was willing to accept the most insignificant characters—for example, Curtis, one of the servants in the "Taming of the Shrew," a character which appeared only in one scene and which had little to say in that solitary appearance. She knew that Daly was always doing his best for her and he knew that she would always do her best for him.

Although she was most favorably known by her impersonation of comic characters, she had a dramatic power unknown to those who saw her only in the later years of the company. It is half a century now since the first night of "Man and Wife," and yet I can visualize again the thrill which ran through me when I beheld the sinister figure of Hester Dethridge silently gliding down the stage for some evil purpose that I can no longer remember. I recall that in "Froufrou"

only a few months earlier she had been miscast as a woman of the world; but although this character was out of her line, she was at least adequate.

I have mentioned her Mrs. Candour, and I regret to have to say that it was not one of her most satisfactory efforts; it was a little too dry, perhaps even a little too intellectual; it lacked the unction and the broad humor which ought to characterize the gossip-monger and mischief-maker of Sheridan's comedy. Yet she looked the part to perfection; and she danced in the minuet with the perfect grace which was always hers. She had been a professional dancer in her youth; and this early experience stood her in good stead when she appeared as Mme. Pierrot in that ever delightful pantomime, "*L'Enfant Prodigue*." Thanks to her youthful training in the ballet, pantomime was an art of which she was a past mistress. Here she had the advantage over Ada Rehan, who played Pierrot and who always seemed to be wanting to talk and to employ gesture only because she could not speak, whereas, Mrs. Gilbert used gesture as speech.

Mrs. Gilbert was held in affectionate regard by all the members of the Daly company. She was always gracious and encouraging to the newcomers. From her varied experience she was able to be helpful to the young folks who were trying their wings; and she often guarded them from the pitfalls into which they might tumble from ignorance of the traditions of the art. She was as cheerful as she was helpful. She appeared to best advantage when she was playing over against James Lewis, whose humor was akin to hers, dry, restrained, and clear-cut. She survived this partner of her toils, as she survived Daly. Thereafter, her occupation was gone; and although Clyde Fitch adapted "*Granny*" especially for her and not unsuccessfully, she did not linger long on the stage. As I "*squeeze the sponge of the memory*" (to borrow a phrase from Henry James) and as I try to call the list of the countless parts in which she appeared, I am inclined to the opinion that she was the most varied and the most accomplished impersonator of "*old women*" that it has been my good fortune to observe. She had her

limitations, no doubt; but in her own field she was unexcelled.

## VI

It has always been a puzzle to me that there are so few notable performers of "*old women*." I can name half a dozen brilliant actresses as Lady Teazle, while I should be hard put to it to cite more than one or two fairly satisfactory renditions of Mrs. Malaprop and Mrs. Candour. Every season there appear young actresses of real promise; and some of these persevere and fulfill expectation. But very few of them, even after the lapse of two score years on the stage, are able to confirm their earlier reputation by developing from leading ladies into old women. I suppose that they prefer to retire rather than to linger superfluous on the stage or to play mothers instead of daughters. Mostly they shrink from facing the fact of old age.

It is true that Ellen Terry, once triumphantly acclaimed as Juliet, has since been willing to express the rich and oily humor of Juliet's Nurse. More often than not the actress who has continued to appear as the youthful heroine, year after year and even decade after decade, refuses to acknowledge the march of time and insists on believing herself to be as young as she feels.

It is to Legouv  —at least, I think it was in the pages of this charming chronicler of the French stage in the middle of the nineteenth century that I found the story—it is to Legouv   that I owe a characteristic tale of Mlle. Mars, whose advancing years did not prevent her from conveying the impression of youth by sheer force of art and far more convincingly than could be done by actresses thirty years younger than she. After she was fifty she refused to relinquish the girls of twenty to the girls who were twenty. She was held in such high esteem by her comrades of the Com  die Fran  aise that no one of them was willing to hint to her that she ought thereafter to content herself with more mature characters. When that most ingenious of playwrights, Eugene Scribe, was appealed to, he volunteered to help them out. He wrote a little piece about

a young grandmother who was so charming that she was the successful rival of her own granddaughter. But when he read the comedy to Mlle. Mars, she said that she would be glad to act in it—"but who is there to play the grandmother?"

Forty years ago there were two actresses, one in Great Britain and the other in the United States, who brought to the performance of old women the mastery of effect which they had acquired in the impersonation of leading ladies. Mrs. Sterling had been the original Peg Woffington in "Masks and Faces"; and Mrs. John Drew had been accepted as one of the best of Lady Teazels. At almost the same time they appeared, one in London and one in New York, as Mrs. Malaprop. Both of them won the plaudits of the public, but by totally different methods. Both had authority; both were popular favorites, assured of a welcome in whatever they undertook; both knew all the traditions of old comedy; and there the resemblance ended.

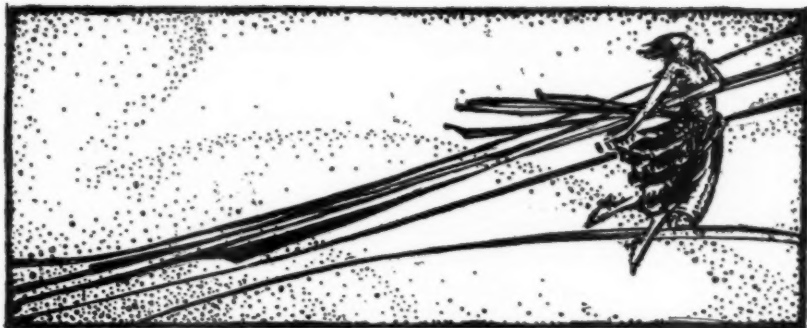
Mrs. Sterling was a mistress of all the bolder devices for arousing laughter; she sought broad effects; she splashed on her color with an unsparing hand, as though she could not trust the intelligence of the spectators. I do not dare to be rude enough to hint that she clownned the part; yet I cannot find any other term fit to describe her method. In her hands Mrs. Malaprop was not a lady and not a finely drawn character; rather was she a caricature. She was intensely self-conscious of her verbal blunders. As the time came for one of them to be delivered, she visibly braced herself for effort, as though saying to the audience: "I'm Mrs. Malaprop and here is another malapropism. It's a good one, I assure you. You really can't help laughing at it. Are you ready for it?" Then she hurled it at the spectators, waiting for the outburst of laughter and smiling in comic complicity with them, as if assuring them that it was a good one, wasn't it?

When Mrs. Drew played Mrs. Malaprop she lifted her from low comedy to high comedy. Sheridan's figure of fun ceased to be a caricature and became a deftly etched character, more human and more humorous. Mrs. Drew's Mrs. Malaprop was a woman educated beyond

her intelligence and puffed with pride in her little learning. She was serenely unconscious that there were any such things as malapropisms, and she delivered each of them with evident delight in her "nice derangement of epitaphs," letting us share in her joy that she had hit upon exactly the right word, the only word, the word that she alone could provide. Every malapropism was a fresh invention of hers; she made us feel that it had just occurred to her; and thus she produced the illusion of spontaneity. She exhibited the perfected art which seemed like nature, because it was able to conceal its processes. As a result of this subtler reading of the lines and of this more accurate conception of the part, Mrs. Drew's Mrs. Malaprop was really more effective than Mrs. Sterling's. If I may trust my memory after two score years, the laughter it evoked was both heartier and more abundant.

In his autobiography, worthy to stand by the side of Colley Cibber's incomparable "Apology," Joseph Jefferson makes us share the pleasure he had in acting with Mrs. Drew in the "Rivals," and he records that she was the inventor of a novel piece of business. Mrs. Malaprop is deeply disgusted with the persistence of her niece, Lydia Languish, in loving "Ensign Beverley." She says: "Oh, it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree! I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but, behold, this very day, I have interceded another letter from the fellow; I believe I have it in my pocket." Then Mrs. Drew used to search in her voluminous pocket for the missive and by mistake to take out the letter of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Then, discovering her error and in great confusion, she pulled forth the epistle which Captain Absolute recognizes, to his immediate embarrassment. The ingenuity of this is as evident as its propriety is indisputable. It is a happy suggestion, which Sheridan, we may be sure, would have adopted with a gratitude equal to that of the younger Dumas when he accepted a similar improvement due to Eleonora Duse's fine dramatic instinct.

"Those were the drama's palmy days"; and no doubt our grandchildren will say the same of ours.

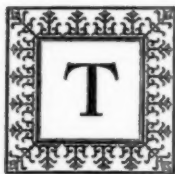


## Heartbreak Dance

BY MARY ALICE BARROWS

Chief Supervisor of Public Dance Halls of San Francisco

DECORATIONS BY MARGARET FREEMAN



TO-NIGHT he came and talked to me. I met him here last night. I stop in often to watch the dancing, and he had been pointed out to me at several previous dances here

at Heartbreak Hall. They said he is a remarkable dancing-master, one who teaches the teachers. He has a class here.

Heartbreak Dance runs every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday night from 8 to 12 o'clock; admission: ladies 25 cents, gents 50 cents. There can be no afternoon dance, because all the patrons are then at work over the city—at work for other people. From getting home at 6 P. M. to up for work at 6 A. M. they call their time their own; they do their own living then.

Heartbreak Hall, right in the business section, rises on a spot where the milk of human kindness seems curdled by greed. All day it watches passers-by, itself retired and quiescent. Deep within it this hall knows what passers-by do not see in each other in their trot.

When night comes down the street, things change. A fancy ticket-seller arrives, goes up into her coop, and begins. A special police officer comes and takes

his stand to keep an outward semblance of peace. Out from the open night into the human-heated hall move the ticket-buyers. Past the blazing electric sign outside into the confidentially lighted inside, from the gazers on the street outside to the fellow hunters inside, they come.

A bank of people stand milling about beyond the hat-check room. They are waiting for the music, observing, selecting, discarding, noting, sensing, enjoying. In the list of unfortunates, begin anywhere and go anywhere, up or down, they are here. There will be a little time left for some sleep after the close before one must plod through again. A little sleep!

As he came smiling up to-night, his figure was tall and looked distinguished. His face was made by eyes set in like a Turk's, back under a good forehead and above cheeks that sagged and ended in a lip. Always he smiled, yet his smile was one of self-control. It carried one up to a contemplation of the good and high forehead. His dancing was calm. His face showed a fineness of culture, but his features were gross. He was both unpleasant and attractive. Last night he fell immediately to discussing dancing as a racial need and music as a response to creative existence. Here, in Heartbreak

Dance, made up of these tense-feeling and non-understanding roamers from the whole city, where each one has given and taken from life without personal repression, and each is always by circumstances oppressed, where eight hundred persons have eight hundred histories of eight hundred kinds of unchecked joys and troubles—here the observations of my new acquaintance amazed me. He had a velvety voice, coming from somewhere else. He stated himself in few words, and now in a lisping accent he began: "Are you studying the crowd?"

"Not very much," I answered, as he sat down beside me. "This crowd does not require study; it spells itself all alike."

"Yes, they are all alike out there," he said, emphasizing it with a gesture, "all alike. No people—all apes—no people among them—none," he chanted.

"Apes!" I laughed. "I had not thought that. They could none of them cavort on a leafy limb, I am sure. I thought these human creatures more tame, if less sensible, than apes."

"Less sensible, yes. An ape will reach out when he wants something and will pick it, eat it, and be satisfied. No monkey will pick more than he thinks he needs to eat. But people! They are not going to be satisfied with that; they want more." He went on: "I know the monkey tribe. I used to go out to the Zoo every day with peanuts and I learned those monkeys. I named each one for some friend, and then I used to watch how they behaved. I would treat each as I did the friend. I used to talk to them and we learned to understand each other. One day, about my hundredth visit there, I had three of my friends along and they went with me to the cage. When I called a name and a monkey came ambling over to me, one friend spoke up: 'But hold on! Where did you get that name?' It was his own. I told him I had named this monkey for him because of its characteristics."

"But the friend, how did he take it?" I asked.

"He laughed it through, but deep down he was tapped."

I pondered. "That was rather remarkable," I concluded.

"Yes," he wagged, "but you see I

reached something in him that day. It took five years for it to come through. I met him five years later and he said: 'Tuck, I want to tell you. That monkey talk of yours taught me a lesson. I couldn't for a long while figure out just what, either. But gradually it came to me, and now I am always hunting God and I am trying to learn all I can.'"

"What nationality are you?" I asked abruptly.

"French," he answered. "French and Spanish."

"Not farther East," I questioned, "not originally?"

"Yes, on my father's side, Moorish, really."

"There! I was sure of it; but I think you came from the depths of the Orient farther back still. Are you not something of a mystic?"

"There is no such thing as a mystic," he said readily. "There is only understanding. I do come from the Orient. Oh, I know that for sure! And I have the understanding; whether from anything of my own or from this present experience I do not know."

"Now you are talking reincarnation," I commented.

"Surely. One must. We are either a self or an experience reincarnated, are we not? It must be one or the other."

"Experience reincarnated? You mean heredity?" I asked.

"Of course. Are we not each a reincarnated set of experiences that our parents had?"

He fell to musing as his eyes rested on the dancers moving over the floor. "We all are reincarnations," he repeated. "I talk to my classes at my lessons, and when I am teaching these people about their dancing, I sometimes look over the floor and think: 'What right have you to interfere? What right?'" He leaned close as he said this. I had a sense of a power of hypnotism in his gaze. I avoided his eyes, though his rhythmic voice delighted me and his whole discourse laughed.

"This right," I answered; "the strong must warn the weaker of any known danger. The real question lies in a definition of danger."

"Yes. And—yes—I think we must warn them. We are then the instruments

of power, I suppose. They can treat it just as they please—take it or leave it.” He considered—“But I am a sensitive instrument, and—oh—so easily put out of order! I cannot be worked by blows, like a drum. I am not meant to be struck.”

A thoughtful silence, then the music started. It was a waltz. “I must excuse myself,” he said with deference. “I promised to give the soda-fountain girl a good waltz the next one that came, and here it is”—and he bowed his leave. In a moment I saw him steering a trimmed-up, heavy-set girl through the maze.

Not so large, this hall. It is dimmed by a lighting in rose-and-green globes during this waltz, a “moonlight waltz.” Here at Heartbreak Hall it is Transition, the moonlight waltz. The troubled man becomes during this waltz the man at peace. His trouble is not forgotten, it is dissolved. Into the place where it was comes the sensation of twilight in May.

The music stops. That stops the motion. Standing still ends the dance. The lights come on. Again it is a material room with objects. The boys crowd in heaps into their chosen corner—the girls seek seats.

“C’n I sit there?” asked a disappointed-looking young man. The secretive-looking girl moved down the bench.

“Nice crowd, ain’t it?” said he.

“Not so nice,” said she.

“But you’re goin’ to stay?” said he.

“Think I’ll be going soon,” said she.

“Ye-ah?” from him. Then he sat sidewise and looked at her. “Maybe you’ve got your troubles too, like me,” he confided, “but you look happy,” he ventured, with scrutiny in his gaze.

“What d’you mean—like you?” was the response. She settled herself, so did he.

“What I mean? I mean, I’ve got troubles all day and all night. I’ve lost my home. I haven’t got anybody or nothin’ left. I don’t care much any more. Sometimes I drink some and I’ve forgotten it all. What’s the use?” He thrust his feet forward.

She grew mildly interested. “Oh, I know all what you mean. Where’s the wife?” she ended.

“That’s it. She’s home. She’s got the whole thing. It went all her way.

She got the house an’ the kid an’ all the furniture. I haven’t got anything. You see, she went in and worked them all, judge an’ lawyers an’ everybody, y’know; worked the whole bunch against me. The whole bunch. Even the kid.”

“Was it a baby?”

“No—she’ll be nine in August.”

“H’m. Hard on you. What’d you done?”

“Nothing! That’s it—nothing! An’ here I am without anything; turned clean out of the works. Just turned out.”

“What did she say you did?” asked the wily member of the dialogue, who was perhaps thirty-two. She had a face that seemed to say it knew how. It understood the trick of getting something and being nothing. The powder was well put on so her complexion was tempting and very pure with sweet lips. The face was framed by hair of light brown, tightly marcelled, and the ensemble was trimmed with sparkling stones suspended on tiny chains from the ears. She moved her head often. Her dress was the usual black with heavy black lace set in for sleevelets and trimmings. Below, French flesh silk hose and fancy strapped patent-leather slippers completed the decorations.

“Oh,” he muttered savagely, “what she said? Everything! you know—everything! Claimed my drinkin’ has caused me to change all ’round. I’m an electrician an’ I made good money. I bought our home. She got everything I had—” And he slumped.

The lace lady thought. “She played you a dirty trick,” she decided. “Maybe you did drink a little, but you all do. I’ll bet she does when she can. The low-down faker. I know just how you feel. I know—believe me—I know. Ain’t I been there!” plaintively. Then suddenly and eagerly: “I’ll bet it didn’t do a bit of good, either, for you to say a thing. She could not understand *any* explanation. Oh—don’t I know, sweet mama!”

He was watching her, amazed. “You sure do seem to understand. Are you—have you been married?”

“Rather!”

“Had troubles too?”

“Some. We’re divorced.”

“You!”

“Sure, me. And he did all the things

to me same as she did to you. They ain't fair when they are jealous. My husband was so jealous he didn't want me even to sit near a window, I guess."

"God, the dumb-bell!" he exploded. "You! and you understand a man so well. I can't see how your husband could've picked at you."

She, sweetly: "Ain't it strange we, who understand each other so, should meet here? Looks like it was planned."

He, distractedly: "There's the music, and I've got this dance out. I've got a blonde I brought here to-night, but this dance is with a different one. My blonde's been dancing. There she is, that tall one with the black drapes an' the big white beads; the fellow's in gray. See—that's her."

The lace lady looked, then nodded, while her ear-drops sparkled. "Here comes my guy. I've got this out, too!" And she went to meet him.

A boy sitting out the dance went over to the Hall Mother. "Hello, mother, how are y' to-night?" He seated himself with a jerk at his knees.

"Very fine, thank you, John. Are you not dancing this?"

"No, mother, I'm all in. I'm in trouble"—mopping his brow after his speed through the last dance.

"So?" kindly. "What sort?"

"With my wife. We are getting an annulment. It isn't really Isabelle I'm divorcing, though; it's her mother. I've just got to have my liberty." John flattened back and put away his handkerchief.

"How long have you and Isabelle been married?"

"Three weeks."

The supervisor jumped. "Why, John! a divorce after three weeks?"

"Got to. Look here, mother, I gave up my religion to marry Isabelle. Now, after we are married her mother says I've got to give up pork meat and then do a bunch of their other stuff. I won't. I will have my liberty. I'm healthy. I won't, that's all. I've applied for an annulment."

"How old is Isabelle?"

"She's nineteen," he answered, sitting forward to search a corner. There he located a slender girl in a straight black dress and long ivory ear-pendants, sitting

out the dance, and with "Guess I'll have a dance with Maye," he left energetically.

The general manager came up. "Good evening! What news?"

"None here. What do you know?"

"Well, I do know a bit. Our floor manager, Kirk, is going to leave us."

"Is that possible? After his sixteen years here I thought he had grown into these painted walls," she laughed.

"Nothing like that. You know, sixteen years ago Kirk left a lady he loved behind him in New Brunswick. Well, she married soon. He never went back. Now she's a widow, and it is on between her and Kirk again. He's going back next month and marry her. See his hair? You see, when he left there he had plenty of nice thick hair. It curled a little. Now he's awfully worried because he's so bald. He has a salve he is using nights and he puts on a little tight-fitting cap to hold the salve on all night, but," the manager asked concernedly, "do you think he can get it to grow in in a month?"

"Maybe, but I'm afraid it's a question," said the supervisor, trying to keep sober. "I remember he got his new teeth just last winter; it's good that they are all adjusted now."

He watched Kirk moving about on the floor, tall and thin, coming to a peak above the crowd. "Sixteen years is quite a while, you know," he puzzled.

"Hello, Juliette! Did y' hear what happened to me?" breezed a twenty-year-old excited dancer, as he poised his partner amidships and shivered to the music while he stood still in front of Juliette.

"Nope, what?" encouraged his audience.

"I've nearly died; been sick. Poison. Everybody said it was my wife poisoned me, but it wasn't; it was ptomaine. I was sure sick, too." He showed great satisfaction.

"Wife?" pumped Juliette. "I never saw any here with you. I never knew you was married."

"No, guess not. Most folks don't. You see, she dances at Starlight and I dance here. We like different halls," he beamed. The music urged and he skated off happily. His cleaving little partner followed his many steps as truly as could his own aura.

"Hello, Jule! See that dark, short woman with the straight bob?" This came from a cool, self-possessed girl with dark-red hair, cut to stand out curly all over her head. "That is a grandmother, and she is chambermaid at the Lewis Hotel from 8 to 5 o'clock and makes up forty-seven rooms every day, and then dances here or at the Princess five nights each week; and she has had two husbands, and the second one was as mean as dirt to her, and so now he is dead and she says it is her turn and she is going to have a good time. She enjoys herself great." All this in one breath as grandma danced complacently past. The breath expired as Myrtle, the stout, dropped out of the music onto the bench and plunged hurriedly into her vanity box, chewing and patting rapidly with: "Say, listen, Bertha, if that guy I just danced with asks you to dance, don't tell him I'm married, see? Don't tell him. I live with my mother and sister—see?—and I'm not married"—interrupted here by: "Did ja know him before to-night?"—and continuing: "Sure—he was here the first night I came three weeks ago, and danced with me both the nights I came before to-night. I've been kiddin' him along—he believes I'm single—see? Tell him I'm livin' at home—I work at Dunn's—see?—don't come out often—just with you sometimes—see?"

Here the music brought an avalanche of partners, and a pleasant-looking boy hurried up, drawing a clipping from his inner coat-pocket. He was short, with sociable brown eyes which had seen Juliette about to rise.

"Hear about me, Jule?" and he took the seat Bertha, the red bob, had just left to dance with a pale, gray man.

"Hear what?" agreeably asked Jule, of shiny black hair, a straight bob.

"Why, I committed suicide last night; didn't you know? Read this"—regally handing her the clipping. "You see I put one over on them! They say I'm in the hospital, see? and here I am at this dance," he crowed triumphantly. "I swore I wouldn't go anywhere, too, but here I am. I got down here somehow," perplexedly.

"It says you took poison. D'you feel sick?" quizzed Jule.

"Oh, I'm all punkins. I went to work

already to-day. You see, I took it at six last night and they took me to the hospital at midnight, after the dance at Bean's, so I was all over it this morning, fine and dandy. And they don't know it!"

"Love trouble, Bud?"

"No—no girl in it. I just couldn't find any friends or any fun for myself, ain't got any folks left, and I was too lonesome for dust, so I just thought I'd end it, too."

"Gosh! Be glad they pulled you back, Bud, and I'll show you where to find your friends. You look me up at the dance to-morrow night. This girl acts like she thinks you've got this dance out with her now."

"Yes, I have. Sure. It's the whirl. I forgot. Hello, Myrtle. I'll be back; thanks. Good-by." He stepped off gaily and replaced the distinguishing clipping in his inner pocket.

The whirl began. Only once each evening is the whirling one-step allowed. Then the orchestra plays in circles and affects the room like a musical egg-beater, drawing into the suction of whipped tunes all dancers who venture on the floor to spin around at top speed, one foot to each revolution. The bulk of the crowd sit down to watch, and they watch breathlessly. Some couple is sure to intrude into some other at tornado velocity with tornado results. The wreckage squeals and is diverting. All the while the music is stirring up everything and everybody, and keeps the air swirling in a cyclone of saxophones and drums.

But Bertha was calmly revolving with great repose and perfect precision, guided by the pasty gray man equally self-propelled. In spite of speed they reversed as regularly and as simply as any pendulum. Bud had Myrtle, and the pair were hectic. Bud looked like a horse-race.

Heartbreak Dance was doing homage to its hero. As the blur dissolved itself into features, I saw. Here was the lovable young boss of the most just and powerful gang in the city. Winning, reliable, quiet—they were cheering him. Not for his brute record, but for combining it with qualities that endeared him. They loved him.

Jule burst out to me: "It is Bunchy Bock. He and Sue. Everybody likes

Bunchy. He works hard—never misses a day. And he's good to his mother, too. They say his gang killed a man last month, but Bunchy's always on the right side if any one's in trouble. He was sure good to me an' my brother when we was up against it—he sure was. He's fair, too—" She broke into fresh applause. The top excitement of the evening, the whirling dance!

As I grew dizzy watching, I turned to find the Oriental smile near me, waiting.

"Most closing time. One more dance over," was his salutation. "Just listen to those crazy instruments. They all scream like drunken witches."

"Witches! It sounds more like demons. Its real name is jazz."

"Jazz! It is something your apes out there think they understand, but they do not. Jazz? I can explain that in a few words, but the world won't listen," he announced decidedly.

"I will," I baited.

"Jazz is located on the piano all below middle C, and in the human race all below the sixth dorsal," he taught.

"You are right on the latter point, but wrong on the former. Jazz squeaks. Squeaks are high," I corrected.

"Oh, well, I used the piano to make the picture," he wheedled.

"To illustrate, the spine you really mean," I corrected again.

He smiled like Mona Lisa. "Music is a vibration that is first heard *not* in the nerves," he challenged.

"Then where?"

"In the bones. The bones are porous like a reed. They vibrate. Above the

seventh dorsal the drum is not felt; it does not register there. And below the seventh dorsal melody does not penetrate, so is not heard. It vibrates only above."

"A stimulating idea," I said. "You think we hear music with the spine?"

"With parts of the spine," he now benignly corrected me. "The bone takes the vibration according to its substance. The nerves get it only from the bone. So—a bonehead, you see, is a—" he laughed facetiously.

"I see readily. A bonehead is a being who lives all below the sixth dorsal," I defined. "All drum." While we were laughing, the "Home, Sweet Home" was played.

"So!" he exclaimed. "Good night then. When we reincarnate, if we meet with those others one hundred years from now in the top of a tree, remember I'm *not* a bonehead—*nor* a drum," he added belligerently.

We parted, but he turned again and laughed his way back to me, as he added in quaint accent: "Remember, we're not of those apes, but you never can tell where freaks will meet next."

Out from the human-heated hall into the open night go the ticket-buyers. From the confidentially lighted inside, past the blazing electric sign outside, from the fellow hunters inside to the gazers on the street outside, they go. Go, to wherever the street takes them.

And this is a true story of Heartbreak Dance. Heartbreak Hall is in any city, and in any house of the public dance.

And all these people will be there, for they really said these things, and danced.

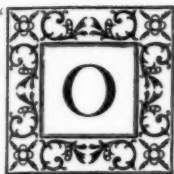


# The Danube as Peacemaker

BY CHARLES H. SHERRILL

Author of "Have We a Far Eastern Policy?" "Great Personages in the New Italy," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



OUR best thought is vitally necessary for every move in the study of this problem, but every move must be above the table, as in a game of chess, not partly above and partly

beneath it, as some people play cards." It was President Masaryk speaking of the Central Europe situation at Lany, his delightful country home, just outside Prague. We sat out in the brilliant sunshine after luncheon, facing the splendid copper beeches, the eight-hundred-year-old oaks, and looking down the long vistas bordered by stately elms. The president himself, despite his seventy-five years, seemed as sturdy an oak as the best of them—a simple country gentleman, in riding breeches and coat, wearing the plain cap with a narrow red-and-white ribbon, treasured souvenir of the days when he commanded Czech troops in Russia during the war. No chief executive enjoys more wide-spread affection and respect than that which all the citizens of this new republic show their revered president. To an American, meeting him seems like meeting a modern George Washington. By their constitution he is president for life—could public confidence and heartfelt respect go further?

Lany was formerly the property of Prince Fürstenberg, one of the intimate group of friends surrounding the Kaiser. Naturally the new republic confiscated the estates of the enemy nobility, but President Masaryk refused to occupy a confiscated château, so his government purchased it from the Fürstenbergs. Everything one hears of President Masaryk commends him.

And what is this Central Europe problem of which he spoke? Can the Danube or any other accident of geography help

its solution? Perhaps no question is so important to a lasting stabilization of Continental conditions than that of providing a balance to Germany on her southerly border, coupled with a fair adjustment of Germany's frontier toward Poland. It was to this problem that our talk at Lany was turning, and this it was that evoked the veteran statesman's pronouncement quoted above.

The pivotal country in all that part of the world is the new Czecho-Slovakia, an east and west dike, running between Germany's southern border and her "Splendid Second," as Kaiser Wilhelm dubbed the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It is this gallant fatherland of 14,000,000 self-reliant, progressive, and sturdy folk that bars the road to the German "Drang nach Osten," the Berlin-Bagdad railway, and other such war-provoking visions of the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin. Nor is any other people in Europe better qualified to perform that service for international peace. None other has a greater passion for education nor a more intelligent aspiration for physical betterment (witness the body-building Sokol societies everywhere active among them). In their treatment of racial minorities they are more politically broad-minded than most of Europe's new nations. There are a dozen Magyar delegates and more Pan-German ones in the Czech Parliament, German and Magyar schools for children speaking those languages, while radical extremists are allowed a liberty of expression elsewhere considered dangerous. Furthermore, it is estimated that eighty per cent of the manufactures of the pre-war Austro-Hungarian Empire are located within the boundaries of the present Czecho-Slovakia. One does not have to be reminded of the Czechs' splendid fighting record during the war—they can take care of themselves!

But 14,000,000 people, no matter how well equipped mentally, physically, and commercially, cannot provide a strong enough dike alone to retain 65,000,000 Germans, if the Junker war spirit flames up again. No one knew this better nor foresaw a clearer solution of the problem than President Masaryk and Edward Benes (pronounced Benesh), the present Czech minister for foreign affairs. Our own revered George Washington would, as first president, have been greatly strengthened had he had at hand a younger comrade, a tried politician whom he completely trusted, one who could face the political heat and battle of those early days of our republic. Such a man for President Masaryk is Minister Benes. Their cordial intimacy dates back to the days when both were victims of Imperial persecution because of their nationalistic aspirations for Czech home rule. The wife of the latter and the daughter of the former were imprisoned while they themselves were exiled. Last, but not least, Masaryk is a Slovak and Benes a Czech—a combination as politically useful as an Eastern President with a Western Vice-President for us.

From the very beginning Benes displayed striking far-sightedness—he recognized the significance of the Danube, although for him it was only a southern frontier. Vienna, Buda Pesth, Belgrade, and much of Roumania cannot forget the Danube, for it is always in the foreground of their national existence. But Prague is on the Moldau, north of the Danube's watershed, flowing away to the Elbe and the North Sea. And yet Benes was and is capable of sufficient geographical detachment to realize what the Danube has done and can again do for Central Europe, even though his windows in the Hradchin Palace look down upon an altogether different water system.

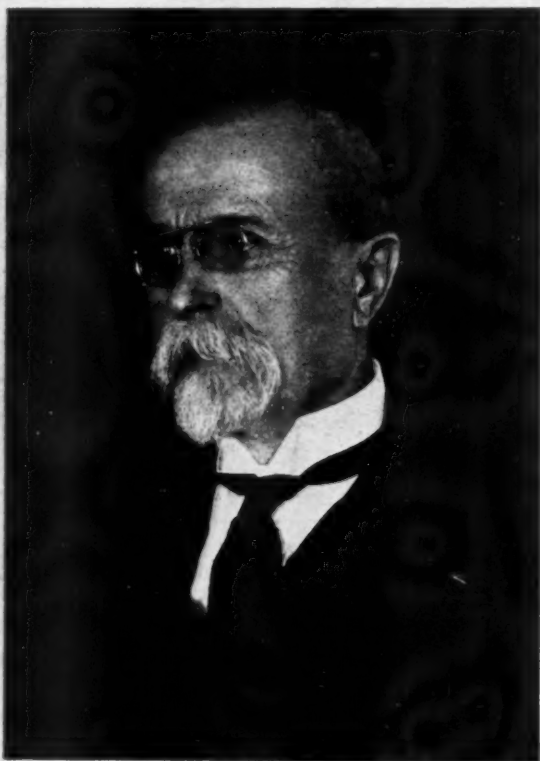
Obviously, "Safety First" had to be the basis of Czech policy. It was the fertile brain of this same Benes that conceived the idea of the Little Entente, a defensive and offensive alliance between Czecho-Slovakia, Yugo-Slavia (the enlarged Serbia born at Versailles), and Roumania. It was in August, 1920, that Benes set out on the visits to Belgrade and Bucharest that resulted in mutual treaties worded

with such foresight as to insure their subsequent renewal and development. In this alliance the intercommunication afforded by the Danube was recognized to the fullest degree. Thus was the east and west dike across Central Europe constructed and strengthened. "Safety First" had to be the watchword of those shattered remnants of the old Empire—peoples that never dare to forget the solid mass of Teutons on their north. Up to this point the interests and points of view of all three parties to these treaties were identical—protection not only against Germany but also against the recent enemy units within the old Empire—Hungary and Vienna—Hungary that desired a return of the Hapsburgs, and Vienna whose German speech linked it to Germany.

Once that "Safety First" had been satisfied by this treaty-grouped Triumvirate, it became obvious that a second step must be taken—the negotiation of commerce-favoring treaties between them all. This step, of course, introduced many new elements into the relations of these nations. Here again the Danube asserted its helpful significance.

All of us outsiders used to believe that the Austro-Hungarian Empire was held together by the police and military power of the Hapsburgs seated at Vienna. The insiders thought so too, and none believed it more firmly than that very police and soldiery. The world is now beginning to see that the real cohesive basis for that strange grouping of contrasting races was the fact that, whether they realized it or not, they formed a natural and interdependent economic confederation, with the Danube River as a delivery wagon.

This Tower of Babel had, thanks to the Danube, cogent commercial reasons for co-operation! Therefore the inevitable second step for the Petite Entente was a renewal of those mutual commercial advantages which the so-called Succession states of to-day formerly enjoyed when enclosed within the iron ring of the Hapsburgs. Just as they used to be too tightly enclosed, so at Versailles they broke too widely apart. It will take time and patience for them to get back to normal relations, the one with each of the others, and the Danube River will prove a potent aid thereto.



*To General Herold  
V. S. Masaryk  
29/1/25.*

It was the doctrine of Self-Determination that broke the old empire into mutually distrustful fragments. Let us seek an American translation of that new doctrine. President Wilson came of Southern people, from that section of our country which believed it had a right to secede from the Union, even welcoming a bloody civil war to establish that right. The 1861 doctrine of Secession differs only in

time from the 1919 doctrine of Self-Determination. It was natural that Mr. Wilson, coming of people who believed in Secession, should indorse and push Self-Determination at Versailles, even when it affected so natural an economic confederation as that connected up by the Danube.

All the foregoing brings us face to face with the great European question of today. Let us make a paraphrase upon a

popular song: "The Little Entente is on its way, but which way is it going?" Will it forget the Danube or will it not? Economic considerations swing it in one direction and political expediency in another. Which will prevail?

It is obvious that France, for security's sake, needs a strong bloc to the south of Germany, and for that reason has aided and must aid the Little Entente in every way possible. France's best friends in that regard are the 2,000,000 Pan-Germans included in Czecho-Slovakia, for their obstructive tactics in Parliament so constantly irritate the Czecho-Slovaks as to drive them into the arms of the French. One hears that France wishes to use the Little Entente not only because geographically it provides a natural dike on the south of Germany, but also for the possibly abnormal purpose of aiding Poland to continue its existence as a dike on Germany's east. But would participation in this latter policy be a source of weakness or strength for the Little Entente?

Unfortunately, Poland emerged from the Versailles Council-chamber with the top-heavy population of 38,000,000, which meant the inclusion of so many racial minorities and so much partly alien territory as to surround Poland with an Alsace-Lorraine soreness on every side. Russia is vexed on the east, Lithuania (because of Vilna) on the north, Czecho-Slovakia (because of Teschen) on the south, while the ghastly joke of the "Danzig Corridor" on the northwest, cutting off Posen from the rest of Prussia, is a manifest war-breeder from either an economic or political point of view.

If Poland had contented herself at Versailles with a smaller area and a population of pure Poles, this irritation of all her neighbors could have been eliminated and her future stability immensely enhanced. As it is, she must depend upon France's assistance in time of need, and that means that France in turn must be able to count on the active co-operation of the Little Entente. But can she? One should not forget that an important portion of that Entente's striking force has to come from those excellent fighting men, the Serbs (Yugo-Slavia). But these Serbs are south Slavs, and the Poles have antagonized the Russian Slavs by annexation

of territory and population. In the last analysis will these south Slavs fight for a Poland unfriendly to the north Slavs? It is at least extremely doubtful. Also, Poland is far from the Danube!

Only recently we have seen that during the negotiations leading up to a guarantee of France's own boundaries by her former allies, the English press was unanimous in drawing a clear line between England's guaranteeing the Rhine frontier on Germany's west and the Polish frontiers on the east. Says an editor of an important London daily (generally pro-French in its policy):

"The security of the western frontiers of Europe is of real and vital concern to us. As to the frontiers in the dim and remote interior of the Continent, we are sympathetic; we remember our obligations under the Treaty and the Covenant, but we are not willing to undertake any fresh commitments. . . .

"It is quite clear that in regard to the eastern frontiers, in which France has displayed a particular interest through alliances with Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, concluded since the general peace, Great Britain can undertake no engagements additional to those implied in the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League of Nations. What the British Government is prepared to do is to join in a guarantee by France, Germany, and other Powers of the security of the western frontiers."

Thus we see how vitally important it is and will be for the French to gain the Little Entente's political and military support for Poland in her hour of danger. It is "on the knees of the gods" whether she will succeed or not in this effort. England is interested in the Rhine, which flows into her North Sea: she is not interested in the Danube.

We must not forget that the Little Entente confronts serious local danger of its own. Self-Determination burst the old empire wide open, each fragment looking out for itself. We have seen how three of these units decided to form the Little Entente, and thus took the first step back to normal relations. But they left Hungary and the new Austria outside, and both of them are Danube countries! Hungary was stripped of much territory, while Aus-



*A. M. Général Therril*  
*en souvenir amical*

*Stewart Beebe Jr.*

*3. II. 1925.*

tria was not only refused entrance into the new Entente but was also warned against attempted union with the German Reich, so greatly desired by most Germans. If a plebiscite on the subject were allowed to the 6,000,000 German-speaking Austrians who now constitute that country, they would surely vote to join Germany. Fortunately, however, there are certain far-seeing Germans who do not favor this union, and for two reasons: first, that the

addition of these 6,000,000 Roman Catholics to Germany would offset the Protestant north now controlling the Reich; second, that the addition of this southerly strip to Germany would make her co-terminous with Italy and so reopen the old Adriatic question, prejudicing Italy against neutrality the next time Germany should find Italian neutrality valuable.

What has the eloquent Danube to say on this question? Is not the logical third

step in the development of the Little Entente an advance to a full and complete Danube Confederation? This would be delayed if the Germans were let cut the Danube at Vienna by acquiring the new Austria, and that delay would menace the peace of Europe.

Many Americans impatiently exclaim: "Why are not Austria and Hungary taken into the Entente by the three other Succession States so that the Danube economic confederation, so obviously needed by all of them, can become an accomplished fact?" But those Americans have not spent much or perhaps any time in that quarter of the world, or they would know that the virus of Self-Determination has not had time to lose its poison—to work itself down to a harmless condition.

Patience is urgently needed by the statesmen of Central Europe—like the steady flow of the Danube, constantly teaching the value of interdependence to the peoples it connects and serves. Fortunately for a world desiring ultimate stability, men like Masaryk and Benes of Czecho-Slovakia, Horthy and Bethlen of Hungary, and Pachich of South Slavia have both the understanding and the temperament to value patience. The impatient American must not forget that such phrases as a "Danube customs

union," "no custom-houses," "economic confederation," etc., are "fighting words" to races who remember that it was upon just these very shibboleths that the old Hapsburg tyranny was step by step built up.

Just as steadily and as certainly as the Danube swings its useful way through and around all those peoples will they in God's good time come to realize their need of closer economic relations. Perhaps it will be a sort of United States of the Danube. But equally certainly would any attempt to rush such a move delay a consummation so "devoutly to be wished."

Whether one looks down upon that ancient river from Bratislava's height, from Vienna's many bridges, from Buda's palace-crowned bluff, from Kalamegdan's park and fortress at Belgrade, or from the Iron Gates where Roumania stands guard, always and ever the low soft voice of the historic stream whispers "Patience."

There must be patiently awaited that current of public opinion, sooner or later seeking betterment of human conditions as certainly as the river seeks the sea. To struggle against that current is as futile as to attempt reversing the Danube's flow. Patience will bring back the old interdependence as surely as the Danube is, always has been, and always will be its invaluable servant.

## And Yet So Far!

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS

OUR thoughts run, hand in happy hand, together  
As children—and all the ecstasy of wings  
When our Ideals meet, in starry weather,  
And soar accordant as the wedded strings;

Yet invisible as the winds that walk between us,  
Impalpable as the moonlight on your brow,  
Unfathomable as eyes that have not seen us,  
Impassable as the Never to the Now—

What is it, Flower of my Dreams, that still divides us—  
What Wall we cannot see, yet may not pass—  
What "Almost" that demands us yet derides us,  
As I were kissing you through a door of glass?

# The Golden Calf

BY EDWARD SHENTON

Author of "The Gray Beginning"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

## I



HEMPFIELD is a town of perhaps ten thousand people, situated so close to a great city that the necessity for separate industrial activity has never developed. It was a

lovely old town thirty years ago. Much of its charm remains to-day in spite of Cosey Tea-Rooms, filling-stations of depraved Greek architecture, and Silver Creek Inns arising from the dust of the motor traffic and—pray God—to be returned some bright morning to the same indifferent dust.

The streets where I walked as a boy have not altered greatly. The blue dusk drops through the same enormous elms and horse-chestnut trees. In spring the little yellow buds fall upon the mellow brick walks; in autumn small fires of leaves smoulder in the dry dirt of the gutters. Ancient beauties linger in houses wearing the brass name-plates of old families. Only here and there where a family has passed forever from the roster of the town have the generous dwellings been subdivided into modern apartments, and even these retain something of that past spaciousness, hospitality, ease.

There is decay, I know, beneath the webs of ivy, but it is not too apparent. My eyes note few outward changes. Even the young people passing with a murmur of speech in the odorous dark of midsummer are not total strangers; they bear familiar names; in their faces I can find faintly reflected the features of the friends of my generation; in their voices, their gestures, are reborn the people who have become old with the long wear of years. We differ, these boys and girls and I, in many things, but completely in one

thing. None of them know, I am sure, the story of Helen Ortend and Rodger Canby. . . .

They are both dead; a decade now. On the hill to the east of the town is the art gallery built and maintained with Rodger's fortune. Its perfect façade can be seen from almost any street and at sundown the windows flare brighter than the first stars.

The Ortend house, erected in 1784, of stone and plaster, I bought several years ago. To-day the jonquils bloomed in the garden. I ate breakfast in the tiny room where Helen breakfasted so many solitary mornings, and gazed over the gray edge of my newspaper at their gold margin.

I think about those two, Helen and Rodger, a great deal and have reconstructed something of the twenty years in which their absurd, tragic drama occurred, and of the time preceding, the history of their families and the irrelevant factors joining to produce the ultimate disaster.

Both were only children. Their homes stood on opposite sides of the same block. The Ortends were among the oldest families in Hempfield, antedating the Canbys by nearly a quarter-century. They had been at one time quite wealthy, but most of the money was lost through patriotic injudicious loans during the Civil War. None of the men who followed had been able to prosper. The heritage their children received was beauty, dignity, repose. The women the Ortend men married were lovely, their children handsome.

The Canbys rose in the financial scale as the Ortends dwindled. They were energetic, robust, violent-tempered, likable, but there were queer outcroppings of character—Rodger's great-grandfather, for instance. Rodger's father was worth several hundreds of thousands, possibly half a million. The Canbys and Ortends

were the closest friends and often agreed that a sympathetic providence had given them respectively a boy and a girl to permit a union of the two houses.

Rodger and Helen grew up with this tapestry of intention already woven as a background to their future. They accepted this situation willingly, at least as soon as they were old enough to understand and be interested in the plans of their parents. Helen's father died when she was fourteen, but this seemed only to strengthen the idea.

Helen was a shy, exquisite girl. Her Dutch blood had given her the wide, low brows, light eyes, pale-yellow hair, and rather square, grave face. Tall and slightly anæmic, she had gracious manners, little slow, characteristic gestures with her hands, a delicate elegance of speech and thought. I remember she never passed through the period of *gaucherie*, like the other girls I knew. She had an instinctive desire for all in life that is serene, charming, dispassionate. Perhaps I should not say instinctive, for this tranquillity, this calm detachment, was a trait of all the women in her family, although with Helen it had no root in anything substantial; it was loosed from reality.

Never strong, she remained always a little apart from us. We admired her, but our admiration was clouded with awe, uncertainty. Her frail health made her timid. She became more and more a recluse, until at twenty she spent most of her days with her books—which were, like her, restful, languid, misted with dreams—or in the walled garden with her beloved flowers. Rodger was the only boy who had ever approached her completely at his ease. But no one disconcerted Rodger—and there was the fact of their contemplated marriage.

Her withdrawal had blurred the actual outlines of her character in a romantic light resulting almost in a legend. She became an intriguing figure, fragrant with mystery, separated from our normal, hobbledehoy existence of school, parties, dances, tempestuous young love-affairs; the happiness and unhappiness of those years of our teens. Her beauty was intensified, as remote cities and dead queens gather about them the additional fascina-

tion of distance. She was an ivory girl, provocative, alluring, unattainable. Half the young men of the town were secretly in love with her. . . . Yes, and I was in love with her. . . .

## II

THE phrase coming most often to my mind in connection with Rodger Canby is "fortune's darling." I know it is hackneyed and not permitted even in the unexclusive circles of the newspapers, but it has still a certain grace which makes it seem coined for this particular use. He was a tall, dark boy, not at all swarthy; a clear sort of darkness such as we associate with the finest Italian type. His hair was black, his eyes a deep brown with extraordinarily long lashes. He had a haughty nose, a sharp masculine jaw. Only his mouth did not harmonize with the aristocratic face. It was well shaped, but the lips were too heavy, the lower lip a trifle pendulous and very red; the blood appeared about to burst the thin tissue. Most girls admired his too red mouth.

When he was quite young he had displayed an aptitude for music; more than that, a distinct talent. This desire was cultivated by his mother and directed by the best teachers. He made remarkable progress. At nineteen he could play the violin, piano, and organ. His voice was full and pleasant, and he enjoyed singing. He had written a few compositions—waltzes, gavottes, haunting dance music with sensuous under-rhythms. They were dedicated to Helen Ortend, printed for private distribution, and created some excitement. The Canby and Ortend families decided his music was worthy of a postponement of the wedding. His parents proposed he should go to Germany for several years and finish his training. At that period no American could begin an artistic career without the credentials of a foreign education. Helen agreed, of course, to the scheme. Apparently there was no change in their attitudes toward each other, but I am sure there was a fluctuation in the undercurrents of their lives.

Helen loved Rodger with bewildering intensity. He never wearied her. Gradually all her ideas were directed to him,



Rodger played and Helen, relaxed in the great shadowed chair, listened.—Page 520.

merged into his personality until she no longer recognized them. Her vague desires concentrated, as a lens focusses the sun, into her love of him, burned upon her heart. . . . How should I know? I was the only other young man who saw her. I was her brother, almost. Living with aunt and uncle, my parents dead, Helen's mother was my mother. I came and went as I chose. . . .

Before Rodger sailed the engagement

was announced. The dinner was Helen's last appearance at a social function; after that night the walls of her garden were the horizons of the universe. Had her father lived this might not have happened, but Mrs. Ortend, herself a solitary woman, still mourning the man she had loved, always acceded to Helen's desires. At the dinner Helen sat quiet and remote, luminous beside the dark grace of her fiancé. A little smile turned the

edges of her lips. For some reason I thought of Sir Galahad and the Grail. It seemed indecent to expose such happiness to the chattering crowd about the table.

The three months preceding Rodger's departure brought to Helen the flowering of her life. Like a strange blossom she unfolded the hidden color of her love, spreading it before the eyes of her lover in charming, faint surprises; disclosing all the secret glory of her shy dreams. Nevertheless, her mode of living did not alter, and, as far as she knew, only Rodger saw this exquisite transfiguration. They were together constantly, but in particular Sunday was the day dedicated to his adoration. He ate supper at her home on Sunday evening and afterward they went to the parlor, where Rodger played and Helen, relaxed in the great shadowed chair, her pale hair falling covertly across her cheeks, listened and felt her life draining from her into the possession of that slender young man with the over-red mouth.

When he had sailed Helen returned to her placid existence. She wrote to him twice a week. I know; I mailed the letters with her round, impersonal chirography designating Munich, Berlin, Vienna, or Paris; following the uneven circle of his journeys like bits of her own serene spirit.

Rodger's answers were incoherent enthusiasms for the student life, descriptions of the excursions so popular in those days, anecdotes of new friendships, or immodest reports of what teachers said concerning his music. These general portions Helen read to her mother, who retold them until Rodger became to the townspeople a genius who would return some day and place Hempfield foremost in artistic realms.

Days, weeks, and months passed with few changes beyond occasional marriages, babies, new business ventures or failures. Two years passed. The boys and girls whom we had regarded as children lengthened their trousers and dresses. The indifferent seasons repeated their continuous variety. I went to Yale; fretted through a semester and came back to town; decided to become a writer and spent all my time fishing in the river. My appearances at the Ortend home began to resemble formal calls. Helen's

mother was not well. Helen received me as often as I cared to go, but our conversations were strained. She thought only of one man. . . . Another year linked with the unseen chain of the past. Suddenly, as though nature resented this monotony, our feeling of security, Rodger's father was killed in a railway accident, and my aunt and uncle, both of them quite old, died within a few weeks of one another, leaving me a fixed income of three thousand dollars.

Every one thought Rodger would come home, but his mother refused to permit him and, I think, he did not insist. He had been gone a little more than three years. Hempfield depressed me. It was inert, stagnant. I went to New York, later to Chicago, and then on to San Francisco. My life was a mirage. Actuality appeared remote, too small to be attractive. The foggy, steep city quieted me. I dozed through five years, pruning my mind of stray, unrelated fancies, hoping some day to gather the clippings into a book, but not too much concerned with the realization. Helen wrote to me once when her mother died. She did not mention Rodger, but I inferred he was still abroad. She told me the hyacinths were pluming their white cones in the garden; the river had risen beyond the highest recorded mark, sweeping away all the boat-houses and the old covered wooden bridge; Martha, their maid, was going deaf; lightning had destroyed the colonial steeple on the Presbyterian church. . . . I wondered what would happen now.

I went back to Hempfield the year before the San Francisco fire, and rented a small house on the street behind the Ortend home. From the window of my sitting-room I could look down through the narrow leaves of some peach-trees into Helen's garden. I called on her at once and she received me as though I were returning from an errand to the corner grocery. The casualness irritated me. We sat talking, fitting together the absent years. She was astonishingly unchanged; a trifle thinner, more abstracted; if possible, more beautiful. Her voice bewitched me. I tried desperately to make her talk of herself, but she evaded my questions without seeming to understand my intention. She nodded her

lovely, pale head, smiled; mentioned the daily routine of her existence. We drank tea, brought in by Martha, who apparently had diminished an inch for each departed twelvemonth. I was embarrassed in that tranquil, twilight room; said stupid things and felt clumsy. As I was leaving she said:

"Rodger is having a little success in Europe. He has given a few recitals. Played several of his own compositions. He thinks another year will be enough."

She did not ask me to come again. I departed enervated with the emotions I had thought stifled forever.

Rodger did come home the next year. He arrived with trunks of clothes, an equally elaborate store of foreign phrases; descended from the express to the fanfare of a flare head on the front page of *The Star*.

He had changed. For the worse, I thought, but no one agreed with me. His face had lost its masculine angularity. It was smooth, pink, plump. He wore a mustache that curled in the fashionable manner. His waist had thickened, and his lips seemed brighter than ever. A monocle hung down on a black grosgrain ribbon. The townspeople gazed at it with respect. A dozen persons, mostly women, said to me: "Doesn't Rodger Canby look splendid! So stylish, you know. And foreign. With a monocle." . . . There would be a pause and then: "I suppose they will be married at once." . . .

Shortly after his arrival Rodger gave a recital. I attended. I don't know what I expected; certainly not what happened. I suppose, secretly, I wanted him to fail. Instead he tore me apart with his music, tossed, buffeted, agonized me. His virtuosity was superb; he played with the most acute understanding, with feeling. As encores he gave several of his own compositions. They were gorgeous. Oh, he could play! I left while the applause was bursting about his bland, suave face.

After that . . . nothing. The anticipated marriage was not announced. He was at her house every day. Each evening I saw them walking the garden among the autumnal golden-glow and asters. "Why don't they get married?" "What's the matter?" "Isn't it queer?" The questions were almost tangible upon the disturbed air.

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I avoided meeting him for a long time. It was in late November, I think, when we came abruptly together. There had been a light fall of snow, a gentle powdering over the brown earth. The day was crusted with brilliant sunlight. A restless wind twirled the white flakes along the bricks. He wore a coat reaching to his ankles. It was fur-lined and the fur turned back at the neck in a wide collar. He looked as I vaguely imagined Russian noblemen must appear striding along the Nevski.

"Aah!" he said through the fur. "Miserable weather. I can't stand cold. It makes me frantic. I'm going to Italy in a few days. I'll stay there until spring. This horrible place. . . ."

He drew the collar closer and hurried on. Indeed he did go, but the death of his mother brought him home within six months.

### III

THEY were alone now, Helen Ortend and Rodger Canby, entering upon the last act of their extravaganza. It was a long act, with little variety until the curtain was ready to fall. It was fantastic, with its motives deep in some obscurity, lost in those unfathomable caverns of human impulse that produce the incredible commonplaces of brother and sister living for years under the same roof without speaking, husbands and wives signing purity pacts. "Beauty and the Beast"; the old fairy-tale retold, but not for children.

Rodger settled in the gray stone mansion of the Canbys, brought a new piano from New York, and never played in public. Strange as it may seem, he became organist in the Methodist church—and that was all. There was no mention of a wedding. After the first shock the situation resolved into a town joke. If any one had an unpleasant job to do he would say: "Sure. Just as soon as Rodger Canby marries Helen Ortend." It was a simile of futurity; of any event never to be completed.

Rodger did not withdraw as Helen had done. He held himself aloof, but gave no impression of snobbishness. In a subtle manner he managed to establish the idea that his actions were the result of

temperament. People will forgive much on these grounds. Besides, Helen Ortend was almost forgotten; not actually, of course, merely shelved as one of those "queer things" having nothing to do with the busy gossip of each day. A few retained the bright image of her beauty; myself, Doc Saylor, Ramsey Doane, who had married Betty Parker because he could not marry Helen.

Rodger did not abandon his music. He practised every morning. Often I wandered by his house and listened to the notes, diluted by glass and stone barriers; distant, faint voices crying untranslatable magic upon the quiet street. I had been an irregular churchman, but I went every Sunday to hear him. No one in Hempfield had ever heard such music. Bach, Handel, the religious necromancy of Palestrina; a thousand things new to us. When the service was over he chatted for a while, pleasantly enough, with any one who wished to talk to him, and then went home—or so we thought. When he was asked about his career, he smiled and said: "There's plenty of time." The remark had a furtive mystery, like a promise, slyly given, of some waiting revelation. But the years continued and the words retained their secret. He grew fatter, a little slovenly; the flesh descended and covered the rim of his tight collars.

Helen? I don't know. I saw her only in the garden, still slender, gracious, restrained. She wore a silver-gray Florentine scarf—given her by Rodger—over the pallid halo of her hair, shadowing her face, transforming her to a ghost of twilight. Rodger dined with her every Sunday evening. He would arrive about four. If the weather was kindly they sat outdoors; if stormy, somewhere in the faded house. I knew he was there. I could see Martha bustling in the kitchen, talking to herself and spilling things. At ten minutes of eight he left for the church. I went about the same time. Often I'd see the door open, a rectangle of light tumble noiselessly upon the porch. The door closed. I could hear his heavy feet scuffing the bricks ahead of me. Each month he made a visit to New York; from Monday until Saturday. Endless, futile years. Let me see. Mrs. Canby would be dead twelve years this spring.

Helen must be forty-one. I'll be forty-four and Rodger is a year younger. . . .

I don't know exactly when the rumors started. They flew in flocks of buzzard words across the town. Rodger had been seen by a milkman coming from a certain house between three and four on a Monday morning.

Two Greek girls and their mother lived in the house. There were not many foreigners in Hempfield then, and most of them quiet, sober people; Swedes, some Italians, several Armenian Jews. The Anapolies were a bad lot. The father was a thief. He stole from habit, training, and desire. He was serving, even then, a five-year sentence for his last exploit. The girls were beautiful and shiftless; dark, lithe young animals with great, languid eyes. Their occupation was unspoken knowledge. The mother I had seen once or twice. She was a cripple with a face where evil smiled openly.

I left my lunch half-eaten and went to find the milkman. He admitted he might have been mistaken. Dawn was scarcely come. His team had been a block away. All that day Ramsey Doane and I followed the rumor, quietly obliterating its ugly trail. "I feel just like Saint Patrick chasing the snakes out of Ireland," said Ramsey with a wan smile. But we could not quite destroy it.

The next Sunday I saw Rodger and Helen sitting in the garden. She read to him while he crossed his hands on his too apparent stomach. That night I did not go to hear him play. . . .

It was a breathless spring. The days drifted through the green haze of the young trees. The air was giddy with life. The world hung in a tumult of light. The brilliance struck upon you with an actual impact. I could get nothing done, but I had been in that condition for a long time, and a season more or less did not seem of importance.

I arose early one Monday morning for a walk. There were no people about, only Ramsey Doane hurrying along the street toward me. He waved and started to run. His shadow came before him in distorted bounds. I wondered what could have happened.

"Here's a mess," he gasped. "Come along."



*From a drawing by Edward Shenton.*

He looked as I vaguely imagined Russian noblemen must appear striding along the Nevski.—Page 521.

"What's wrong?" I said.

"A hell of a jam. Rodger Canby's dead."

The statement seemed ridiculous. The afternoon before he had been with Helen.

"Dead, I say," Ramsey repeated. "In the Anapolies' house. Doc Saylor's there. He sent for you."

"The Anapolies?"

Ramsey looked at me with his tired smile.

"One of the girls came after Saylor. . . ."

It was a mess. We reached the miserable shack. Saylor took us into the dingy parlor. There was Rodger's body on a cheap plush sofa and covered with a red-and-white-checked tablecloth.

"No use," said Saylor. "He's been dead some time. Several hours. Heart failure. I'm having him taken home at once."

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"The girls said he was sitting in a chair drinking some wine. He gave a funny gasp and dropped the glass. When they spoke to him he was dead."

Saylor was the town coroner. He fumbled with the collarless neck-band of his shirt.

"Dick," he said, "we've got to keep this quiet."

The two girls stood, shoulder to shoulder, in the darkest corner of the room.

"Did he come here often?" asked Ramsey, pointing toward the couch.

"Every Sunday," one of the girls answered.

"Very long?"

"Good many years."

"Let's get some air," said Ramsey.

"Keep it quiet," repeated Saylor.

As well try to silence the wind. In an hour the news was in every house—a delectable appetizer, served with the morning rasher of bacon. I rushed to see Helen. It was a terrible interview. I had not spoken to her for years. And when I saw her, her hair caught hastily in a soft coil at her neck, my voice deserted me. I stood and stared. She guessed, of course, that something concerning Rodger had brought me. She lifted one hand and tapped at the corners of her eyes. I was amazed her hands were so youthful. She seemed younger than she was; her disor-

dered hair, the loose dressing-gown; she looked tired, as though she had danced late the night previous. . . .

I was mercifully brutal, I hope. I told her at once; all lies, except that Rodger was dead.

Luckily there was no possibility of it getting in print until the next morning. I went to see the editor of *The Star*. He was very pompous; I suppose he thought himself impressive. He spoke about newspapers "standing for the truth," "organs of honesty," "no privileges for any class," "the unmuzzled press." The words filled the mean office. He lolled in his chair and smacked his lips. Before his eyes were the figures of a record sale. The town trembled with righteous indignation. Suddenly Helen was remembered. Everything was remembered. No epithet was too strong for the dead man's epitaph. He was a scoundrel, a rōu  , a lecher. Reporters went to the Ortend house. They did not enter. I saw to that. About three in the afternoon Doc Saylor came to see me.

"Dick," he said, "go tell that blasted rotter of an editor Rodger has left all his money to the town to build and maintain an art gallery. I'll bring a copy of the will to him later."

He wore a collar now but no tie. Twisting the gold-plated button, he murmured: "What a stroke!"

The Tuesday morning *Star* gave the first page to Rodger Canby; his talent, his charming personality, his public spirit, his sudden, unfortunate demise, his generous will. His death had been in keeping with his life. Quietly, peacefully he passed away in the famous Canby mansion. . . . Yes, that's true. . . . In the great four-poster where so many honorable citizens of his family had rested and sunk, finally, to the last sleep. . . .

I took a paper to Helen. She read here and there, in a scattered sort of way, and said:

"That's just like him. Just like him. He was a great man. We didn't quite understand him."

I left to escort the Anapolies to a train headed for remote places.

Hempfield people are a clannish group. They are proud of their town. They love its traditions and plan many beauties for

its future. The Canby Memorial Art Gallery, designed by one of the best architects in the country, and furnishing many small plums for various persons in the course of its building, is the keystone for contemplated civic developments on a large scale. Townspeople mention it with arrogance. Visitors come from many places to gaze at the pictures, most of which are of indifferent merit. Still they are ours and the fact gives them a value. Overnight the contempt for Rodger

Canby vanished. Now it is forgotten. A capable sculptor is modelling a figure of him, heroic in size, to be placed in the rotunda of the gallery. The broad street, lined with plane-trees, some day to lead from the railroad station to the building, will be called Canby Drive. Rodger is spoken of in voices muffled by respect. . . .

And, as one town wag remarked: "Any-way, he died sitting in a chair, didn't he?"

## Broken Meats

BY GORDON HALL GEROULD



R. THOMAS SPEEDWELL, president of the Speedwell Company, leaned forward slightly in his desk-chair and emphasized his question with a downward sweep of

the hand.

"Why do you wish to publish the thing? Do you mind telling me?"

To the beginner in the trade of letters—let us distinguish carefully between the art and the craft—Mr. Speedwell would have been an inspiring spectacle. His considerable bulk, his good gray clothes, his well-nurtured face with its prominent but not obtrusive mustache, would have represented the topmost pinnacle of success. To talk with him would have been a fearful pleasure.

The young man who sat opposite was, however, inured to publishers and the spectacle of their grandeur, and he did not seem afraid of Mr. Speedwell. Instead, he was making himself as comfortable as possible, and twisting a stick negligently with his right hand. He had been accustomed to publishing-houses from his boyhood, for he was Bradbury Grantham. George Grantham's only son could not have been expected to regard publishers with awed respect: ever since he could remember, he had heard about them as docile creatures who were always begging

more books of his father and forever offering better terms. With the house of Speedwell, to which the elder Grantham had been extraordinarily faithful—as any one who keeps the run of imprints will remember—he was especially familiar. Even in boyhood he had sometimes visited the offices, and he had formed the habit, later, of running in on his own account. Since he had taken over the responsibility of managing George Grantham's literary estate, he had come in still more frequently.

He looked now at Mr. Speedwell in some perplexity, frowning a little as he repeated the question. "Why do I wish to publish it? I don't see why there should be any doubt about that. It's the most important thing that father left, and it ought to come out as a matter of course."

"I'm—I'm inclined to think, for my part, that it had better not be published." A trace of hesitancy in speech was one of Thomas Speedwell's most baffling traits. It accorded ill with his appearance of force and with his habitual decisiveness of action.

"I can't see why you say that." Young Grantham's tone was rather petulant. "The book is complete. Even if it isn't up to father's best—and I don't say it is—the public ought to have it."

"I wish I could—could agree with you. You are right, of course, in saying that it

is ready for the press. Your father was always careful about his manuscripts, and this one is characteristically prepared. Only—I hope you won't press for its publication."

"But why?" asked Grantham. "Won't it sell?"

"Ah, yes—" Speedwell paused. "It would, unquestionably, do very well, very well indeed. Anything of your father's would, of course, do excellently—perhaps even better than before his death. That isn't the point I'm making. I do wish you'd drop it, Mr. Grantham."

"You stand to make more than my sister and I do out of it." The tone was even more impudent than the words.

Speedwell did not wince. "You must remember," he said most gently, "that I have always taken a very great interest in your father's work. He was older than I, to be sure, but he did me the honor of consulting with me rather more closely than authors generally do with their publishers. I can't believe that he would like to have the book printed."

"Apparently you think it isn't any good, then?"

"No—no. I wouldn't say that. Anything he did could not help having distinction of a sort. Besides, as I've already admitted, it would find a sale. I'm not even sure that it wouldn't reach a public which was not always interested in your father's writings."

Bradbury Grantham ceased playing with his stick and leaned forward eagerly. "I agree with you about that," he said, "and so do two or three other men to whom I've shown the book. It has a more modern note, hasn't it?"

"Modern? Well, yes; perhaps the term applies. Certainly nothing else your father did struck quite the same note."

"Precisely. There you are. That's why I feel particularly anxious to have it come out. It may not be up to his best, as I've said, but it will show the public that he kept abreast of the times, to the very last."

Speedwell swung gently in his chair for a little before he replied. "Do you happen to know," he asked, "when the book was begun?"

"No." The young man grew impatient. "Nothing has turned up by which

it can be dated very accurately. Father never said much about what he was doing at any given time. I make out, however, that he must have done it not very long before he was taken ill."

"He began it twenty years ago. I've been looking up some memoranda, so I can be very precise about that, fortunately."

Grantham carried off his embarrassment with a laugh. "A bad guess of mine, then! I didn't know you had ever seen the thing before."

"In its completed form I haven't. Indeed, until you brought it in I wasn't aware—that your father had gone on with it. He never told me. I saw a few chapters only. He sketched the plot to me orally, I remember."

"Oh, I see."

"Yes. I advised him not to continue. You wouldn't—wouldn't know, of course; but I think some of the difficulties he was facing at the time probably affected the novel. Probably the—I suppose I mean the unpleasant quality in it can be accounted for in that way."

"I think you'll find," put in Grantham, "that people in general won't think any the worse of it for that. The vein isn't so high and mighty, perhaps, as the one he usually worked, but it can't fail to be appreciated. It's unsparing criticism of life that he gives in this, but it can't hurt his reputation to let the world know what he was capable of in that line."

The publisher clasped his hands and looked sadly down the long vista of light oak that was visible through the open door. "I hate to say it," he murmured, almost as if to himself, "but, if any one else had written the book, I should call the picture of life that it gives rather muddy. No—no. Really, it isn't up to the mark, Mr. Grantham, and it had better be suppressed."

"You come back to that every time, Mr. Speedwell, but you must see that there's room for difference of opinion about its quality. Now, Henshaw, for example—I showed it to him. He has a keen eye, and he thinks it one of the finest things father ever did."

"Does he, indeed?" Speedwell's tone was polite, but unenthusiastic. "I wonder whether he may not be—may not be

misled by the excitement of seeing something new by your father. I took up the manuscript very eagerly, myself, when I thought it was really something new. By the way, it may interest you to know that the story isn't worked out in at all the way originally intended. I have the useless faculty of remembering plots, you see. It's rather a nuisance. The whole thing came back to me as I read."

"That's very interesting," said Grantham. "I suppose he must have dropped the book after he showed you the earlier chapters, and have changed his plan when he took it up again."

"No doubt—that was the way of it. I think, however, he would have done more wisely to keep his earlier plan. It gave some strikingly good opportunities that I missed in reading this." He touched the typewritten sheets on his desk. "The latter part seems to me very weak. But that is beside the question."

"There isn't any question in my mind, Mr. Speedwell," Grantham began once more to play with his stick. "Of course if you don't wish to print the book, I can take it to somebody else. I brought it to you because it seemed more decent to have everything together; but I can find a dozen houses that would snap it up in a minute."

"I am aware of that." Speedwell permitted himself a momentary lapse from his slow suavity. "Otherwise I shouldn't be wasting your time in discussion, you know. I see no reason why any one should publish the book. I hope you'll burn it."

Young Grantham grew white, clearly with anger. "I shouldn't have any right to do that," he burst out; "and, besides, I can't afford to."

"Oh, I'm sorry." Speedwell's voice became instantly sympathetic. Then he hesitated with embarrassment. "But—but surely, your father—" There was a questioning emphasis on the broken words.

"Yes," said Grantham with a little shrug. "The royalties amount to something, and the investments are sound. Only you know what it costs to live nowadays. I have to keep up the little place in the country, and—well—one must have some sort of hole in the wall in town.

There's my sister, besides, with her children—she has her share. What's left for my wife and me isn't so much."

Speedwell wrinkled his forehead at this too candid statement. "I see. However, you can't complain that the volume of your father's letters hasn't done well. Personally I have been very much gratified by the sale it has found. You put it together extremely well, to be sure, and the returns have been most—yes, most satisfactory."

"Oh, the letters!" Young Grantham bit his lip nervously. "They haven't done much more than keep my car running, you know. I'm not complaining; I simply wish to show you that I can't afford to let a good thing go by. More than that, how do we know—any of us—that my father wouldn't have printed the thing when he got to it? He always kept things by him a long while, till he was satisfied with them—or disgusted."

"Yes, he had a conscience. That's why—why I find it hard—to believe he would have put this into print. Don't you see?"

"No, I don't see," answered the young man hotly. "Why should he have gone to the trouble of typewriting the manuscript so carefully, or getting it copied—I don't know whether he did it himself—if he didn't intend to turn it over to you?"

Speedwell nodded, as if in assent. "I can't make that out," he confessed, "but I don't feel so sure as you do about his intentions. Moreover, I do think it likely"—he hesitated—"that he would have consulted me before he came to a decision. He wouldn't have forced the book upon us—"

"If you think I'm trying to do that," Grantham interrupted, "you're greatly mistaken. I've given you a chance at it, that's all. If you don't want it, I'll take it away and make other arrangements. I have the right to dispose of it as I see fit, and I've made up my mind that the public ought to have it. I'll take it now."

He rose and stretched out his hand toward the pile of manuscript on the table.

"No—no!" Speedwell rose also and placed one hand on the precious copy, as if to guard it. "Please don't think of carrying it off now. Let us take a little more time to consider the situation. Per-

haps we shall come to an understanding, after all. I—I wish to talk with Orrington again. He has read it, you know."

"Very well. I'll leave it, if you prefer, Mr. Speedwell. I don't care to have the matter hanging fire too long; but a few days' delay makes no difference, I suppose. I'll drop it again soon."

Holding his head high, young Grantham departed. Clearly he was well pleased with the line he had taken: never for a moment had he allowed the tyrannical publisher to outface him.

When he had gone, Speedwell sat for a few minutes at his desk, quite idle and whistling softly between his teeth. His face grew more and more troubled.

Finally he rose and went along the passage till he came to the door of the little room where his chief literary adviser was sitting. Harvey Orrington was known to a limited circle as the author of two volumes of rather exquisite essays about little or nothing, and as a poet of delicate refinement. He was a very fat man with a dull eye. Just now he was deliberately drumming on the edge of his desk with the fingers of one hand while he turned over some proof-sheets.

"Can you spare me a few minutes?" asked Speedwell, entering and shutting the door behind him.

"Yes. Yes, indeed. I was only wondering what to do about Mrs. Anstruther's punctuation. She'll never learn! This new thing is so full of dashes that you can barely see the words between them. And she resents alterations."

"Oh, let Cabell attend to it. I'll talk with her when she comes in to make a row. I think she's afraid of me. But I'd like to discuss that book of Grantham's with you. Young Bradbury has just been in."

"Riding a high horse? It would be an insult to George Grantham's memory to print that book."

"So I—I argued. Unfortunately, he doesn't see things in that light. He insists that it be published."

"Does he? I hope you told him he was a puppy. Gad!"

"He says he needs the money."

"I dare say he does. But that's no reason for defiling the tomb of his father." Orrington was getting angry. With a

swift movement he disarranged the thin veil of hair that swept across his forehead.

"He's spoiled—too good to work—that's what's the matter. It's a great pity that men of genius couldn't hire somebody to spank their progeny for them. Puppy!"

"What—what you say is perfectly true, Orrington." Speedwell was unruffled. "There's no use in sputtering, however. What we've got to find is some way of meeting the situation."

"Tell him you'll be damned if you publish it. Throw it in his face. Kick him out of the office."

Speedwell shook his head. "I don't know what—what I should do without you, Orrington, but sometimes—I—I fear you're not wholly practical. You see, young Grantham threatens to peddle the book about if we don't take it. That might make matters worse. Do you suppose we could get it out in some form that would kill it—something very expensive, perhaps?"

"That wouldn't do any good, I'm afraid," answered Orrington, sighing. "It would make all the more noise. In six months we'd have an irresistible call for a cheap edition, and we'd have to print one."

"I suppose so," said Speedwell. "That's one trouble. Grantham is—perfectly right in arguing that the public would buy the thing. When he says that, what's left for me to say? I'm supposed to be a publisher, not a curator of literary reputations."

"Oh, if you put it that way, what's the use of having a conscience at all? It's a bother. Can't you bribe the fellow?"

"Bribe him? Into suppressing the book? How?"

"I don't know. I'm not supposed to be practical. But if he won't keep the fifth commandment by fair means, he might be induced to do it by foul."

Speedwell was silent for a moment, considering. "I should feel no scruple about doing it, I think," he said after the pause. "Unfortunately I don't know what I could offer him. He wouldn't accept any sum I could afford to pay for the manuscript outright, if I were simply going to burn it."

"I suppose he wouldn't, bad luck to him!" Orrington agreed.

"I might—I might tempt him with an easy berth here—for a term of years."

"Not unless you wished the rest of us to leave. Oh, I'd be willing to do almost anything to kill that book; I'd give up my place to him in a minute if he could be trusted to do the work. He must have got some taste rubbed off on him from his father, and he has ability. But it would be no good, I'm afraid. He'd play with the job. Of course you might recommend him highly to somebody else—if you've got an enemy." Orrington chuckled.

"I'm too forgiving for that," Speedwell replied. "Besides, the young man knows the value of what he holds; he knows that anything George Grantham wrote is sure of a capital sale. Moreover, he is not wholly ignorant about the business of publishing. He'd prefer, I'm sure, to take his profit without working at all."

"No doubt he would, and he'd drive a hard bargain with you for the privilege of publishing something you'd rather die than print."

"Do you know," Speedwell bashfully surveyed one well-shod foot as he sat cross-legged in his chair, "I'm inclined to think Grantham is telling the truth when he says that he doesn't see anything wrong with the book. We must do him justice. I doubt whether he realizes that it's so bad."

"Humph! Perhaps he doesn't; and if so, I'd better not give up my position. But what then?"

"It's harder to deal with him, that's all."

"Oh, it's hard to deal with him anyhow you take it. I can see that. Unless you can get one of your millionaire friends to make him rich overnight, I don't know how he can be appeased. Give him a plutocratic scorn for literature, and he'd like to keep the manuscript to himself. He'd begin to 'collect' at once. You really think he likes the book, do you? Doesn't see how bad it is?"

"I feel sure he doesn't. No doubt he'd think the same of anything his father wrote. Very loyal of him, but—"

"Let me have another look at the manuscript. Will you?"

"Certainly. I'll send it back at once. I'm—I'm a good deal troubled."

"I'll run it through to-night," said Or-

rington. "Perhaps something may suggest itself to me if I read it again. Meanwhile, if you think of any way of keeping the wolf from the Grantham motor-car without sacrilege, you'll be doing a magnificent service to letters. I rather like the notion of a publisher's committing bribery to prevent the public from getting what it would buy like hot cakes. It would be a proper theme for a moral tale, wouldn't it?"

"Wholly lacking in plausibility, I'm afraid. It would shatter every tradition to have a publisher appear in fiction except as a low-lived villain." In spite of the difficulties and misapprehensions that he had to face, Speedwell smiled as he returned to his own office.

Late the following morning, Orrington came to him. The poet's heavy-jowled face, usually so good-natured, looked very stern. "I crave audience," he said in a melodramatic undertone, holding up one fat finger. "May I close the door?"

"If you're going to stage a play, perhaps you'd better," returned Speedwell dryly. "The effect—on the younger members of the staff, you know—might be bad."

Orrington did not smile, but closed the door carefully and sat down. "It's about Grantham," he began.

"Yes? So I gathered. Have you discovered that the book is a masterpiece, after all?"

"I've traced the footsteps of the master pretty carefully, but I think we were dead right about refusing it. It would have got us into no end of hot water before we were through with it."

"I fear so. But just what do you mean? Have you found any new reasons for not taking the thing?"

"Reasons? As plentiful as blackberries. We've got to stop it on all accounts. There would be a terrible scandal if it were published."

"Of course, of course," Speedwell agreed. "People would be dreadfully cut up at finding that George Grantham had written anything in that vein. I wish you could persuade Bradbury Grantham of that. I can't."

"I will!" Orrington, in his excitement, almost shouted the promise. "Excuse me. I'm getting corrupted by the

heroes of the novels you make me read; but I think I can show the young man some things he doesn't dream of. Get him here, and give me a free hand, that's all."

Speedwell frowned slightly. "What on earth is your plan?" he asked.

"I'm not sure whether I'm ready to tell you yet. In any case, I'd like to know whether you've discovered any easy way of buying him off. Do you mind telling me that part of it before I decide whether I'd better give you my idea—for what it's worth? Yours may be better."

"I'm afraid I haven't discovered anything—anything very satisfactory, that is. I did—did have the opportunity of talking the matter over with my friend Van Pelt last night. You know Van Pelt, of course?"

"Only slightly, but I recognize him as a fitting counsellor."

"Very interesting, what he said, I thought. He has always been bookish, you know. Wanted to write, I believe, but was forced very young into banking—case of the rich boy compelled to support the family."

"I understand," said Orrington.

"Well, his first comment was that any publisher who got out posthumous works by a decent author ought to be electrocuted. That didn't help greatly, as I indicated to him. However, that was merely his way of getting up steam. He made me tell him the whole story—very much interested in George Grantham, it seems—has a complete set of first editions and that kind of thing." Speedwell hesitated. He had never caught, for himself, the narrative style.

"But did he give you hints about bribery and corruption? Isn't that the point?" Orrington asked.

"He did, in a way," said Speedwell. "At least, I'm inclined to believe that he worked out the thing correctly. He has seen something of Bradbury Grantham, and he thinks he knows how to make him useful. Possibly he does. His—his judgments are usually very sound. He's exceedingly interested, you see; his feeling about Grantham is positive adoration."

Orrington smiled. "That's good. Did he offer to make the son vice-president of

something on the score of the father's books?"

"No-o-o. That is, of course I didn't do more than lay the case before him. Precisely what he had in mind I don't know. We can leave that to him."

"Oh, surely," Orrington agreed. "We'll have to. I only hope that Van Pelt hasn't the megalomania of wealth, that's all. Some rich men get the notion that they can create a new heaven and a new earth with their money. That does very well as a comforting thought, but it doesn't work out satisfactorily in practice. When they try to remake even a little thing like a man, they mess the job; the Jovian fiat doesn't create anything but an echo."

"Van Pelt isn't like that," Speedwell's tone implied reproof. "If you knew him better, you'd realize how modest he is."

Orrington laughed good-naturedly. "So much the better. I've barely met Van Pelt, and I merely wished to discount his possible inadequacy. I don't see, to tell the truth, just what he can do."

"Nor do I," Speedwell answered sadly, "but I have some faith in him. Now, won't you please tell me the plan you have in mind?"

Orrington considered. "I think that perhaps I won't," he said after a little pause. "I will, of course, if you insist on it, but I'm inclined to believe that I'd better confide in no one. My plan, as you call it, isn't really a plan, you see. If it's anything, it's an opening merely."

"You wish me to arrange the pieces for your move?" Speedwell asked.

"Precisely that. You don't mind?"

"Not at all. I can't judge, of course, about the wisdom of the move unless you tell me; but I'm not anxious to take a hand. If you and Van Pelt can save poor Grantham's reputation, between you, I shall call you blessed."

Orrington rose. "Very well, then. I'll be ready to do my part whenever the young fellow comes in. May I keep the manuscript?"

"Please do," Speedwell smiled. "I'd—I'd be very glad never to see it again."

Although Bradbury Grantham had promised—or threatened—to return very soon, it was, as a matter of fact, quite a week before he came into the office. He

entered, head high, with the evident intention of concluding his business at once and on his own terms. The hint of suppressed excitement that appeared in his carriage and even in the way he shook hands with the president of the company showed his confident expectations. He looked like an alert business man just finishing a highly successful deal. No one need try to thwart him, because he would be prepared against every attack and because he had determined to have his way. Rather handsome and perfectly groomed, he was not essentially different in appearance from a thousand other men at that moment sitting down in a thousand other offices all over town. Speedwell eyed him gloomily.

"I've come in about that book of my father's, of course," he announced.

"Yes—yes." Speedwell spoke with even more than his usual deliberation. "I had—been expecting to see you."

"I've been out of town, as a matter of fact," said Grantham, leaning back in his chair. "It hardly seemed worth while to write. But now I want to get the book off my hands at once. I've given you plenty of time to consider it."

"Yes—yes, indeed. You—you have been very lenient with our delay, Mr. Grantham. I'm—I'm exceedingly sorry that we haven't been able to change our minds. We still think that it would be very unwise to put the book on the market, and we hope you won't wish to do so."

"I told you what I thought about that the other day, Mr. Speedwell." Grantham's voice had a note of dominance in it. He was prepared to triumph. "I feel under obligation to the public to get the thing out without further delay."

"I'm afraid—I'm afraid that we sha'n't accomplish much by argument." Speedwell's comment was timid, almost apologetic. "We appear to hold our opinions strongly, don't we?"

"We do," said Grantham firmly. "Certainly I do, and I've no desire to discuss the question further. If you're sure you don't care to take the book, you might as well let me have it now. I'll make other arrangements at once. I believe, indeed,"—he looked at his watch—"that I'll attend to the matter this morning. Will

you please have the manuscript turned over to me immediately?"

"It—it—Mr. Orrington still has it in his room, I believe. By the way, he said he wished to speak to you about it when you came. I'll send for him at once."

"That can't do any good," Grantham remarked loftily. "If he wishes, of course I will listen to what he has to say, but I can't give up much time to it."

"We won't—we won't detain you very long, I feel sure. In the meantime I wish to tell you that we have decided to put your volume of letters into the 'Argonaut Edition.'"

So, with grateful tidings, the difficult moments before Orrington came in were tidied over. Grantham seemed pleased, but by no means overjoyed. Apparently he had expected no less, and felt satisfied merely that the book and the publisher had done their duty.

Orrington entered hurriedly, bearing the manuscript.

"I have just been talking with Mr. Grantham about the new form we're giving his book about his father," said Speedwell, after greetings were over.

"Yes, very well done," returned Orrington quietly. "By the way, Mr. Grantham, why have you never written anything on your own account?"

Grantham smiled, not without a touch of disdain. "Isn't one writer in a family quite enough?" he asked lightly.

"We—we should welcome another," remarked Speedwell, then fell silent as he noticed Orrington's impatient gesture. He had promised to give his counsellor a free hand.

"I'm afraid the public wouldn't," went on Grantham. "I should be perpetually compared with my father, shouldn't I?"

"You might achieve your father's style." Orrington spoke again, still quietly. "That would be an achievement, wouldn't it?"

"I should say so!" Grantham's laugh was rather forced and unpleasantly bitter. "Nobody could hope to do that."

"Really, Mr. Grantham," Orrington went on more expansively, "I don't know that I've ever had the chance to tell you so; but the connective tissue in that volume of letters that you did is almost up to your father's standard."

Grantham relaxed a little from his attitude of defiant alertness. "That's very good of you," he said. "I suppose I may have caught something of the manner from being with him, you know."

"No doubt you did." Orrington allowed no pause. "But that doesn't take away from the merit of the performance. I'm speaking of the matter, of course, because I'm anxious to have you suppress this book of your father's and write something for yourself." He nodded at the manuscript which he had laid on Speedwell's desk.

"That's out of the question." Young Grantham resumed his pose of inflexibility. "As I've told Mr. Speedwell, my mind is quite made up about that. There's no use in discussing it. It strikes me that you're being very foolish, that's all. You'll have to put it in the collected edition later, you know, and you'll have to pay for the privilege. I shall see to that."

Speedwell was about to speak, when Orrington cut in. "Are you sure, Mr. Grantham? Things might happen that would make that inadvisable." He eyed the young man keenly.

"I don't know what could happen. If you intend to threaten me with mismanagement of the copyrights you hold, you won't get far with it. I don't know whether you are aware of it, but I'm a lawyer by profession."

"Ah!" Orrington shifted his position slightly. "That makes it simpler. We shall find it easier to come to an understanding, I hope. I wish to ask you again: won't you drop this book and write something for yourself?"

Grantham turned red with anger and started from his chair. "Why do you come back to that?" he asked. "What on earth has my writing got to do with the publication of a posthumous work of my father's?"

"Everything, I'm afraid. Mr. Speedwell says that you excuse yourself by saying you need the money."

"Excuse myself? Why do I need to excuse myself? I don't care whether you like the book or not; other people will."

"Possibly." Orrington's tone was full of mild regret. "But I couldn't forgive myself if I allowed the public to get hold

of it. I think you will see that I must prevent its publication at all hazards. I shall do so."

For the first time during the conversation Grantham showed signs of nervousness. He fumbled with his stick and drew out a handkerchief that he immediately crumpled in one hand. He turned to Speedwell. "Really, Mr. Speedwell, I see no point in our prolonging this. If you and Mr. Orrington have worked up some dirty trick between you, I think you'd better go on with it. I can't be frightened by vague threats, let me assure you."

"I—I think you'd better hear Mr. Orrington out," said Speedwell. "Orrington, perhaps—perhaps you'd better be a little more explicit. What have you in mind?"

Orrington smiled. "Apparently I've got to be explicit, but I'd prefer to say nothing more. Mr. Grantham understands what I mean, and what I'd do."

"I understand that you're threatening me."

"I've only to say a word. I'm perfectly sure of my ground."

Suddenly there came into Grantham's eyes a look of fear. "What are you sure of?" he demanded.

"That I have it in my power to prevent the appearance of the book, or to expose your rascality if it should come out. I prefer to stop it right here. I've had considerable experience, Mr. Grantham, and I'm not without a good deal of admiration for you. I don't see how you managed what you've done. I'm sure you could be a successful writer if you'd try."

"Thanks." Grantham's attempt at irony faltered. "When I wish to go in for literature, I'll let you know."

Orrington seemed not to hear. "Meanwhile," he went on, "I strongly advise you to destroy this manuscript." He took the copy from the desk and held it in both hands. "Will you promise me that?"

"Not till I feel sure that you know what you're talking about," said Grantham sullenly. He did not raise his eyes to meet those of the other men, both of whom were watching him intently.

"I can't give you the exact page, but I could come pretty close to it," Orrington replied.

"Oh, well!" Grantham laughed uneasily and rose. "I can't be so clever as you make out, then," he said.

"Indeed you are!" Orrington exclaimed. "You've gone through a remarkable exercise in technic. I hope you'll take my advice and do something in your own style—something else. I feel sure that Mr. Speedwell would see you through. Wouldn't you, Speedwell?"

"Yes—yes, indeed," said Speedwell, who looked dazed but eagerly interested.

"Fortunately I need not depend on you." Grantham straightened up with some slight return of his former jaunty air. "I have recently gone into business, which makes your decision about my father's book quite unimportant. I have accepted a connection with the Van Pelt interests. If it will relieve your minds, I'm willing to say that I shall make no attempt to publish the novel."

"I congratulate you—doubly, indeed." Orrington held out the manuscript.

"You'd—you'd better let me have the package wrapped for you," Speedwell put in. "I'm greatly pleased that we have come to an understanding, Mr. Grantham."

For a moment Grantham stood irresolute, half-extending his hand toward Orrington as if to take the manuscript. Then he drew back and addressed Speedwell. "Yes, we appear to understand each other. I think I'll leave the manuscript with Mr. Orrington. He seems to prize it more than I do."

With a curt "good morning" Grantham took his hat and went out. When he had gone, the two men looked at each other for half a minute in silence. Speedwell was the first to speak.

"What on earth, Orrington? What have you been doing?" He brushed his forehead with his hand. "I saw that you and Grantham had come to a—to an understanding, but I must confess to being bewildered."

"So am I, a little," Orrington admitted. "Grantham, however, understands perfectly. What I suspect is that he found his father's unfinished story and completed it. Doesn't it look like that to you?"

"Yes—yes, it does. But you seemed very sure just now, while he was here. I

thought you must have worked out a complete case against him."

"Oh, I had no doubt of it for myself, but I couldn't absolutely prove it. I had to let him do that; I had to bluff a little. He did an extraordinarily good job with the book."

"But why? He must have foreseen the danger."

Orrington's huge face put on a melancholy smile. "What won't a man go in for when he worships mammon and his motor-car? Grantham wasn't busy—he has never really settled down to the law or anything else, I fancy. He was idle, and he needed the money. Of course it's a pity, with a talent like his! The novel is no good, in one way, but it's a remarkable *tour de force*. It's a damnably clever imitation of his father, and it would sell. I can't tell you, even now, just where he took the thing up."

"But—but you——"

"I first suspected what was up when you said that he defended the tone of the book. That set me thinking. The trouble with it is chiefly in the tone, of course. I'd been puzzled, as you were, by the latter part of it. When I went through it again, I felt sure. George Grantham wouldn't have written it—he couldn't. The conclusion was obvious. Only I do wish that the young man would take seriously to writing. He'd go far."

Speedwell wrinkled his forehead. "I see—I see. He crumpled as soon as he realized that you suspected. Yes; but I don't share your regret that he is going into business instead of writing. He hasn't the stuff in him, no matter how clever he is. George Grantham had the right tone, and his son never could get that."

"I'm not so sure. Forgery has been a temptation to men of letters since the beginning, and they've been reasonably successful at it. Haven't they? The better the plagiarist, the better the plagiarism. I fancy that the Grantham family didn't say all it could in a single generation."

"But think of what he did, and what he tried to do!" protested Speedwell. "I wonder whether I ought not to warn Van Pelt."

Orrington shrugged his heavy shoul-

ders. "Don't. The young man will run straight; you can be sure of it. I tell you, you don't understand the temptation. There he was, needing money for useless luxuries to which he'd always been accustomed. He was conscious that he could write almost like his father, and yet that he couldn't stand comparison if he tried something independently in the same style. I blamed him at first, but I don't now. At least, I'm willing to forgive him for trying to play the game on us; and I'm exceedingly glad he caved in so easily. What I should have done if he hadn't, I don't quite know."

"I—I feel guilty about Van Pelt. I think we owe our escape partly to him, you know. If Grantham hadn't been afraid of losing this new position of his, I fear he'd have brazened it out and taken the risk. Very noble of Van Pelt, I call it. I'm sure he has arranged it simply

because he's a devotee of George Grantham."

Orrington rose lumberingly. "Then you needn't pity him, my friend. I've no doubt, in that case, he will be rather proud to have Grantham's son associated with him. That will be his reward. Besides, he may get the fellow to work. Everybody is satisfied, and we've upheld the integrity of the publishing business by——"

"By—by the skin of our teeth," suggested Speedwell, "as you wouldn't be likely to say in one of your essays, Orrington. You don't mix metaphors in them as you do in ordinary life, but—but you're less practical. In business you outdo me for hard-headedness—sometimes."

Orrington chuckled as he marched heavily down the corridor to his own office.

## Masson of Kentucky

THE STORY OF AN "IRRECLAIMABLE VAGABOND" WHO BECAME A  
POWER IN INDIA

BY FREDERICK PETERSON, M.D.

Formerly Professor of Mental Diseases at Columbia University; Author of  
"Chinese Lyrics," etc.



**M**EDICAL men have a special interest in explorers, first because they are in a way explorers themselves in new fields of the human body and new regions of mind and faculty, and secondly because the famous explorers whose works one likes to read either have been physicians themselves or have found it almost imperative to practise medicine among the primitive peoples with whom they come in contact. Occasionally they take a doctor along with them, as did Sir Alexander Burnes in his travels in Bokhara. Winwood Reade, the African explorer, author of "The Martyrdom of Man," was a doctor. So was David Livingstone. On the other hand,

Doughty, whose two huge volumes on Arabia Deserta have of late become so popular, had no medical education whatever, but practised medicine nevertheless among the native Arabs, with a few simples and much caution, as one gathers in reading the formidable accounts of his adventures.

Here is the story so far as it is possible to uncover it of an American boy, born with that strange psychological make-up that leads to wandering and adventure, who, following his dream, achieved such great things as to place him among the foremost explorers of the world. But, by some curious fate, he has been lost sight of in the hurry and bluster of these modern days.

I make no apology, therefore, in venturing to present such brief facts as I have

been able to gather together in the history of Masson of Kentucky, that "irreclaimable vagabond," as Sir Thomas Holditch calls him in the two chapters he devotes to him in his fascinating book entitled "The Gates of India"—a history and description of the regions in and around the only passes between the vastnesses of Asia and the Indian peninsula. For, except in this northwest, there are no gates to the treasure-house through the cloud-covered mountain walls of snow and ice. Through these northwest passages have poured all the invaders from immemorial times—Aryans, Greeks, Mongols, or whatever hardened race among migrating and conquering peoples has sought the mild south and wealth and ease.

I can imagine this boy born (perhaps in 1798) in Kentucky—born with the spirit of adventure among a pioneer people who, amidst hardships, the hostility of nature, the peril of Indians, were cutting farms out of the primeval woods and slowly beginning to build up a civilized commonwealth. These pioneers were adventurous too in going into the wilderness to make their new homes, to hew and plow and plant and build, but this was commonplace adventure, making little appeal to the intellect or imagination. What was it that spiritualized in Masson in Kentucky those homely ambitions that made him reach out into the oldest parts of the Old World? There were no newspapers or magazines or news from anywhere except what came by word of mouth or letters months old. There could have been few books, and yet possibly some well-thumbed copy of Marco Polo came into his hands; or among his teachers, for he must have had some inspiring ones, perhaps was some intellectual exile and wanderer who told him tales of Polo, Genghis Khan, and Tamerlane, Baber, the Arabian Nights, Egypt, Golconda. However it may have been, there is no trace of any Masson family in the historical annals of Kentucky, and we must imagine this American boy, about twenty years of age, making his way slowly, perhaps earning it, on horseback, by boat or lumbering stage from Kentucky wilds to New York, then by slow sail to England; and we know with certainty that he then had four years of wandering and study in

England, France, and Russia before he reached Tiflis.

There is no book that tells us about him, no note of him in any of the biographies or encyclopædias, except a tiny note in Allibone's Dictionary of Authors that mentions just Charles Masson, without date or place of birth or death, and the titles of his books: "Journeys in Balochistan, Afghanistan, the Panjab and Kalat" in four volumes, Bentley, London, 1844. "Legends of the Afghans," in verse, 1848. This is all that is mentioned in Allibone. I have, besides the above edition, another edition of the Journeys published earlier by Bentley, in 1842, in three volumes. Aside from what he himself reveals to us of his character, attainments, and doings in these books and in one letter written in September, 1830, by the Resident of the Persian Gulf to the Chief Secretary of the Government of India (preserved in the Documents of the Bombay Secretariat), which sets forth a few things in his life which Masson had told the Resident, we have no data with regard to him, and we have no account of what became of him subsequently to the publication of the last edition of his works, in 1844. I have not been able to find a copy of his "Legends of the Afghans," in verse, published in 1848.

The letter of the Resident of the Persian Gulf referred to says that "an American gentleman of the name of Masson arrived at Bushire from Basadore on the 13th of June last [1830] describing himself as from the State of Kentucky and saying that he had been absent from his country for ten years, which he must consequently have left when he was young, as he is now only about two-and-thirty years of age." From the same letter we learn that before 1826 he had gone in from Tiflis through Persia and Afghanistan to Sind, and his book begins after this in the autumn of 1826, when he journeys from India via Peshawer to Kabul and Kandahar, in Afghanistan, and back to India. We have no record of the earlier journey through Afghanistan.

During the next four years he seems to have been continually travelling in these regions, though we have no dates between till his appearance before the Res-

ident of the Persian Gulf at Bushire, in June, 1830. He had reached Bushire from Karachi in India, by sea in Arab craft, and he returned along the seacoast in the same way to India and began farther journeys into Kalat and Afghanistan. We hear of him again spending a long period of time in Kabul in 1832 and 1833 and 1835, and indeed he was in that country for years till 1838, and early in 1840, his fourth volume tells us, he had just dispatched various manuscripts to England for publication and started on another journey from Karachi to Kalat, which lasted into 1841. This is almost the last date we have of any personal news of him, except that the preface of the fourth volume of the second edition of his book is dated London, February 1, 1843.

We establish however that for fifteen years he was a wanderer in those strange lands, an "irreclaimable vagabond" truly, yet a nomad with more than the usual lure of food and self-protection and gain. Whatever may have been the opportunities in those full years of his, since early life he was essentially a student, full of a zeal for knowledge and experience, an educated man, wisely critical of the disturbed political conditions in that quarter of the world, humanly sympathetic with his fellowmen of whatever race, adaptable to all conditions of life, and with marvellous courage to undertake such arduous journeys among countless perils. He had no private means. He travelled in Mongol or Hindoo costume or in rags or practically naked, when robbed of his all by mountain or desert bandits. If he needed a little money he would practise medicine. Sometimes a chieftain or official would make him a present of a small amount of money, a few rupees, but he often refused it. He preferred to go like the natives with perhaps a few coppers sewed up in his clothes. Most of those countless miles which made a network as shown on his own map all over Balochistan, Afghanistan, and Sind he made on foot. He shared the meals and resting-places of the natives, the peasants, the pilgrims, the travelling merchants whom he met by the way.

From such documents as we have,

especially his own books, we find that he wrote in an unusually good English style, that he spoke French fluently, that he spoke Persian and Hindi, that he made particular studies of the languages and dialects of the Balochs and Afghans, that he studied thoroughly the histories of these countries and peoples and the works of preceding travellers as far back as the Arab travellers and the routes of Alexander and Nearchus as described by Arrian. He made extensive studies of the political conditions, the military forces, the revenues, trades, agriculture and horticulture, religion, the manners and customs, ethnology, the natural history, including quadrupeds, birds, insects, amphibia, botany, geology and mineralogy, the data of which are brought together in his books. He made elaborate researches into the archæology and geography of these regions.

He was a careful collector and investigator of coins and sent some 30,000 coins to the East India Museum in London which he had found himself or come upon in his travels. Perhaps his chief interests might be considered to be archæology and numismatics. He could draw very well, and the first three volumes of his journeys are illustrated by some twenty drawings of cities, landscapes, ancient monuments, and the like. It is amazing what this young Kentuckian accomplished with the obstacles he must have had to overcome, and his books are far more interesting and romantic to read than those of Doughty. Perhaps the chief fascination in Doughty is his extraordinary style, Biblical in its character with much use of archaic words, parentheses, and involved sentences. It reads more like an epic poem than a record of observation and travel, even though its geographical and ethnic data afforded great help to the English in their Arabian campaigns.

Sometime in 1835 Masson accepted a proposal from the Indian Government to act as British agent and to keep them informed as to affairs in Kabul, but becoming dissatisfied with British governmental methods he resigned three years later a position which he called "disagreeable and dishonorable." He had nine years' intimate acquaintance with the Afghans and saw with consternation the way the

ignorant and foolish officials of the Indian Government were beginning to muddle up affairs between the two nations. Holditch says apropos of this that the Indian Government officials at that time were but amateurs in their knowledge of Afghan politics compared with Masson, and that much of the horrors of subsequent events might have been avoided could Masson have been admitted freely and fully to their counsels. Thus came the first Afghan war, with its complete destruction of the British army (1838-1841). The Oxford History of India tells the story and says of Lord Auckland, the Governor of India, that nobody would have "supposed it possible that he would drag the honor of England in the dirt and expose India to the most shameful humiliation she had ever suffered."

In the preface to "The Gates of India" Holditch says: "My excuse for giving so large a place to the American explorer Masson, for instance, is that he was first in the field at a critical period of Indian history. Apart from his extraordinary gifts and power of absorbing and collating information, history has proved that on the whole his judgment both as regards Afghan character and Indian political ineptitude was essentially sound."

In the two chapters devoted to Masson he gives him much praise. He says: "There was at least one active European agent in the field who was in direct touch

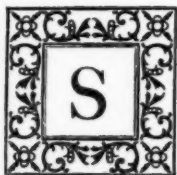
with the chief political actors in that strange land of everlasting unrest, and who has left behind him a record which is unsurpassed on the Indian frontier for the width of its scope of inquiry into matters political, social, economic, and scientific, and the general accuracy of his conclusions. This was the American, Masson." Elsewhere he says there is a peculiar value in the records of this traveller, that they are as valuable now as they were eighty years ago, and that no narrative of adventure that has ever appeared before or since in connection with Afghan exploration can rival his for interest. "Nothing seems to have come amiss to his inquiring mind. Archaeology, numismatics, botany, geology, history—it was all new to him, and an inexhaustible opportunity lay before him. He certainly made good use of it." "He was a wide observer and must have been the possessor of a most remarkable memory. He was indeed a whole intelligence department in himself." "As an explorer in Afghanistan he stands alone. His work has never been equalled."

It was a long way in those days from Kentucky to Afghanistan, and one wonders what burning fires of imagination led this mysterious and unknown youth from the crude and rough borders along the Ohio River to the magic banks of the Indus and Oxus to achieve there fame and a great name, even if for a moment, in the century he has been forgotten.



# Boys and Poetry

BY MATTHEW WILSON BLACK



OME weeks ago there came to my theme-littered desk a letter bearing the superscription of a "cozy" little "art bookshop" located down on quaint Camac Street, a romantic byway which does for our city what "The Village" might, but does not, do for New York. I knew the charming proprietress, and I knew what the letter contained: an invitation to "give a little talk" to the "patrons of my little shop" ("your message about such and such a book or so-and-so, the new novelist, would fit in so nicely"). My reflections, as I slit the envelope and read its contents, were mildly cynical. Public lectures—giving them and going to them—are a literary weakness of present-day America. They have been the intellectual ruin of wiser men than I; and besides, I was too busy to sally forth to fill in the hour before tea, unless I found an opportunity to be really helpful on some subject that was near to my heart.

"If," was my answer, "you are interested in either of the things I care about most in all the world—boys or poetry—I shall be glad to talk."

Her reply was prompt and also stimulating. "Why not talk about both together? I shall invite a hundred poetry-lovers, teachers, older brothers and sisters, parents who are continually asking, 'Can't you give me something that will get my William or my Ethel interested in poetry?' I do hope you can tell us something encouraging and make some helpful, practical suggestions."

Well, after six happy though hectic years spent teaching literature at a large university, I could and did. The hundred devotees, or a percentage of them large enough to assure me that the subject was to them a live one, assembled. I talked earnestly, but cheerfully, for I have a deep and abiding faith in poetry and what

it can do. It is my way of saving souls. But, as so often happens, I received from the subsequent discussion more than I gave. I came away with impressions which have kept me thinking about this significant and fruitful puzzle ever since. Incidentally I have been wondering whether my audience, in interest and in point of view, were not typical of a hundred similar groups in other cities.

Above all else, they seemed to me to exaggerate the hopelessness of the situation. "The weak point in your armor, if I may say so," challenged one man, a dramatic critic on one of the papers, "is that you talk as though boys read poetry. As a matter of fact, scarcely any one reads poetry, or even buys it. The poetry alcove in a bookstore is about the one spot in our whole civilization of stone and wheels and collective mediocrity, where a man can be sure of being quiet and alone." "I don't know what America's coming to," said a woman. "We have ceased to dream dreams. When I think of what 'Pippa Passes' meant to us! And my son and daughter *will* not even read it." And there was general agreement. Some one quoted solemnly, "Without vision the people perish." And, "Frankly, none of my friends, either boys or girls, ever read a word of poetry," cried a girl, to cap the climax.

Of course, it is undeniably true that poetry is less widely read to-day than it was, say, a hundred years ago. Times have changed when one is asked to appear before a group of reading people, cultivated people, and talk to them *optimistically* about literature in its rarest, its quintessential form. Suppose for a moment the little bookshop had been in one of the byways off Fleet Street in London just a century since. Suppose my audience had been ladies in poke bonnets, in elbow gloves, and little heel-less slippers tied on with narrow ribbons; and gentlemen in pantaloons, swallow-tails and double-breasted waistcoats, bea-

ver hats, side-whiskers, with long hair curling over their stocks. Suppose that they had driven in from the West End of London, deserting the Ring and Ranelagh for an hour, to listen to an obscure don of one of the universities on the subject, "Poetry for the Young."

How different my task would have been! I should have warned them that the young of London were poring over books of verse at the expense of their health, if not also of their morals. I should have picked my way amid a perfect host of popular, famous names, warning, deprecating, recommending. If there were a moment for gossip, I should doubtless have remarked the sale of Mr. Crabbe's copyright for £3000 (a sum no doubt equal to \$50,000 in present money value. Can any one mention a poet save Kipling whose copyright is worth that to-day?). I might have mentioned the rapid sale of the edition de luxe of Sir Walter Scott's metrical romances, of Lord Byron's most immoral "Don Juan" or any of a multitude of other "best-sellers." But ever and anon, the burden of my discourse would have been that the young people of London must learn to pick and choose among the host of poets they read, and that cricket must not be allowed to suffer.

Certainly, it is not so with us. The impecuniousness of poets has become a stock joke, with humiliating examples on every hand.

But it is easy for facile teacup pessimism to paint us—far more benighted than we are. The comparison between London in 1825 and America in 1925 is utterly unfair. The just parallel, which is that between America in 1825 and America in 1925, is vastly more encouraging. Besides, fashions change. The host of writers, the host of readers, the high financial rewards that used to follow poetry, have been diverted to the novel and the short story for a time. Yet one does hear of dozens of young people in every large city who not only read poetry but write it. And there must be a proportionately greater number whom one does not hear of. Generally speaking, my guess is that there are perhaps as many people reading poetry as there ever have been, *but no more*. And with the

spread of education, we have a right to expect that there should be many more. Certainly at no time have there been so many otherwise civilized young people who are not interested in poetry.

What shall we do about them? Let them go their unenlightened way? Decide that they aren't worth saving? Not while there live any with the hearts of missionaries, the zeal of crusaders, who believe, as I do, that the awakening to poetry is an event in a boy's or a girl's emotional life, a landmark in the formation of character, second in importance only to religious conversion, very similar to it in kind and in the depth of its effects, and very similar to it in suddenness and unexpectedness. It is a phenomenon which I have been privileged to witness intimately, only perhaps half a dozen times. But no young minister burning to save souls could feel one whit more tender or more proud toward the young enthusiasts in his confirmation class than I have felt and feel toward these young converts to poetry. It is an experience beautiful to watch. The surprised delight in the eyes of a boy who has "got it" is reward for no matter how many years of apparently fruitless striving.

Their expression of what they feel is crude enough; thank the Lord, they don't become critics overnight; one doesn't mind their inarticulateness, still less the refreshing naïveté of their explanation of how it happened; for these only show how genuine the experience has been. I remember a certain fresh-faced lad who came into my rooms one evening to borrow a book. I asked him what kind of book—he usually wanted something funny, like O. Henry or Leacock. It appeared that he wanted a book of poetry. I looked at him in surprise; I had had a try at him already and had produced what seemed to me to be less than no effect; he had said somewhat proudly that he never read poetry. And now he wished to borrow a volume of it. I said: "Why, Stevenson, man, what's happened to you? Are you in love?"

He brushed this suggestion aside. "No, nothing like that, sir. I'm off women. But the other day in Doctor Felton's course, he was readin' along from a man named Blake, or something like that,

something about a little child, and a fellow playin' the pipes, and a lamb, and something about a tiger too, I think. Well, anyway, I wasn't paying much attention, and then all of a sudden Doctor Felton's voice got husky, and I looked up an' saw there were tears in his eyes. But the funny part of it was, he looked so darn happy all the time.

"So after class I got to thinking about it, and I said to myself, 'Say, if that stuff can make an old hard-boiled egg like Doctor Felton cryin'-happy, it must be strong stuff.' So I got the book out of the library and got to readin' some of it myself and I'll say it's great; gee, it sure is great."

Another returned my copies of "Modern Love" and Noyes with the following outburst: "I say, sir, here are those books of poems you lent me. Thanks ever so much." A pause; then: "I say, sir, I never could see much in the stuff. And I can't get much out of this man Meredith, yet; but say, Noyes, he's great. That one about the fellow that gallops up to the old hotel at night—gee, it's *great*. Have you got any more by him?"

The word "great" is all his critical vocabulary. But it is enough. From that on he was an easy victim.

"What happened to these young men afterward?" some one might ask. "Did their interest last through the football season? After all, it's not much of a triumph to get any one to respond to a few childlike lyrics of William Blake, still less a narrative romance like Noyes's 'Highwayman.'"

My point is that the start is everything. Once break down that fright which many right-minded boys feel when confronted with verse, *once* let them feel the thrill of words, and you have given them a spiritual treasure which they will never altogether lose.

As for these two young men, they were students in our School of Commerce and Finance, embryo business men. Nothing happened to them, as far as any one could see. They didn't give up their business course to change over into the arts department and devote themselves to literature. But in the two years that have passed, they *have* gone on reading

poetry. They have taken all the courses they could get in which the reading of poetry is a feature. They still come around to see me and talk about something they like—much of it still bad, but improving in taste. But what is more than this, I know, I can see, that they are *happier* and finer for the experience. I think they will be better citizens for the ideals they are absorbing, better business men because they will have more imagination; they will be nicer to their wives and a thousand times more interesting to their children. I can't say more than that; but I wonder if that is not all there could be to say.

Exceptional boys? Not at all. Yet to reassure the reader that we have in mind the same "Young People" let me describe a typical American youth of the sort one hopes to reach, as I meet him by the hundred every year. He is, let us say, about twenty, and in one of his first three years at a college or university. He plays on one of the teams, and if you could see him when he is alone in his room, you would observe that he is proud of his mighty arm and chest muscles and studies them from different angles in the mirror. He has only recently begun to plaster down the rebellious hair that used to make him so cunning when he was a boy. For the first time he is secretly wishing that he had practised when, as a mere kid, he was having his music and dancing lessons—though that is an admission that you will not easily get out of him. His mother is encouraged, though, about his clothes. He is beginning really to take notice of what he wears. In fact, he is becoming a bit of a dandy. The shape and angle of his hat are matters of tremendous moment, judging by the amount of time he spends adjusting them. They are things with which no mere woman can tamper any longer. His suit is of tweed, with belted jacket and trousers moderately bell-shaped at the bottom. His shoes are enormous, tan, with thick soles and intricate (hence "trick") perforated decorations on the toes. He wears a muffler which calls to mind Mr. Hergesheimer's book, "The Bright Shawl."

Mentally, he has retained from the first five years of his schooling the three

R's; less from the second five years; little from the third five years. He is, however, an authority on one or more of the following subjects: the viscera of an automobile; radio; the sporting page of the newspaper; the personnel of the comic strips; moving pictures; dancing. He reads more than you think: magazines, a few novels, but no poetry.

Psychologically, his most striking trait is apparently a profound and lasting cynicism. For you must know that this man has *lived* and suffered, and learned. He has spent a whole week's allowance on a girl, and then two nights later she danced four times with that snake, Joe West. It follows that all women are false. A prof. has posed before his class as an authority on drama and then one day when they asked him something about Al Jolson, it turned out that he thought Al Jolson was a prize-fighter! And anyhow half the things that profs. say are matters of opinion, just purely matters of opinion. (He likes phrases like "matters of opinion.") It follows that all education is bunk, which one submits to perforce, but is not deceived by. All profs. "sell hokum."

Toward poetry his attitude is simple and logical. He has tried it, and there's nothing in it. Stories are all right—there's something doing, action, excitement in them; essays too, for you can sometimes figure out, if you have to, what "the bird is trying to prove." But this poetry stuff—all about nightingales and flowers and stars, and guys playing mandolins with long necks—is a lot of fairy-tales and sweet nothings; a lot o' nothing dressed up in a lot o' words.

If you press him, he will add that he can't have the other men taking him for a softy. Nobody but greasers go in for poetry and all that kind of hooey—literature and stuff. Greasers and a lot of sentimental women! Heh! (His sister is startlingly like him in this and many other ways, save that she may cherish in secret a love for the very things she affects to scorn. And who shall say that the boy does not do even this?)

You recognize him, I hope. He sounds pretty impervious. But he really isn't. He is not as easily susceptible to poetry as he was at twelve, let us say. He has developed a number of other material-

istic, alluring interests, of the kind I have mentioned—tangible things that he can play with. And he has developed a kind of protective shell against idealism. But he is by no means as hardened as he appears. There is nothing yet which a determined, tactful, and well-equipped missionary cannot penetrate. And underneath he is still a living mass of undirected enthusiasm, just as fine, just as ductile as ever, just as receptive of real poetry if some one can bring it to him.

But I have mentioned a crucial point. Whence has come this protective shell? What is it in his experience between five and twenty that tends to close up those avenues of his soul by which beauty expressed in words can reach him?

First of all, it seems to me, the periodical-reading which he does for himself creates in him a false notion of what poetry is. One day, after finishing the adventures of the Gumps and exhausting the sporting-page, he has a few moments on his hands and he leafs through the rest of the paper. He sees a half-column of something which by its ragged, broken-up appearance he recognizes as verse. A feeling of virtue surges over him. His mother and his teacher are always telling him that he ought to read poetry. He will read it. And what does he read? Probably something like this:

#### THE LITTLE GIRL WITH A BROKEN NOSE

Poor little girl with the broken nose,  
Wondering why all the attention goes  
To the baby now, and why daddy's knee  
Isn't all yours as it used to be!  
Oh, it's all so strange and it's all so queer,  
You used to have all of the love, my dear,  
And now there's another to claim a share  
And somehow it doesn't seem just quite fair.

There is very little here for a boy's spirit to lean upon.

He may even chance upon one of the more literary magazines, which he picks up from the library table, and there he finds too often verse which is merely pale, anæmic, pretty-pretty.

What wonder, after a few such experiences, that he comes to the conclusion that poetry is a trivial thing, propagated by and for—to use his own phrase—"a lot of sentimental women." What wonder that he concludes that it has no place

in his life present or future? Jack is by no means lacking in hard penetration: and he feels, as any hard-penetrating person would, that if this is poetry, he not only doesn't need poetry, but is better off without it.

It seems to me, then, that one of the missionary's first duties is by a series of judicious and tactful allusions made over the newspaper or the magazine while he is around to hear—never direct, never so far as he can see, aimed at him—to stigmatize such filler as the trash that it is, and so break down the confusion between sentimentality and poetry.

Another layer in this protective crust was added when he *studied* poetry in school—to say nothing of learning "The Chambered Nautilus" as a punishment. Poems, masterpieces, have been picked to the bones in his bored presence, to serve an entirely different end from that of inculcating a love of poetry. He has had to look up all the old words in that first true English nature lyric, the prologue to the "Canterbury Tales"; he has learned what a "loud bassoon" is. A story has been going the rounds of college English departments about a boy who when asked to identify Milton's "L'Allegro" finally produced the information that that was the poem in which you had to look up Calliope. Poetry had become synonymous to him with the juiceless, uninspiring labor of looking up forgotten goddesses and medieval nouns. Our universities are full of these graceless, unwilling little pseudo-pedants.

One of them who discouraged me recently was a girl, by the bye. I had asked her personal reaction to a wonderful old tale of chivalry and magic in which a huge knight, with a beard as long and green as a bush, rides into King Arthur's glamorous court, has his head severed by a sword-stroke, picks up his head, holds it facing his adversary and challenges him to a meeting one year hence. What, I asked her, in effect, do you think of that? Her personal reactions of wonder and delight were somewhat as follows: " 'Sir Gawain and the Green Knight' is a non-alliterative English metrical romance, written by some anonymous contemporary of the great Chaucer. There has been considerable discussion among scholars as to the date of this great work,

which can only be determined by delicate turns of dialect and internal allusions, but *in my opinion* it was written about 1370, in the West Midland dialect, etc., etc."

Well, poetry was made to be read, and enjoyed, and thrilled to, not studied. Equally unfortunate is the boy upon whom some misguided pedagogue has thrust a knowledge of those profound and terrible mysteries, the iambus, the dactyl, the trochee and the anapest. There is no help in handbooks, no meat in metre!

And then there is the system of writing what are called reading-reports. Don't ask a boy to tell you what he has read, at least at first. Don't ask him to write anything about it. The report system is a most unfortunate but happily temporary feature of high-school and university literature courses, in which there are so many people that it is impossible to learn of a student's capabilities in any other way. It will disappear as the institutions enlarge. Meanwhile, nothing could be more unfortunate than any attempt to carry it into the home, under any guise whatever. Not only does it outrage that sense of delicacy with which a boy of twenty regards the strange new impulses that poetry rouses in him; but the results themselves are bound to be disastrous. He *can't* do it. Literary criticism is an art in itself, and an art that by no means follows upon the instinctive, primitive appreciation we are trying to stir. I, who read over a thousand of these papers in a year, know whereof I speak.

Still another thing that the object of your proselyting must be carefully guarded from, is definitions of poetry. Too many of them are on a plane to which he cannot mount, ethereal, moonlit, pools-at-even, evanescent, misty—the "Ah-h-h, poetry!" kind of thing.

Even the definition given by Dr. Watts-Dunton in the "Britannica" would go far, in fact, toward confirming him in the notion that a poet and, to a slightly less extent, any one who is interested in poetry is, in his words, a kind of "nut."

No study of poetry, then, no bewildering definitions, no ultra-modern experiments: all that is necessary is to bring the young person and poetry together, without any third factor of whatever kind. I mean, put poetry of a certain kind where he can get it, in your library, in his room,

and it will be its own answer, win its own victories.

The only question is: What poetry shall we begin with? Remember, the start is everything. Please, kind reader, do not say to yourself: "Why, what is the man thinking of? We have standard editions at home of every great poet from Shakespeare and Spenser down—Keats, Tennyson, Shelley, all of them, and I've just begged our Henry to read them." Please do not say that. I do not mean the Classics. You do not feed a starving man meat. And you do not send miles away for a basket of humming-birds' wings.

There is need, then, of a new anthology of a sort never collected before, a "Youth's Anthology," a selection for Jack and Jill. Anthologies, to be sure, we have a-plenty. But they are for the exceptional boy; the thing has never been done, I think, for the average boy. And so far as I have analyzed the type of poetry which belongs in this new, this useful book, I shall indicate it here.

First of all, our anthology will include only poems with a strongly marked rhythm. Alexandrines and hexameters must come later; free verse, too. I had a striking example of the power of rhythm in one of my classes not so long ago. It was drawing near the glad hour of twelve, for which the sufferers longed, not only as they long for the end of every class, but with the cumulative suppressed animalism of a long morning plus the gnawings of hunger. Worse still, it was hot. And I had miscalculated my time, and found myself with but three minutes in which to read an illustration and point a moral. With a bland unawareness of their anxious faces, a deaf ear to their shuffling feet, I launched into the illustration. It was Alfred Noyes's "Forty Singing Seamen." I feared the worst, for I read poetry at least as badly as most people.

"Across the seas of Wonderland to Mogadore  
we plodded,  
Forty singing seamen in an old black barque."

The swaggering, sea-legged swing of it caught me, as it always does. And, to my delight it caught them too. The note-books stopped slapping, the uneasy movements ceased, the anxious look faded

from the faces before me. The thrill of their edified silence carried me on until I had read it all—a matter of at least ten minutes. Eight after twelve and they never moved a muscle, forty hungry freshmen on the hard oak seats! I must write to Mr. Noyes about it, I think.

Swing, then, the pieces of our anthology must have. And now for the content: the requirements are, briefly, three. It should be poetry of our own time, or near it, not only because we must eliminate the intellectual distraction of notes and explanations, which the boy understandably detests, together with all the other apparatus for studying poetry before he loves it, but also because the Classics are too big for him as yet. Second, it should be poetry that deals with life, and not with dreams—Hardy, not de la Mare; and poetry which deals with life dramatically—kinetic, or potentially so, not contemplative, introspective. And even out of this I would select: poetry dealing with emotions which the boy has felt and feels.

This last is the real key to the difficulty. Poetry is bound up with emotion, and the boy's emotional range is limited. How can he understand or like what he does not feel, never has felt?

For the matter of that, let the maturer lover of verse call honestly to mind how much of the great poetry was really, instinctively, his the first time he read it; how much of it brought the exultation of seeing what he felt as strongly as the poet, put for him into beautiful words—how many of the lines he could shout aloud with conviction, with passion. What a lot of literary hypocrisy we should clear away if we all confessed the truth! Let me admit, for example, that when I read Wordsworth for the first time, only the Lucy poems, and two sonnets, especially the one beginning

"I am not one who much or oft delight,  
To season my fireside with personal talk—"

and the other:

"The world is too much with us; late and  
soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our  
powers;"

hit me at all. These, and these only, represented the part of Wordsworth that was strongly, inescapably mine at first.

Of Byron, I found myself written in a few passages of proud, bitter egotism in "Childe Harold." And so with the rest. I aspire to the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" just as I aspire to "The Skylark" and "The Nightingale," and "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty." I can rise to them while I am reading them, but afterward I come back to earth with a thud. Some day I hope I shall possess them all. But when that time comes, I shall be a different person from the person I am now.

Let each of us apply that test, if he dares, to his own reading of poetry, and then let us apply it to our selection of poems for boys and girls. I have often thought that the proverb, "Hitch your wagon to a star," makes no mention of the length of the rope. A proper humility about one's own appreciation of poetry does much to prevent the error of the forcing-house in this delicate task.

But no such vague analysis can lead one unerringly to the proper selection. Nor is it possible, I think, to render the analysis more exact. Let me set forth with due hesitancy a few of the poems which seem to me to belong in "Youth's Anthology" because I have seen them, in classroom and study, have their high way with boys and girls:

Masefield's "Dauber," and "Biography." In the latter, the description of London nights spent in glowing talk with his friends and the passage which tells of the boat-race are precisely in the right key. It is a strange youth who is not moved by them. Of Noyes, "The Barrel-Organ" and the "Highwayman," "A Victory Dance," and for youngsters of a scientific bent, "The Watchers of the Skies" and "The Torch-Bearers." As many as the book will hold of Rupert Brooke, Joyce Kilmer, Alan Seeger—all the gallant young group of war poets, English and American. "Savage Portraits" of Don Marquis. The title-piece of Mary Dixon Thayer's "Songs of Youth." Many of Kipling's, which are sure to catch lads who are fond—as hundreds of them are—of Robert Service. Service himself should by all means be liberally included. And so, carefully, on. Nothing more fatuous could well be imagined than any attempt here at completeness. A hundred others come to

mind. I put these first, as songs against whose appeal few boys are proof. Nor need the older nor the gentler poets be altogether neglected. That simple little sonnet-drama of Michael Drayton's,

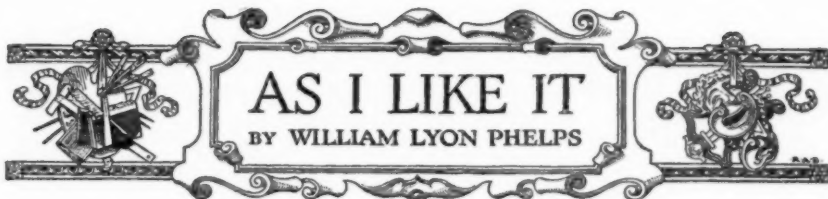
"Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part,  
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me. . . ."

the serenity of "My mind to me a kingdom is," the manly sweetness of "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"—these are examples out of hundreds which are completely within youth's scope and are perennial in their appeal.

One thing the reader will notice about my choices is that the poets are all men whom youth can respect. The school-room presentation of the lives of the bards leaves many boys with a notion that in their private life they were either sissies or rakes, or both. They listen in wide-eyed enlightenment to the tale of how Noyes threw the batman downstairs; of Ben Jonson killing his man in single combat on the plains of Flanders; of Keats expelled from school for pugnacity. The boy must be made to see that a poet may be very much like himself before he can respect him. But choose white souls like Masefield, Kilmer, Brooke, for deep down in his heart the boy is pretty much of a Puritan. Above all, tell him the story of Rupert Brooke. I have told it many times, and have yet to find a boy unmoved by it.

This, then, is my advice. Am I a Jesuit? Am I palming off the little gods and forgetting the big ones? Is the reader worried about the Classics and the young person? I can only say again, unstop his ears, and after that he will not wish to close them. He will listen for all that his soul can catch of the beauty of words.

But let the apostle not forget that he himself must be the thing he wishes his proselyte to become. He must steep himself in the great things of all the ages, make them his own. For the young person is quick to detect any but the sincerest and richest enthusiasm in those who try to lead him. Poetry must be a necessity to you before you can make it desirable to him. To such a missionary nothing is impossible; and of a surety the fault is with us and not the rising generation, if we fail to pass on the torch.



# AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

IS it possible that there is any connection between the United States "crime wave" and the flood of detective novels? There is certainly a tidal wave of crime. An admirable editorial in the *New York World* for August 4 is headed *Had your little murder to-day?* and ends *what to do, and do it?*

As it seems probable that the third decade of the twentieth century in America will forever be memorable for its daily list of murders, so I cannot remember a time when current fiction was more heavily spiced with crook novels. The proof that these are works of fiction is not in their strangeness, but that in every instance the criminal is caught and properly dealt with; whereas in actuality he is not often apprehended, less often convicted, and conviction may mean little or nothing. I dare say an insurance company would be mathematically justified in taking on any one who was under sentence of death.

Here is a list of novels published within the last few months, that I will guarantee as thrillers; there must be thrice as many I have not read. In addition to "The Three Hostages," "The House of the Arrow," "The Locked Book," "The Monster," "A Voice from the Dark," "Thus Far," which I have previously mentioned, and which, although of British origin, are selling sweetly in America, there are "The Mystery of the Singing Walls," by W. A. Stowell, "A Midsummer Mystery," by Gordon Gerould, "Darkened Windows," by Cornelia Kane Rathbone, "The Red Lamp," by Mary Roberts Rinehart, "The Black Magician," by R. T. M. Scott. In addition there is a stirring tale by a new author, Rufus King, called "North Star," wherein the detective is a dog—and those who love both excitement and dogs will have a feast.

Of the list just given, "The Red Lamp," by the well-beloved Mrs. Rinehart, is perhaps the most ingenious, she being a specialist in ingenuity; it is if anything

too complicated, for I stopped occasionally to look back and reassure myself on identities, as one constantly does in reading an Elizabethan play. In addition to crime, Mrs. Rinehart gives us spiritism and ghosts. I never saw a ghost, but many intelligent people have believed in them, William De Morgan, for example.

But if "The Red Lamp" is the most ingenious, "The Black Magician" is the most thrilling. It is a delectable dish, with the ingredients kindly mixed.

I enjoy reading sleuth-books, though I have not read so many as G. K. Chesterton or Count Ilya Tolstoi, both of whom, I believe, always carry one in the pocket.

To turn from the pursuit of crime to the pursuit of something yet more elusive, Truth, let me recommend a small volume called "Can a Man Be a Christian To-day?" by William Louis Poteat. The author is a botanist and President of Wake Forest College. I wish I might study both botany and religion under his direction, as he has the gift of lucid exposition. This is a talking book, consisting of three lectures which Doctor Poteat was invited to deliver at the University of North Carolina. The three lectures are called, respectively, "To-day," "Baggage," "Peace."

The real advance in Christian thought to-day consists in going back—going back through the accumulated baggage of theology, dogmas, creeds, and rituals, to the Founder of Christianity. It has never been easy to be a Christian; Browning thanked God that it was very hard. Doctor Poteat does not ask if it is easy or hard; he asks if it is possible. And after a candid examination of both scientific and spiritual truth, he answers in the affirmative. There are hundreds of thousands of honest young people who are in perplexity, and who would like to have an intellectually respectable religion. They will find illumination in this little book.

It is commonly said that the youth of

to-day are indifferent to religion; but my observation seems to indicate that they are more indifferent to science. How many of them, unless they are forced to do so, read through a scientific book? In general conversation, is it science or is it religion which is the more frequent topic?

Those who admired Doctor Frank Crane's popular confession of faith, "Why I Am a Christian," will enjoy Bruce Barton's "The Man Nobody Knows," which is also written in colloquial language. It is an attempt, by an expert in this field of business, to advertise the manly virtues and the "psychology" of Our Lord in his dealings with men. It affords one more illustration of the range of appeal made by the most interesting personality in history. I imagine that Mr. Barton, who is an able, energetic, successful man of business, cannot patiently endure the common spectacle of seeing the most interesting of all persons the subject of so many dry sermons. Ministers have the most appealing thing in the world, and they often advertise it clumsily. He will show them not only how to do it, but will show them how He did it.

It will not hurt any minister to read this book; and there are no persons who are more willing and eager to learn than ministers of the gospel. It is strange that their enemies represent them as opposed to knowledge, whereas the members of no other calling or profession make such sacrifices to give their children an unhampered education.

Still another presentation of the central truth in the Christian religion is to be found in A. S. M. Hutchinson's new novel, "One Increasing Purpose," which, by the time these lines are published, should be at once delighting the public and enraging the critics. It will enrage the critics because of the idiosyncrasies of its literary style, and because of its evangelical fervor. Instead of making religious people dull and disgusting, he actually makes them attractive. He will never be forgiven for this. It will delight the public because it is, first of all, an interesting story: because its characters, especially the three brothers, are impressively real; because it comes from a personality so rich in humor, sympathy, loving-kindness, and ideality that one is often reminded of De Morgan and

Dickens. The youngest of the three brothers in this novel is a kind of Great-heart, leading pilgrims toward the Celestial City; in his capacity to understand sinners and to unshackle them he recalls the author's Mark Sabre, and the youngest of the three Karamazov brothers.

In Mr. Hutchinson's preceding novel, "This Freedom," the story came to grief through a temporary eclipse of the author's sense of humor, which here emerges brighter than ever. I feel sure that either Mr. Wells or Mr. Bennett would have been glad to write the chapters about Stupendity.

Mr. Hutchinson takes religion seriously; he seems to think that Christianity should reveal itself in daily living. But he does not take himself too seriously, and he does not take his adverse critics seriously at all. He himself appears in his own story as the popular writer "B. C. D." Here is his own description of the Super-famous novelist (Part I, Chapter XX):

The habitual look of this remarkable man—a youngish-looking man wearing rimless spectacles—was the look of a man in imminent peril of at any moment being arrested; which, in the considered judgment of the great majority of those literary critics and intellectuals who together form the eminent and redoubtable Bodyguard of the glorious heritage and traditions of English literature, he not only deserved to be but, as they said, if literature were properly appreciated and protected in this country, would have been long ago. . . . The primary offence which caused this trogloditish yet universally known individual to warrant arrest was of a double order. It reposed first in the injurious fact that the novel, "The Road Home," which had brought him fame had not brought him fame by order of the Bodyguard (who had indeed either ignored it or perfunctorily dismissed it until they discovered it to be running like a pestilence among the common people); and it reposed secondly in the insulting fact that his novel sold in more hundreds of thousands than any modern novel had hitherto sold or than any novel not written by a member of the Intellectual branch of the Bodyguard, or not issued under the direct patronage of the Critical branch of the Bodyguard, had any right, reason, excuse, precedent or permission to sell.

His adverse and pompous critics have not succeeded in removing his head, nor

has his popularity with readers turned it. B. C. D. is speaking (Part IV, Chapter I):

My intention is, as also I have said, when it comes for me to cut the painter and put out to sea, to leave this record behind me for the purpose that whoever comes to write that man's chronicle may have it, not to use in what is I am afraid and despite all my efforts my characteristic style, but to work upon and gather what he may. . . . For my own share I have this—that though in my passage here I have done no more than earn a little specious notoriety, to be shovelled back to me with the earth and left there with me when they cover me in, etc.

Every one knows how difficult it is to persuade a good man to become a candidate for political office; naturally enough, he does not like to leave a congenial occupation and the happiness of the domestic circle, to become a target for abuse and slander and ridicule. Something has recently happened in England which is going to make able and virtuous citizens even more reluctant. If there was one man in the nineteenth century whose private life seemed to be above suspicion, it was Gladstone. But now, after he has been in his grave nearly thirty years, a book appears (see *Time*) in which Gladstone is accused of being a sensualist. If a man of Gladstone's character is not safe from posthumous attack, what is going to be the fate of ordinary citizens?

J. A. Spender, in his admirable work, "The Public Life," said: "Nothing served Gladstone better with the mass of his supporters than the well-founded belief that he lived seriously in private as in public." Gladstone made so many enemies, especially after 1886, that if it had been possible to find a stain on his private character, his foes would have published it—how they hated him! In 1889 I was talking with Professor J. P. Mahaffy, of Dublin. I thought it strange in Great Britain that political animosity should destroy personal friendship. "Why," he replied, "Gladstone and I used to be the best of friends, we had hours and hours of intimate conversation. But if I saw him on the street to-day, I would not greet him or notice him." And he gave as his only reason Gladstone's attitude on Home Rule. If he had known anything against the private character of the great states-

man, he would have mentioned it, for he spoke with fury. Furthermore, in the same conversation, he said that Parnell's irregularities with women were well known, and this was before the public scandal.

In the anonymous book, "Uncensored Recollections," whose author does not hesitate to publish much racy gossip, Gladstone is treated with respect; if there had been any irregularity, it would surely have been set down. Both Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone attempted to save many of those wretched women who are so sentimentally called daughters of joy. Gladstone never hesitated to risk his reputation if he could do any one of these creatures any good; and his wife not only knew of his efforts and approved of them, but shared them. In one of the few idealistic pages in his cynical autobiography, the author of "Uncensored Recollections" writes:

But speaking of the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) and his tender sympathy and care for all who were in sorrow and his exquisite tact in expressing that sympathy, leads one naturally to think of the incident of his stooping and reverently kissing the hand of Mrs. Gladstone as she stood in her great sorrow by the grave of her illustrious husband at the funeral in Westminster Abbey. I think that there can be no doubt that Mrs. Gladstone—"Aunt Pussy," as she was lovingly called by her near relations—may safely be taken as the most perfect type of an English lady that the nineteenth century can show us. . . . She was beautiful when I knew her—beautiful in the late autumn of her life; but that was as nothing compared to her charm of manner, delightfulness of disposition, and the noble qualities of her tender heart. I have heard, from persons well acquainted with the fact, of this sweet refined lady dressing herself shabbily and going out at night to talk to and help (never, of course, in a patronizing way) the poor girls walking Piccadilly; cheering them, sympathizing with them in their utter desolation, made all the more pitiful by the powder, paint, and smiles with which they strove to hide it. I could tell many tales of the almost countless acts of Christian love performed by stealth (and in many cases even unknown to the Grand Old Man) by this—in the highest and best sense of the term—*grande dame*; but as they did not come within my personal knowledge, and as they are almost too sacred to find place in a book of gossip, I will say nothing. But I

repeat that as a perfect type of sweet, pure, tender, refined, loving English womanhood, Mrs. Gladstone stands unrivalled; and it was knowing this, that the Prince so reverently kissed her hand in the Abbey.

Attacks on Gladstone's private character could do no harm if it were not for the lamentable fact that so many human beings eagerly swallow slander. The two modern statesmen who should be in this regard as safe from insult as nuns—W. E. Gladstone and Woodrow Wilson—have now both suffered defamation. It is strange that those who are sceptical about so many things should in this respect show such credulity. But there are people who love to spit on statues.

The words of Stephen Phillips on Gladstone would also apply to Wilson:

"Yet not for all thy breathing charm remote,  
Nor breach tremendous in the forts of Hell,  
Not for these things we praise thee, though  
these things

Are much; but more, because thou didst  
discern

In temporal policy the eternal will;  
Thou gav'st to party strife the epic note,  
And to debate the thunder of the Lord;  
To meanest issues fire of the Most High."

To Americans generally and to the inhabitants of Brooklyn particularly, I recommend an autobiography by John Raymond Howard, called "Remembrance of Things Past." Mr. Howard is eighty-eight years old, and, having spent most of his life in the publishing business, has an accurate sense of what contemporary slang calls "news values." It is curious to read of his conversations with Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who died in Florence sixty-four years ago; with Abraham Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, and other famous folk. His two heroes are John C. Frémont and Henry Ward Beecher; the reader will become intimately acquainted with both. (I remember that I thought Frémont almost prehistoric, when I saw him in 1884. Mr. Blaine made a short speech in New Haven, and then introduced the first candidate of the Republican party).

Mr. Howard's fourscore-and-more years have not been labor and sorrow, but labor and happiness. I fear he is an incurable optimist. He is a fine representative

American citizen; one who knows the world of business, one who has travelled abroad, one who loves art, music, and letters, one who loves his wife and family, one who goes to church, reads his Bible, prays every day, and says grace at meals. He is the kind of man of whom Robert Benchley spoke so approvingly and affectionately in his excellent dramatic criticisms in *Life*—the kind he saw all around him at a Gilbert and Sullivan revival. Such men are the salt of the earth.

Students of human nature will find it instructive to turn from the record of a sturdy, alert, sound-hearted man like Mr. Howard to the Boswellian records written down by J. J. Brousson, called "Anatole France Himself," where everything that Mr. Howard admires is laughed at by the French academician, and where everything Mr. Howard would find detestable is held up to admiration. Brousson has not only written down his records, he has written down his hero, who appears, with all his wit, as a rather slimy old lecher. It is entertaining to read, in the translator's preface, that the publication of this book in France has had a "beneficial effect" on the great man's reputation.

What I should like to see would be the expression on the faces of the awardees of the Nobel Prize while they peruse this vivacious volume.

I greet with cheers a scholarly work that has been awaited eagerly by every student of English literature—the Oxford Jonson. This complete critical edition will appear in ten volumes, of which the first two reached me yesterday. The editors are C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson, and these two volumes are perhaps the most interesting. They are called "The Man and His Work," and consist of a biography of old Ben, some hitherto unpublished letters, the Conversations with Drummond, many gossiping fragments, legal and official documents, a list of books in Jonson's library, and Introductions to all the plays and separate works. Every one interested in Elizabethan literature should become familiar with these Oxford editions. There have already appeared in complete form, "Thomas Kyd," edited by F. S. Boas; "John Lyly," edited by Warwick Bond; "Robert Greene," edited by the late

Churton Collins; and Tucker Brooke is hard at work on the "Marlowe."

It would be difficult to find in the annals of the drama a more interesting personality than Ben Jonson, and less interesting plays. With few exceptions, his dramatic works are appallingly tedious.

The most inspiring lecturer on literature I ever heard was R. G. Moulton, for many years professor at the University of Chicago. When he first came to this country from England, he selected three of the worst of Jonson's plays, and delivered a lecture on them that held the audience breathless. I thought if he could create a soul under those ribs of death, what would he do with an enlivening theme? Well, he gave sufficient evidence in later years, when he lectured on the Bible, William Shakespeare, and Robert Browning.

In the year 1911, when a story called "The Prodigal Judge" appeared, the publishers offered a prize for the best published review, and I was selected as one of the three judges. The other two voted for the New York *Evening Post* reviewer; I voted for a journalist named H. L. Mencken, whose critique in the Baltimore *Sun* seemed to me the best. To-day I am glad to say that of all the reviews of Harvey Cushing's biography of Sir William Osler, the best I have seen is by the same H. L. Mencken, in *The American Mercury* for August. It is an admirable, appreciative, discriminating essay.

Those who imagine that only trashy books are best-sellers should observe that Dr. Cushing's biography, a huge, expensive work in two volumes, went to a second printing of five thousand copies within a few weeks of publication, while in Great Britain it is also selling swiftly. Upon my congratulating Dr. Cushing on his book, on its sale, and on Mr. Mencken's review, he wrote me:

I am not at all proud; I am merely surprised; and as W. O. would say "I am wearing the same sized hat"—even though I have just heard to-day from the Oxford Press that they are getting ready for a third five thousand. My real business is to take brain tumours out of people's heads, and my next, which you will not care to review, will be published this fall, on a Classification of the Gliomata. . . . After all, what is a good

biography? I wish you or Strachey or someone would discuss the matter. Certainly it was no time or place for me to attempt what is called an interpretive sketch of W. O., though that is the kind of thing people seem to expect in these days. But don't you think it astounding that a long chronological story such as I perpetrated, hoping that it might reach a few medical students, should without any previous advertising have gone into a second impression of five thousand inside of six weeks? With my possible readers in mind, I felt that it was better to let Osler's story gradually unfold, rather than merely to touch on some of the high points which would have left no special impression; in other words, that people who wanted really to get at Osler would have to give a little time and do a little work themselves and not leave it all to the biographer. It is astonishing to me that so many people in these busy days would be willing to give the time necessary to read such a big and somewhat old fashioned kind of biography. All of which shows that there are more people in the country who read than I had supposed.

Stepping blithely into the precincts of the Faerie Queene Club comes the dramatic critic Walter Prichard Eaton, holding his sister by the hand:

I once read the "Faerie Queene" all through, and not as a stunt, either. I was about ten or eleven, and I liked it. . . . Speaking of stunts, though, my small sister once read the "Faerie Queene," "Paradise Regained," "The Excursion," and a translation of "Jerusalem Delivered." She emerged none the worse for the ordeal.

From the tiny republic of Andorra three college professors send me the following poem, accompanied on the reverse side of the card by the only picture of Andorra I have seen:

"Three budding professors out for a  
Long tramp through the realm of Andorra,  
From this marvellous hilly  
Landscape send to Billy  
Their best from the Hotel de Torra."

Signed by A. R. Bellinger, R. S. Bartlett, C. W. Mendell, the last-named being dean-elect of Yale College. How I wish I might now found an Andorra Club! But unfortunately no club can be founded in this department unless I am president of it; and I cannot even belong unless I

have visited the place clubably immortalized. I will say, however, that this marvellous poem from three jolly troubadours will turn the eyes of one hundred thousand intelligent people toward the Pyrenees.

Another member of a college faculty, Alexander Witherspoon, writes:

I wonder if you have a Bemerton Club, after the similitude of the famous Fano Club? If so, I should like to make application for membership. I walked out to the little village from Salisbury one day last summer, and paid my respects to the memory of George Herbert. George Herbert's little church at Bemerton is in need of an organ—that is the first fact in the case, and the second you will already have surmised; the members of the poor little congregation are unable to purchase one. They have within the last year or two spent all their pence in repairing the church, but have not the wherewithal to buy an organ. This was told me by a delightful elderly couple, Major and Mrs. Fisher, of the Hermitage, Bemerton, who took me to see the church, and afterwards to tea with the present vicar, in the garden of Herbert's rectory just across the way from the church. . . . A small organ would be all that is necessary or desirable, the church itself is so tiny. I offer the suggestion for whatever it is worth. If, in any of the numerous ways open to you, you see fit to mention the matter, Bemerton Church would, I am sure, be very grateful. And I can hardly think of anything which the Sons of Donne or other American readers of Herbert might do which would be at once so gracious and so inexpensive.

I visited Bemerton Church in 1900, and did homage to the sainted memory of the poet George Herbert, who died in 1633, and whose biography by Izaak Walton is an impeccable classic. I will receive, acknowledge, and forward any sums sent to me for the purpose of placing a new organ in this church, where the life of the seventeenth century rector was as harmonious as his verse. George Herbert loved music, and used frequently to walk to the cathedral at Salisbury to hear it; that his spirit will be pleased by the gift of a new organ to his own church is apparent from his poem, "Church Music":

"Sweetest of sweets, I thank you: when  
displeasure  
Did through my body wound my mind,

You took me thence; and in your house of  
pleasure  
A dainty lodging me assign'd."

Miss Beulah Strong qualifies for membership in the Asolo Club by sending me a postcard picture of Duse's tomb; from the granite slab there is a marvellous view. Every day some one places fresh flowers in tribute to the famous actress. (Not far away reposes "Pen" Browning.) Other new additions to the Asolo Club are Eric Foederer; also Mrs. Robert Carmen-Ryles, of Philadelphia.

Miss Hortense Metzger, of New Haven, joins the Asolo Club with the following postcard ditty:

"Asolo—that place of magic!  
Not to have seen it would be tragic."

She informs me that the Grand Hotel Eleonora Duse has not yet begun to materialize.

In a later postcard she enters into the more exclusive Fano Club, which is also enriched by Henry T. Rowell, a punditical member of the senior class at Yale, and by two of Father McCune's New York parishioners, Constance A. Jones and Helena Paul Jones, who commemorate the fact that they have followed their rector and Professor Tinker thither, in these stirring lines:

"To be in Italy and not see Fano?  
McCune and Tinker once cried 'Ah, no!'  
So what could good Ignatians do  
But follow in their footsteps too?  
And following, as you will see,  
Our minds are filled with poesy.  
And if the merest mortal dare  
Her own poor efforts to compare,  
We think we sing a better tune  
Than either Tinker or McCune!"

From a remote part of the world, namely, Stevenson's grave on the mountain-top at Samoa, comes a picture postcard from Paul Fenimore Cooper, great-grandson of the novelist. It is a graceful return for the homage done Cooper by Stevenson in his prefatory poem to "Treasure Island." Mr. Cooper writes: "I think this club should rival your Fano Club. I had the good fortune to be at the grave during a most glorious sunset. It is a beautiful spot." I wish I were eligible, for in these days, when both Stevenson's character

and ability are attacked, I remain an ardent Stevensonian. The strange thing is that every person who attacks announces that he is displaying both courage and originality; whereas the stones are flying so thickly from all quarters that R. L. S. may become a saint, after all—St. Steven. Meanwhile millions of readers, who care nothing for the envy and malice of less successful authors, continue to read the stories, essays, letters, and verses of the great magician.

James R. Bettis, of Webster Groves, Missouri (beautiful St. Louis suburb, he says), nominates for the Ignoble Prize, the word *coworkers*:

Probably it is my fault, but I cannot see it in print as anything but coworkers. It appears to my eye to divide naturally that way. Could any word be more abhorrent to ear and eye, or more entirely without meaning? I am not sure that it is worthy of a place in your limbo, for to my mind—I have just got to say it—"it's not worth hell-room!"

Well, the famous seventeenth-century divine, Doctor South, used the expression "coworkers with God," which I am sure did not refer to the sincere milk of the word. Did you know that South accused the Dean of St. Paul's of tritheism?

George M. Payne, the accomplished literary critic of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, nominates for "Bishop" Phelps's Ignoble Prize:

Slogan of the defeated: "We are just beginning to fight."

The reviewer who says, "Whether you agree with him in all respects . . ."

All first novels which have to be "let down" carefully.

Machine-made detective stories.

Caricatures of authors.

Books with uncut leaves.

The author who writes a "humorous" account of his life, of days, and appearance.

There are two oft-reported historical events the accuracy of which I have never been able to discover. I cannot find out whether Paul Jones announced he had or had not begun to fight, though I feel sure his adversary had no doubts on the matter. The other refers to Sir Philip Sidney. Was it wine or water he passed along to the rookie, with the famous "necessity"

comment? On this highly important question, the history-books split about even.

History has been bowdlerized more than literature. Professor W. G. Sumner, commenting on Ethan Allen's "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," told us undergraduates that what he really said was, "Come out of there, you G—d—old galoot!"

From that delightful intellectual haven, the Faculty Club of Berkeley, California, where I spent many happy hours in 1908, Clay MacCauley writes me with reference to *vidience*:

A talk I had some years ago with friends in Japan. We wished to help our Japanese friends in getting hold of really expressive English terms in their appropriation of our language, and among other things this "movie picture" problem was talked over. We did not think of *vidience* or *optience* as a satisfying invention; but we did talk quite favorably of some derivative from the verb *spectare*, "to look at"; and proposed to offer *spectance* or *spectarence* as the name for a group of spectators or auditors. There, then, are three good words with which to meet an evident need—*vidience*, *optience*, *spectance*.

Here is British comment. The Liverpool *Post and Mercury* for August 4, after saying that a word like *vidience* or *optience* is needed, and that for many years the English have been resorting to "all sorts of odd dodges to get over the difficulty," adds:

But Americans are different. Over there, when they see a hole in the language they fill it up. In the Eastern States they have begun to use *vidience* to describe a gathering which has collected to see something; and in the Middle West the word *optience* for a movie assemblage is already in currency. Professor W. Lyon Phelps, of Yale, . . . is, of course, at liberty to draft any word he likes into his own vocabulary, but he must not, as he does in SCRIBNER'S this month, give it "a hearty welcome into the English language." Who gave the English language into the custody of Professor Phelps? Who has ever sanctioned its being opened for new admissions with a Yale key?

I took the English language into my custody, because I found in the new books

so many arresting phrases. I give to that excellent journal, the *Liverpool Post and Mercury*, a hearty welcome into the list of supporters of *vidience* and a hearty welcome into the English language its pun on Yale.

I am writing in my summer home, at Huron City, Michigan, situated on the thumb nail of the State, on the shore of Lake Huron. This was once a crowded, turbulent lumber town, of the kind so often described by Stewart Edward White. The forest fires of 1871 and 1881 transformed the countryside from a timber to an agricultural district. To-day Huron City consists of a half-dozen farmers' houses, one store, one disused skating rink, one schoolhouse, one community house, one church. We have no railway, no postoffice, no telegraph, no gas, no electricity, and in my house there is happily no telephone. I could live in contentment without once stepping outside of house, garden, and the links at my front door. I have heard that another Baptist, John D. Rockefeller, is the only other American who owns a links. Well, if you take his money and my money, and put them together, it makes a very large amount.

In the Methodist church here adjoining my garden I preach every summer Sun-

day afternoon to the finest of all audiences—the farmers and their families who drive hither from miles around, and the "resorters" who come from Pointe-aux-Barques (seven miles) and Harbor Beach (seventeen miles). Edgar Guest is at the Pointe, and Henry Ford at Harbor Beach, but I have not seen the latter among my flock, although the well-beloved poet is a faithful attendant. Our church realizes the dream of unity. Last week in the congregation were five Methodist ministers; while among the lay brothers and sisters were Fundamentalists, advanced Modernists, Latter Day Saints, Christian Scientists, Presbyterians, High Church Episcopalians, a few Jewish friends, a famous Swedenborgian, a red-hot Unitarian; at the organ, playing evangelical Methodist hymns, was a stanch Roman Catholic. We are fighters, but we are not such fools as to fight each other.

In recent issues of this otherwise excellent magazine, I have shocked some worthy souls by puns. The fatal tendency I inherited. When I was a child, there was a certain man of God who used to shout in the pulpit and emphasize the shouts with athletic gestures. One day he banged the Bible so fiercely as to tear off both covers. "The word of God is not bound," quoted my father.



# THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



Bourdelle in his studio.

AT about the time that these pages see the light an exhibition at the Grand Central Galleries will afford an interesting opportunity to the student of plastic art. It will expose practically at full length the work of the French sculptor, Emile-Antoine Bourdelle. This has not been left altogether unknown in the United States. A few pieces have passed into private collections here, and at the Kraushaar Galleries, in New York, Bourdelle has more than once been brought into the foreground. But the impending exhibition to which I refer, one of fifty or sixty examples, will be the first of a really comprehensive nature to introduce to us the hero of the most portentous cult in modern sculpture since that of Rodin. More than Maillol, more than Epstein, more than Mestrovic, Bourdelle has something of the status of a *chef d'école*. There

is at least one wing of French criticism that hails him as the renovator of an art. He is indeed a renovator, a man of great constructive gifts. But appreciation of him is only the more likely to be sympathetic and just, if it avoids the ecstatic note and seeks the truth regardless of the importunate acolyte.

I venture this word of warning because as a matter of fact Bourdelle's fine character as an artist is easily misapprehended if we allow it to be cloudily obscured by the rhetoric of his enthusiasts. The gush that used to be written about Rodin is now written about him. That divine instrument, the French language, treacherously lends itself to the improvisation of dithyrambs at once beguiling and misleading. As an illustration of the hifalutin into which some of Bourdelle's compatriots have been lured I may cite a characteristic

passage from M. Marcel Pays. Speaking of the sculptor's drawings, he says:

Des dessins, en série, constituent de véritables épopées mythiques ou mystiques sans texte. Leur puissance d'évocation est telle qu'il semble qu'elles accompagnent de chants Homériques ou Virgiliens inconnus ou de proses liturgiques oubliées.

It is pretty, isn't it? But when you come to look at the drawings you feel like saying *Épopées, non-sens!* It is curious how fond the Frenchman has been, at all events since Napoleon's day, of an *épopée*. Give him the least occasion for critical fervor and he makes an *épopée* out of it. Bourdelle's drawings are good drawings. They are not, on the other hand, howling masterpieces. On their precise significance, however, it is not necessary to pause at this point. The danger latent in the talk of the unbridled eulogist having been indicated, the next step in an approach to Bourdelle is one toward understanding of the conditions in which his art arose.



THE origins of French sculpture are peculiarly racy. They date from the Middle Ages, when the stone-workers, collaborating with the cathedral-builders, enriched architecture with images and decorations having to this day a tremendous eloquence. The primitive emotions their carvings embody are expressed with a craftsmanship that seems simple until you realize how consummate it often is, with what subtlety and beauty it inter-

prets religious ideas. In the process of time that simplicity was lost, and, with it, the largeness, the breadth, sometimes reaching to positive grandeur, which belonged, paradoxically, to a naïve epoch. The Renaissance endued French plastic

art with a sophistication that has prevailed ever since, and the eighteenth century gave it an academic seal which in modern times seemed destined never to be broken. The tradition upon which the great name of Houdon shed so glorious a lustre has been apparently an inviolable possession of the school. Yet every once in so often some individuality has pushed forward, too robust to be content with that correctness, that polish, that elegance, which came to be especially characteristic of French sculpture. Rude was too ebullient a type to obey all of the old laws. Carpeaux, himself all for grace and charm, had nevertheless too much

animation in his genius to subdue the movement in his works to the serene measure of an earlier régime. But in the more specifically modern school, the school in which the practitioners of our own time touch hands with the Houdon tradition, the academy has set the pace, and the representative figure is that of Paul Dubois. So pure was his ideal of beauty, so masterly was his workmanship, so distinguished was his style, that it is tempting to regard him as conclusively validating a tradition. But, as I have just remarked, the academic hypothesis will always find its challengers and from the



Head of Apollo.  
From the sculpture by Bourdelle.

ensuing clash new forces are often generated. Rodin was one of these. He drove straight at the truth of life, and so long as he was faithful to it he did things

HE was born at Montauban in 1861, the son of a cabinetmaker, under whose roof it was natural for him soon to turn to the carving of wood. I do not



Herakles.

From the sculpture by Bourdelle.

having a justly revolutionary character. Unfortunately, his facility as a modeller ran away with him, and a good deal of his work is of dubious value. In his intensely individual way he gave himself up to that same technical virtuosity which has betrayed so many of his academic contemporaries, and if he has helped modern sculpture he has also hurt it. Avoiding the technician's pitfall, Bourdelle is another such renovating force as was Rodin. Less disposed to decline upon mannerism, he brings to bear upon the sculpture of his day an influence more central, more organic.

know the exact age at which he was formally dedicated to an artistic career, but it must have been when he was very young. He went to the *École des Beaux-Arts* at Toulouse, not very far away, on a purse supplied by the municipality. In the old southern city he disclosed such ability that in due course he was sent, on public funds won in competition, to pursue his studies in Paris. There he entered the *atelier* of Falguière, master of a veritable host, the man who "formed" scores of the plastic talents of his time. Bourdelle had no intention of losing himself in



La Victoire.  
From the sculpture by Bourdelle.

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a crowd. He stayed with Falguière for hardly more than a month and then enlisted with Rodin. He appears to have made extraordinary progress with that master. M. Pays says that he became Rodin's favorite pupil and then his "collaborator." Afterward, on the occasion of an exhibition which his junior made at Prague, Rodin wrote to the organizers:

Bourdelle is a beacon of the future. I love his sculpture, so personal, so expressive of his sensitive nature, of his fiery and impassioned temperament. And I find in it a certain delicacy which is proper to the strong. Impetuosity is the characteristic of the talent of Bourdelle.



THERE was a charming accord between the two, and it is the more admirable because it was based on mutual respect, without any tincture in Bourdelle of that emulous sympathy which ordinarily is aroused by a master in his pupil. It never crossed the young man's mind to imitate Rodin. Neither, by the way, was he susceptible to an influence that must have been all around him in his youth. Born in the town that gave Ingres to the world, he grew up to make a bust of him, but he remained absolutely indifferent to the Raphaelesque elements in the painter's genius. He was himself too vigorous, of too realistic a tendency. The bust is superb. I wish it could be substituted for the bronze by Etex that forms part of the memorial at Montauban. Bourdelle conceived Ingres as every attentive reader of the biographies must believe that he was, a solid, weighty, powerful, thoroughly human creature, the very antithesis in his strong, dictatorial habit of the superfine delicacy which marks the pictures and drawings. Yet Bourdelle doesn't miss the more elusive fineness of his man, either. With moving penetration he makes you feel behind the rude physiognomy the rare and elevated spirit that

governed Ingres. This is our modern master's unique gift. When a new artist comes into view it is natural to ask about his technique and his style. With Bourdelle you fasten at once upon the soul of his art, upon the imaginative, spiritual elements which vitalize it. It is his inner



Anatole France.

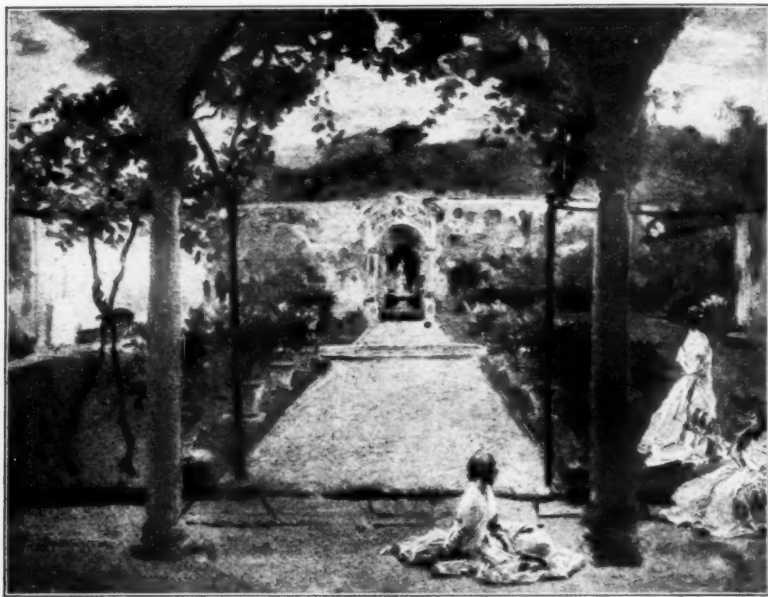
From the sculpture by Bourdelle.

quality, I think, which will most aggressively awaken interest in the forthcoming exhibition.

A statue or a bust by him is a true and, indeed, a convincing embodiment of an idea or a personality. His "Head of Apollo," done in 1900, is not a reminiscence of the classical types in the museums but an authentic conception, clearly, and, as it happens, very persuasively, a creation of Bourdelle's mind. There is nothing conventional about it. It is not a scholar's *pastiche*. Perhaps it is not, either, the product of a strictly poetic inspiration. But for my own part I feel that inspiration, of a sort, was there. He may have been merely lucky with his model, but, even so,

he invested the head with something that proceeded from himself and from himself alone. It is the same with the romantic "Beethoven," which belongs, I believe, to the same period. He is said to have made countless studies for it, and it has the earmarks of a deeply pondered, emotionally and thoughtfully created thing, a thing

Force" is force. "La Victoire," a tall, slender, even meagre, figure, gives you an idea of victory curiously new and beautiful after the throngs of vapid stereotypes in bronze or marble with which the earth is cumbered. I am unmoved by the equestrian group making the central motive of this monument. The charger is handsome



At Torre Galli, Florence.  
From the painting by Sargent.

evolved from within. There can be no doubt of Bourdelle's escape from Rodin's sometimes enchanting but sometimes very specious impressionism. If he keeps his eye on the object, and he undoubtedly does that, he has an even livelier concern for his idea of it. We shall see the point magnificently demonstrated if we see in this winter's exhibition the busts of Ingres and Anatole France and certain of his mythological and symbolical figures. The famous "Herakles" is an amazingly suggestive representation of the mythical hero. The four flanking statues for the General Alvear monument at Buenos Aires have the same power to touch the imagination, they have the same poignancy as of attributes made manifest. "La

without suggesting for a moment what M. Pays asserts, that it rivals the "Colleone" of Verrocchio. But the subsidiary figures to which I have alluded are characterizations of the first rank, the works of a sculptor who has something to say.



HOW does he say it? He is a past master of craftsmanship and handles his material with an easy, firm touch. He is, I may add, very adroit in all the mediums, marble, bronze, terra-cotta, and wood, and he works with a loyal feeling for the genius of each. *Ne brusques pas la pierre*, he is quoted as saying to his pupils, *et ne tourmentez pas le bronze. C'est un crime de lèse-sérénité.* Still he is, himself,

none too suave, but, on the contrary, a broad, bold modeller. It is one of his great virtues and, in my opinion, an immense relief from the melting modulations of Rodin. Those not infrequently slide into the void of prettiness. Bourdelle could not be pretty if he tried. Is he, then, markedly beautiful? Yes, in an austere,

delle." You feel it in his compositions given to the dance, or in his "Herakles," a kind of pulsing life communicated to his work by the whole force of the artist. You feel it, for that matter, even in the figures, like those of the Alvear monument, which are in repose. They, too, have felt the impact of the life-giving spark.



Claude Monet Painting by the Edge of a Wood.  
From the painting by Sargent.

archaic way, with a trace of the large and noble simplicity of those masters who lie behind the ripest period of Greek art. He is strong on the architectural relations of sculpture and in some notable reliefs of his we see how he rather more powerfully than gracefully fuses line and mass into unity of design. The architect Peret gave him an opportunity to decorate the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées which turned out to be one of the great productive moments of his career. His panels of dancers are veritable decorations and within their arbitrary confines he handles form with impressive flexibility, truth and dignity. He has unmistakable mobility, too. Rodin's phrase is very happy—"Impetuosity is the characteristic of the talent of Bour-

How naturally they lead me far from questions of style and technique! That is Bourdelle. He detaches you from consideration of the means that he uses and causes you to think only of his end. His technique, if I must pedantically characterize it, is that of a French craftsman with Parisian cleverness and arid "finish" left out of his system, simple, broad, honest, nearer to archaic methods than to those of the sophisticated eras. His style is not so much original as it is unconventional, with something of the antique hanging about it, and, occasionally, a faint hint of things Byzantine or of the mediæval *imagiers*. It has power in it, a sense of a spacious, virile world. It tantalizes and baffles me a little. I don't quite

feel that it is, as a style, one marking him as of the race of the great masters. He never seems to me one of those utterly affirmative, new, and full-rounded men of genius such as I know when I am in the presence of the "Gattamelata," or the Medicean tombs, or that astounding "Well of Moses" at Dijon. But of genius he has, beyond all peradventure, his share. Unquestionably, as I said at the outset, he is a renovator. Let the reader who doubts this look, without waiting for the exhibition, at the handful of illustrations from the artist in these pages, and then let him send his memory back to the accomplished but hard, hollow, and shiny sculpture characteristic of the Salon. He will be bound to admit, I maintain, that Bourdelle, if not himself a prodigious master, is, at any rate, the harbinger of better things.

\* \* \*

I CANNOT forbear making some allusion in this place to the great artistic sensation of the summer, the Sargent sale at Christie's. It disposed of more than two hundred of the paintings, studies, and drawings left in his studios and aroused phenomenal competition. At the first of the two sessions, the one devoted entirely to his own works, something over \$700,000 was realized. Collectors and dealers from all over the world were present, and from the very start they showed that they were willing to go to any lengths to obtain souvenirs of the master. The bidding began at the rate of \$1,000 a minute, and it was kept up at the same extraordinary pace. "San Vigilio," a Venetian scene, fetched £7,350. "At Torre Galli, Florence," was sold for £6,930. At the second day's sale even a copy, after Hals, brought almost as much. In short, the sale smashed all precedents so far as they have concerned the works of a modern master. It was a sweeping posthumous triumph, a perfect demonstration of the thoroughness with which Sargent had established himself as the greatest painter of his time. Incidents were not wanting to show more than private recognition. Just before the sale Sir Joseph Duveen bought out of the collection one of the most interesting things it

contained, the study that Sargent had made for that early full-length of his which was such a landmark in his career, the "Madame Gautreau," now in the Metropolitan Museum. The study was purchased for presentation to the Tate Gallery, in London. The artist's sisters also retained another work, "Claude Monet Painting by the Edge of a Wood," to give to the National Gallery.

When the Wertheimer portraits were lodged in the National Gallery several years ago there were peevish outcries in some British quarters against the honor thus paid to Sargent, and the sale of course led to a revival of these jealous stupidities. There were some owlish shakings of some sorrowful heads, and there even bulged into the subject one sprig of Continental royalty who was quoted in the dispatches as gravely expressing the opinion that in ten years the prices fixed at Christie's the other day would be appreciably lowered. These discordant notes in the general chorus would hardly require attention if it were not that they are symptomatic of certain elements in current criticism which need explanation. It is not altogether surprising that our American master should evoke disparagement both in London and Paris. National pride is sensitive, and it is doubtless hard for the French and English to admit that they have had no technician in Sargent's time to challenge his pre-eminence. But the most persistent carping against him has developed in the modernist camp. The envy characteristic of mediocrity has been reinforced by the hatred among men who do not know how to paint for the man who did know how. The meanest and most spiteful animadversions upon Sargent have come from modernistic oracles. The reader will do well to remember this when he encounters the contention that Sargent was not a great painter; he should look carefully to the credentials of the malcontent. We are likely to have, by the way, more than one book about Sargent. An official biography is fairly certain to appear, and in the meantime Mr. W. H. Downes, the former art critic of the Boston *Transcript*, has been working upon a volume which is marked, I believe, for early publication.

# THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

## Problems of Railway Consolidation and Income Tax Reduction

POSSIBLE FINANCIAL EFFECT OF GOVERNMENT'S ACTION ON THEM—NEW  
VIEW OF THE TRANSPORTATION QUESTION—AN INTERESTING  
AUTUMN SEASON

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

**A**T this season of the year, and with all the surrounding circumstance of the home and foreign economic movement, the American financial situation will be judged from two different view-points.

**Present  
Conditions  
Compared  
With Other  
Years**

One of them contrasts the position of the moment either with that of a year ago or with that of the whole period since the war ended, and comparisons in this regard are exceedingly interesting. The present season, with its conservative and deliberate purchases by the merchants yet the largest actual distribution of goods in the country's history, is naturally measured against the speculative mercantile buying in the autumn of 1919 with the subsequent prolonged and disastrous reaction. This season's wheat crop, the smallest in nearly a decade and leaving little prospect for a surplus which can go to increase the country's export trade, will be contrasted with the abundant harvest of a year ago, from which there was sent abroad one of the largest total consignments in the grain market's history. Yet, on the other hand, the high price which farmers have commanded for their products—7 per cent higher on the average than a year ago, and 15 per cent above 1923, with practically no advance in the price of what the farmer has to buy—has more than offset the decreased wheat production.

In the South an indicated cotton crop larger than any since 1914, yet with cotton's price still nearly double the prewar average, draws comparison with the three

years from 1921 to 1923, inclusive, in which producers were seriously taking the view that the insect pests had rendered forever improbable the raising of another old-time cotton crop, and in which only the "carry-over" of previous abundant seasons made it possible for spinning-mills to keep at work. Even with the season's greatly increased traffic, gross earnings of the railways have not been running much above this season in 1923. But so remarkable have been the economies introduced in operation that net receipts have far surpassed all records for the season; this result having been achieved notwithstanding efficiency in transporting, promptly and smoothly, the unprecedented volume of freight in motion, such as has been rarely seen before in railway history. These comparisons are fairly conclusive proof that the present financial situation is unlike that of any other autumn season since the war; also that, when considered in all its aspects, it possesses elements of strength and soundness which have at no time during the past seven years been simultaneously in evidence.

**T**HERE is less disposition, nowadays, to compare and contrast the existing situation with the prewar period, but the financial mind has by this time pretty much settled down, not only to the conviction that economic conditions and relationships have been wholly altered by the war, but that no signs whatever have become visible, during the seven years of peace, which would

**Financial  
Questions  
at Wash-  
ington**

indicate even partial return to the larger governing influences of the period before 1914. The specific financial problems which nowadays arise for settlement in the United States are the outgrowth of these changed economic circumstances; the legislative discussions of the day are necessarily colored by them. An approaching session of Congress, therefore, occupies quite as large a place in financial calculations as it did before the war. Sometimes, in the past few years, conjecture as to the attitude of the lawmakers has cast a shadow over financial expectations; notably when trade reaction, or a high price of money, or a very low price for wheat, has created popular unrest, political disaffection, and a trend toward policies of rash financial experiment.

When the Congress elected in 1922 was about to meet in the autumn of 1923, expectation of radical legislation for the farmer chilled enthusiasm on the markets. With the convening in the autumn of 1921 of the Congress chosen by the sweeping majorities of 1920, financial watchers were looking uneasily for a frontal attack on the Federal Reserve as the author of the high money-rates, of the fall in prices, and of the trade reaction generally. The Congress elected last November will presently be on the active scene, but last November's overwhelming vote for a conservative platform and a conservative candidate, and the undeniable trade prosperity that followed that election, have mostly removed the feeling of misgiving over financial policies at the Capital. Nevertheless, Congress will have on its immediate calendar several matters of legislation which may powerfully affect the financial situation.

ONE of them concerns an extremely curious problem of the day. When the Transportation Act was passed at Washington, in 1920, with its careful and explicit provision for "the consolidation

#### The Government and the Railways

of the railway properties of the Continental United States into a limited number of systems," the act plainly expressed the government's purpose that the railways should be thus amalgamated. But when, in 1921, as provided in the law, the Interstate Com-

merce Commission drew up its tentative proposal for grouping all the railways into nineteen independent systems, the railways gave no approval whatever to the commission's programme, and the only tangible result to date has been the tentative merger of five important roads in the East and Middle West proposed by the owners of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis, which did not conform with the commission's plan and which at this writing still awaits approval or disapproval by the Interstate commissioners.

This whole situation has reversed so curiously the situation of 1902, when the "Northern Securities merger," created by the transcontinental railways, was challenged by the government and dissolved under the Anti-Trust Law, that a good many people have been unable to understand what the present governmental attitude means. It is partly a result of war-time experiment in joint operation of the railways and partly of the Transportation Act's own theory regarding rates. With all the many objectionable results of government operation, which eventually led to decisive popular rejection of the government-ownership idea, the war-time operation of the railways as a unit served at least to demonstrate the greatly increased efficiency in moving freight which could be achieved by "pooling" facilities of all railways in a selected area of traffic—using all terminals jointly, shifting locomotives and cars from one railway whose need for them was at the moment light to another whose need was urgent, and in general avoiding all waste or duplication.

NEXT, when the Transportation Act of 1920 directed the Interstate commission to impose such rates for freight as would earn net profits "equal, as nearly as may be, to a fair return upon the aggregate value of the railway property," it was at once discovered that rates which would give the stipulated "fair return" to well-located and well-managed railways, would not give a living income to other roads in a less fortunate position, and that rates insuring a fair return to the weaker railways would produce for the stronger

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(Financial Situation, continued on page 83)

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transportation lines a much larger income than the law had contemplated. This awkward practical working of the statute's principle has already been responsible for some curious suggestions of a compromise; among them the plan of the St. Paul receivers for an increase of Western rates, the proceeds of which should be allotted to the roads in proportion to their individual need of it—railways at present earning a 2½ per cent return, for instance, getting twice as great a proportionate share of the total increased revenue as railways earning 5.

The evident defect of such proposals was their strong suggestion of penalizing past efficiency and economy while rewarding past mismanagement or extravagance; a consideration which indeed has intruded at almost every turn in the application of the law. But the government is trying to recognize the situation as it stands, regardless of past causes, and to find some solution of an extremely difficult problem. These very inconsistencies in the working of the law have strengthened the government's belief that the advantages of the war-time "operation as a unit" might be attained again by amalgamation of scattered railways into much larger geographical systems, and that the obstacles to insuring the contemplated "fair return" for weak and strong roads alike might be removed by combining the weak and strong into unified corporations. As for the seeming anomaly of a government which had forbidden and prevented large-scale railway amalgamation in 1890 and 1904 and 1908 insisting on such amalgamation during 1920 and 1925, the explanation is that control of rates and of competitive traffic facilities by ambitious promoters, through their personal ownership of an amalgamated system, is no longer possible. The railway conditions under which the Anti-Trust Law was enacted and applied do not exist to-day. Rates, traffic arrangements, and, to a great extent, even financial operations are subject under the present laws to the control or initiative of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

THESE various facts, taken along with the unwillingness of most of the railways to consider amalgamation on the lines proposed, led to the President's intimation, several weeks ago, that he favored pressing the consolidation plan, even if it had to be made compulsory.

As to least cite the precedent of England, whose Railway Act of 1921 distinctly provided for compulsory combination. The British statute required that the thirty-nine important British railways with their even more numerous subsidiaries should be combined into four great groups, and the law stipulated which roads should belong to each of the four systems. During the two years after the passage of the law, it was left to the railways themselves to arrange by mutual negotiation the basis on which, subject to the government's approval, their existing securities should be exchanged for those of the four amalgamated groups. If, at the date prescribed, the railways assigned to any one of the four groups had failed to reach agreement, then what was called the Amalgamation Tribunal would itself prescribe the terms, which would be compulsory. This provision made certain the amalgamation plan, which has now been long in operation.

In England, however, acts of Parliament traditionally make up the constitution, and Parliament can, therefore, lawfully do what is often precluded

(Financial Situation, continued on page 85)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 83)

to our Congress. The question at Washington will be, whether "compulsory amalgamation" would not encounter insuperable obstacles in the fundamental law. A statute authorizing railways to sell their property, or buy other railway property, is evidently a very different thing from a statute compelling them to do so. But the question will certainly be discussed in the coming Congress; with what result it is too early to predict.

It might result in the sudden speeding up of voluntary consolidation plans, which have been held in abeyance until the Commerce Commission's decision on the "Nickel Plate merger" should indicate the government's attitude toward other forms of amalgamation than the grouping which the commission had itself suggested. Whichever plan is ultimately pursued, the highly interesting question will arise as to what effect such merging of the strong railway properties with the weak would have on the value of the properties concerned. Shares of a "weak road," threatened with financial trouble under the present working of the "fair-return clause" of the Transportation Act, might conceivably be deemed more valuable under an arrangement which would acquire them for a powerful unified system, and shares of strong roads with high individual earning power might conceivably be deemed less valuable. Yet both possibilities might be wholly superseded by the relative price fixed for exchange of existing stock for that of the amalgamation and by the prospect of still more economical operation.

**EVEN** before the railway question reaches the centre of the legislative stage, Congress will be engaged in a debate involving, on a larger and more comprehensive scale than at any previous time, the question of federal tax reduction. This question is

closely allied to the other problem of cutting down government expenditure. The reduction already achieved in the national government's expenditure is rightly recognized as a remarkable achievement; yet there are two different ways of looking at it. In the fiscal year ending with June, 1919, public expenditure reached its highest record with the portentous figure of \$18,952,000,000 or, if advances made to the European governments allied with the United States are not included, \$15,365,000,000. This marked the high notch of the wholly abnormal war costs.

But even in the first fiscal year of restored peace, the twelvemonth ending with June, 1920, when the United States was no longer buying supplies for an army of 2,000,000 men in active service, the amount of outlay chargeable against ordinary revenue was \$6,482,000,000. From that figure it had been reduced in the fiscal year 1924, if payments in reduction of public debt are not included, to \$2,946,000,000—a sweeping cut. Nevertheless, when the expenditure of 1924 (which was slightly increased in the fiscal year ending last June) is compared with pre-war budgets, the mind is chiefly impressed with the formidable increase which still remained over what the government used to consider a twelvemonth's normal outlay. Between the War of Secession and our own entry into the European war in 1917, the largest annual expenditure was the \$760,000,000 of 1915. That is to say, the federal government is still raising in taxes and disbursing for public purposes nearly four times as much as its peace-time maximum.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 86)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 85)

IT is true, one contributing cause for the much larger present expenditure as compared with 1915 is the huge increase of public debt in war-time, and therefore of annual interest payments; the sum paid for that purpose in the past year, even after the large

#### Expenditure Before and After the War

reduction in the public debt, was \$860,000,000 greater than in 1916, and, in fact, amounted to more than the total prewar annual expenditure on all accounts. But this would account for not much more than one-third of the two-billion excess of to-day's annual public outlay over that of nine years ago, and the remaining difference is not explained by the present yearly disbursement of some \$400,000,000 for the Veterans' Bureau, an inheritance of war, or by the increase of something over \$300,000,000 in the annual cost of army and navy. If all these items are allowed for, the current federal expenditure would still remain double what it was in the year before we went to war. Even that always convenient explanation, the advance of prices and salaries during the intervening period, will not account for this; the Department of Labor's "index number" shows average prices in the present season to be only 30 per cent above those of 1916.

It is a commonplace maxim of history that public expenditure, increased by the lavish policies of war-time, will not easily be brought back to the normal prewar status. Even after the Civil War, when federal expenditure was reduced from the \$1,297,500,000 of 1865 to \$357,500,000 in 1867, all the retrenchment occurring in army and navy appropriations, the lower figure was still, in those simpler days, five times as great as in any year before the war. The reason for the large surplus revenue of our

Treasury in the decade or two after 1865—through which the government's Civil War debt was reduced three-fourths in the next twenty-five years, falling from \$2,300,000,000 to \$585,000,000—was not continuous curtailment of public expenditure, but unexpectedly great increase in public revenue. The rise of our import trade, during that period, to wholly unprecedented magnitude caused increase in receipts from customs duties so great as to far more than counterbalance the period's reduction in war-time excise taxes.

A VERY substantial increase in customs revenue has occurred since the European war; the fiscal year 1925 produced \$215,000,000 more from that source than any prewar twelvemonth, and, to the extent that Europe manages hereafter to pay its current indebtedness to the United States in merchandise, the increase will presumably be still larger. But with our present total public revenue \$3,780,000,000, the annual customs receipts of \$540,000,000 are now a minor consideration. The real question which has confronted the Treasury, ever since 1920, is the question how far the heavy income taxes can be reduced and still leave revenue large enough to meet all probable expenditure and provide for annual debt redemption. The Treasury itself officially remarked, in 1921, that "the ordinary expenses of the government will probably be several times those of prewar years for several years to come."

Nevertheless, as a result of a surplus revenue reckoned at \$693,000,000, the Secretary of the Treasury induced Congress in 1921 to repeal the graduated "excess profits tax" on corporations, substituting an increased tax on net corporate incomes,

Basis on Which Taxes Are Cut

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Of far greater importance to Cautious Investors is the published statement of representative Investment Bankers of the United States who declare that

*"Insured Mortgage Bonds are the highest type of real estate mortgage investment obtainable in any market,"*

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*"Insured Mortgage Bonds issued by the Mortgage Security Corporation of America are secured by first mortgages of the highest class, which we consider unquestionably safe for our guarantee. They are independently investigated and approved by us on their merits as sound investments."*

But the greatest assurance to Cautious Investors is the constant watchful presence of the guarantee endorsed on each Insured Mortgage Bond, covering full payment of principal and interest from date of issue to date of maturity through ever-changing conditions. This guarantee is endorsed jointly by the Mortgage Security Corporation of America and the National Surety Company.

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and to reduce the maximum surtax on high incomes from 65 per cent to 50. In the result the lower rate, combined with the decrease of incomes in the bad business period which had followed 1920, caused an actual fall of \$1,095,000,000 in the income tax collections for the fiscal year 1922, yet meantime the year's cut in public expenditure was so sweeping as nearly to offset the reduction both in income taxes and in other branches of taxation, leaving a surplus revenue of \$485,000,000, even after debt redemption under the sinking fund had been provided for. In 1923, therefore, Secretary Mellon proposed a 25 per cent reduction in the normal tax rate on personal incomes, a further 25 per cent reduction in the tax on incomes earned and not derived from investments, and the limiting of the surtax to a maximum of 25 per cent, instead of the existing maximum of 50 per cent.

With other minor tax changes, the secretary estimated that this would reduce the public revenue by \$323,000,000, which the government could afford. Not all of the Treasury's proposals were endorsed by Congress, but in May of 1924 a compromise bill was enacted, covering a 25 per cent cut in the normal tax rate, an additional but restricted concession in the tax on earned incomes, and a maximum of 40 per cent for surtax. Notwithstanding these reductions, which applied to half of the fiscal year ending with June, 1924, the yield from income taxes for that fiscal year was reported by the Treasury as actually \$163,000,000 greater than the year before, and the total surplus revenue of \$505,000,000 was described as the largest in the government's history. In the twelve months ending last June, to all of which period the reduced income tax applied, the income tax collections, although less than in 1924, were still

\$69,000,000 greater than in 1923, and the year's total surplus revenue was \$250,000,000.

It is on the basis of this continuing excess revenue that the plans for further tax reduction will go before Congress this coming season. In all of the Treasury's plans, account is taken of two considerations—first, the actually larger revenue which will result, as experience has already shown, from a lower surtax on large incomes, because such reduction will make it more profitable for large investors to pay the tax than to place their fortunes in tax-exempt securities with a very low rate of yield; second, the holding-down of public expenditure. In a year of business reaction, it is true, the public revenue will decline. It did so when the main source of federal revenue was the customs duties, and when the panic of 1907 cut down the next year's import trade by nearly 20 per cent, and the customs receipts by 14 per cent, and turned an \$87,000,000 annual surplus into a \$57,000,000 deficit. It is also and necessarily true of the income tax, for incomes shrink in a year of bad business, and the personal income and company profits tax collections of the year after the great trade reaction of 1920 were \$728,000,000 less than the year before.

But no shrinkage of incomes from such a cause is in any one's mind to-day, and all American experience points to yet another influence in keeping up the public surplus in face of heavy reduction of the tax rate—the continuous increase in wealth and population that has never yet failed to mark this country's history, and the increase in aggregate tax revenue which in the long run has always accom-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 89)

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The sound, rapid development of Miami, The Concrete City, doubly assures the safety of our \$100 to \$1,000 First Mortgage Bonds secured by income-paying business property independently, authoritatively appraised at approximately twice amount of mortgage loan. Do not accept less than 8% interest—the prevailing, legal rate in this seasoned investment field. Interest coupons payable semi-annually. References: ALL Miami Banks. Write or use coupon for "8% AND SAFETY" booklet... explains how bonds are underwritten and protected and gives complete details. Send today.

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*Do You "Take a Chance" With Your Earnings and Savings? Does It Pay?*

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### INSURED

The following Surety Companies severally insure in varying percentages the payment of 100% of principal and interest of the first mortgages securing National Union Mortgage Co. Bonds:

U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Co.  
Maryland Casualty Co.  
Fidelity & Deposit Co.  
National Surety Co.

### PROTECTED

The "Standardized Requirements" of the National Union Mortgage Company, in themselves fully protect the principal and interest of these bonds. A copy of these requirements will be sent on request and should convince any investor that every possible protective measure is employed to safeguard National Union Bonds.

### GUARANTEED

In addition to the insurance against loss by the Surety Companies mentioned above, all mortgages are unconditionally guaranteed by the issuing mortgage companies. Furthermore, every bond is guaranteed, principal and interest, by the National Union Mortgage Company.

The average man has little or no opportunity during a busy lifetime to study the perplexing problem of investments. He is busy providing for his family. He manages to save in spite of increasing demands on his income. He is saving for a definite purpose. To provide a "nest egg" for his old age, and, in case he should die, to provide for his family's future welfare.

What he—and that means each one of us—does with the money he saves is of vital importance. Taking chances with investments not only does not pay; it defeats the end toward which he bends all his efforts.

There are, however, investment securities which anyone—experienced or inexperienced—can buy with safety. A National Union Mortgage Bond is such a security. Read the three unusual safeguards **Insured - Protected - Guaranteed** shown at the left.

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Mail the Coupon today for booklet "Why National Union for Safety."

**\$500 and \$1,000 6% Coupon Bonds**

*Correspondence with Investment Bankers Invited*

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**Baltimore Maryland**

Mackubin, Goodrich & Co. 111 E. Redwood St., Baltimore, Md.  
Fiscal Agents Established 1899

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MIAMI, with its world known activity offers you investment opportunities for both safety and profit.

Here in the fastest growing city in the country you can invest with absolute confidence in First Mortgages and First Mortgage Bonds secured by income producing properties of the highest type.

If you own securities which are not yielding you an eight per cent return—you should know more about the riskless investment opportunities offered here. For over nineteen years our officials have served their clients without loss of a single dollar to an investor. Personal supervision including insurance and payment of taxes assured. Consult us about your investments.

Write for our New Investment Booklet "S. M."



(Financial Situation, continued from page 87)

panied it. On the basis of these various considerations, the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee has predicted immediate reduction of \$350,000,000 in the income taxes, and President Coolidge has intimated a possible cut of \$400,000,000. The suggestion by the Congressional "floor leader" of the administration party of a 50 per cent reduction in all income tax rates, may have been somewhat ahead of time as a calculation, but there seems to be little doubt of at least that much of ultimate relief to the heavily burdened taxpayer, if the present administration's policies are sustained. The victory was won by the stubborn resolution of the White House, during the four or five years immediately following the war, to prevent use of the huge surplus revenue from the war taxes in newly contrived expenditure by the government and to force progressive and drastic economy on a reluctant Congress.



## A Typical Baldwin Safeguarded Mortgage

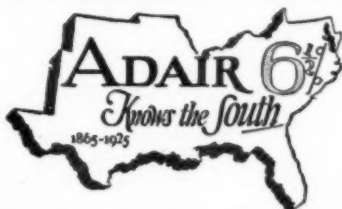
Value of land alone, \$3,000; value of building, \$7,250. Erected 1924, sold in 1925 for \$17,000. Baldwin Mortgage Company First Mortgage Loan \$4,500, 8% interest, payable semi-annually. Our appraisals are rigid; our first mortgage real estate bonds offer an ideal, sound investment, super protected.

Baldwin Safeguarded Bonds are sold in denominations of \$1,000, \$500, \$100. Serial maturities. Deferred payment purchasers receive 8% on all payments, or where investors prefer may purchase mortgages outright. Write for descriptive folders.

### BALDWIN MORTGAGE COMPANY

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No first mortgage can become an issue of Adair Protected Bonds unless it has been proved safe beyond question.

Available now are issues yielding up to 6½% with safety assured because they have been tested in the light of the 60 years' experience of one of America's pioneer real estate houses, whose unequalled knowledge of property values is employed in the selection of sound security in Southern cities, where normal interest rates are higher than elsewhere.

**Unconditional Guarantee**—These bonds may be guaranteed by one of the strongest Surety Companies in America for a small annual premium.

Write for full information. Dept. O-19

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THE BOND DEPARTMENT OF THE BALTIMORE TRUST COMPANY offers several new issues of 6% Real Estate Bonds from which to make a selection for your November funds. Each issue is secured by First Mortgages that are:

1. **Approved as to investment standard** by The Baltimore Trust Company, which has resources of more than \$50,000,000.
2. **Guaranteed as to principal and interest**, except as to title, by the United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company, which has resources of more than \$40,000,000.
3. **Guaranteed as to title** by the New York Title & Mortgage Company, which has resources of more than \$16,000,000, or by some other Title Company approved by The Baltimore Trust Company and the United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company.

Every investment made in these bonds is *triply secured*—first, by the ample capital and surplus of a well-established Mortgage Company; second, by First Mortgages made for not more than 50% of the value of leasehold property and not more than 60% of the value of fee simple property; third, by the guarantee of principal, interest and title on each mortgage.

Each bond is certified by The Baltimore Trust Company as Trustee, or by some other Bank or Trust Company approved by The Baltimore Trust Company and the United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company.

### Consult Your Own Bank or Banker

\$500 and \$1,000 bonds of any available issue or maturity (1 year to 10 years) are sold at par and accrued interest to yield 6%. All issues provide for the refund of the securities tax of any state up to 4½ mills in any one year. Orders for these bonds may be placed with your own Bank or Banker; or with The Baltimore Company, Inc., 52 Cedar Street, New York, N.Y.; or sent to the Main Office of THE BALTIMORE TRUST COMPANY, 25 EAST BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

*Write for Booklet No. 12*

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*The Largest Trust Company in the South Atlantic States  
offering complete banking, trust and investment services*

CAPITAL RESOURCES \$7,000,000



TOTAL RESOURCES \$50,000,000

50,000 DEPOSITORS

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## *The door to America's fastest growing market*

The spectacular increase in our Oriental trade is the most striking feature of our foreign commerce in recent years.

While Europe's share of our total exports has fallen off greatly since the war, our exports to Eastern Asia were five times greater in 1924 than before the war.

Asia now absorbs one-eighth of our exports — \$665,600,000 worth. She sends us one-fourth of our total imports—\$985,000,000 worth.

To the Pacific Northwest this rapid growth in Far East commerce is of particular significance.

For the ports of Washington and Oregon are the natural gateway to the Orient with its tremendous, almost unlimited consuming market.

They are the nearest American ports to the Orient—from two to ten days nearer. Shippers to and from the Orient save substantially in time, in-

surance and interest charges by using the Pacific Northwest route. They are able to meet better the requirements of Oriental buyers who almost invariably demand quick delivery of products they import.

The Pacific Northwest ports are also nearer by rail to the Atlantic seaboard. Their natural harbors and harbor facilities are unsurpassed.

With "the immutable law of the short haul" in their favor, the Pacific Northwest ports have established dominance in foreign trade on the Pacific Coast.

Yet, their present foreign commerce of half a billion dollars annually is but a foretaste of the future. As the curve of Oriental shipping sweeps steadily upwards, the ports of Washington and Oregon look westward, across a busy Pacific, to tremendous things beyond.

*The Chicago Burlington & Quincy R.R.*

*The Northern Pacific Ry.*

*The Great Northern Ry.*



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A diamond offers a two-fold investment. One for its actual intrinsic value, the other for the pleasure it affords to the wearer. The wearing of a diamond bespeaks prosperity.

1 Carat, \$145.00



This beautiful 18k solid white gold ring is exquisitely hand carved and pierced in the latest style hexagon top. The fine blue-white perfectly cut diamond is of rare brilliance. Our price direct to you **\$95.00**



**Ladies' Platinum Diamond Ring \$235.00**

Fine, perfectly cut blue-white diamond of exceptional brilliancy securely set in solid platinum ring, which is richly carved and exquisitely pierced in a lace-work effect **\$235.00**

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# Questions and Answers

Any reader of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE may use the financial service without cost. The questions and answers below show you just how the service works. Write Guiding the Buyer Department, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 507 Fifth Avenue.

## A SUBSTANTIAL SANTA CLAUS

**Q.** Please give me a list of a few good bonds issued in \$100 denominations. I intend to give them as Christmas presents.

**A.** We take pleasure in furnishing below a list of sound bonds issued in \$100 denominations:

Laclede Gas Light Coll. & Rfd. 5½%, 1953.  
St. Louis & San Fran. Prior Lien 4s, 1950.  
Western Pacific 1st 5s, 1946.  
California Pet. Corp. 6½s, 1933.  
Commonwealth Power Corp. 6s, 1947.  
Hudson and Manhattan Ref. 5s, 1957.  
Ohio Public Service 7s, 1947.

## BETHLEHEM STEEL

**Q.** Some time ago I saw where Bethlehem Steel Corporation would retire some bonds in 1925, also 1926. There was also mention made that their period of expansion as to remodelling the plants, etc., was finished. Could you advise me if this is correct?

**A.** In the following paragraphs you will find outlined the present position and future prospects of The Bethlehem Steel Corporation, as we measure them:

This company is the second largest steel producer in the country, being surpassed only by the United States Steel Corp. It has grown tremendously in recent years, in great part as the result of acquisitions of other steel companies, such as Lackawanna, Cambria, and Midvale.

Its capitalization has also shown a large increase, the total funded debt now being more than \$230,000,000, compared with only \$110,000,000 at the end of 1920. Common stock outstanding during the same period has increased from less than \$15,000,000 to more than \$180,000,000, but the amount of preferred stock has remained about the same.

The Company has a large surplus, its financial position is good, and the equity for the common stock is very high—over \$150 per share. Earnings are subject to wide fluctuations. Common dividends were discontinued in July, 1924. The preferred dividend was earned during 1924 somewhat more than twice, and may be classed as a fair business man's investment.

In the first half of 1925, net income was equal to \$2.06 per share on the common stock, compared with \$2.02 per share in the corresponding period of 1924.

On January 17, 1925, it was pointed out that the company gradually was concentrating all its productive capacity for export at the Sparrows Point plant of the Maryland Steel Company, situated on tide-water near Baltimore, and having its own shipping facilities. It was expected that eventually the Sparrows Point works would be equipped to make most steel products.

January 17, 1925, the Baltimore Sun said that this company's engineers had completed plans involving an expenditure of \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000 at Sparrows Point, Md.

July 23, 1925, E. G. Grace, president of this company, said: "Operations in the quarter ended June 30 averaged 67.1% of capacity against 77.5% in the previous quarter, and 47.7% for the same period of 1924. Current operations are 56% of capacity against 31.1% for July, 1924."

July 25, 1925, it was announced that the Guaranty Trust Company, New York, would purchase Bethlehem Steel Co. 1st Ext. 5s, due January 1, 1926, at 100 and interest to date of presentation.